Collier's
TEN CENTS
OCTOBER 9, 1943
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

IOLA FREE LIBRARY

THE LUFTWAFFE'S LAST STAND
Radioed by
FRANK GERVASI

BEGINNING THIS WEEK

Nobody Lives Forever · By

IN THE NEW, LONGER INSTALL

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
26AU44
A
4276
C
9 44

Oct. 9, '43

Saving You Time in the Kitchen

Duraglas

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CONTAINERS

TOMORROW'S PACKAGES . . . HERE TODAY!

Duraglas packages for foods are an aid to efficient homemaking. That's why you'll continue . . . in the future, as today . . . to enjoy their convenience.

SYRUP
Buy
Duraglas

SAVES MUSS . . . which saves time — this modern Duraglas package for syrup. Easy to hold and pour from neatly. And you *see* how much is left.

BUTTER
Buy
PRUNE JUICE
Duraglas
Buy
APE JUICE
Duraglas

HOW CONVENIENT . . . to keep fruit and vegetable juices in the refrigerator in their own Duraglas containers . . . ice-cold, ready to serve any time.

Radio Help for Homemakers
OWENS-ILLINOIS *Presents*
FLETCHER WILEY
"YOUR HOME FRONT REPORTER"
with songs by FRANK PARKER
WILBUR HATCH *and His Orchestra*
MON. THRU FRI. COLUMBIA NET
4:00 E.W.T. 3:00 C.W.T. 2:00 M.W.T. 1:00 P.W.T.

Buy
MAYONNAISE
Duraglas

FOR QUICK, NUTRITIOUS LUNCHEONS . . . a salad of fresh, raw vegetables . . . a creamy mayonnaise, brought to you at its best in a Duraglas container. Buy leading brands in Duraglas containers.

OWENS·ILLINOIS GLASS

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO — DEVELOPERS OF Duraglas THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE FOR MAKING GLASS CONTAINERS

Here in a Library
Past, Present and Future meet.
A Child's inquiring Mind
Gains Understanding for Tomorrow.

And we see Her a Woman whose Smile reflects Knowledge and Sympathy—whose Smile owes much to her use of Ipana and Massage!

TO YOU, little girl, belongs the future! Yes, you and thousands like you can look ahead with hopes high to a bright new world.

For to you—our future generation—parents and teachers give the greatest measure of care and devotion. Everything is being done to make you strong in body and mind—to help you face the future confident and brave and *smiling!*

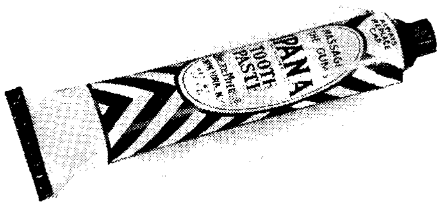
Yes—*smiling!* For even children's smiles have a bright future. In classrooms all over our country, youngsters learn to give their teeth and gums the best of care. They know the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

Young Americans everywhere could tell you that today's soft foods rob our gums and teeth of the exercise, the stimulation they so often need for health. They know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* It may not be serious but get his advice. He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods, and like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Whenever you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—aiding them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help brighten your smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE
HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Artur Rubinstein, pianist, **Jascha Heifetz,** violinist, and the late **Emanuel Feuermann,** cellist, are heard in a memorable performance of Beethoven's proud Trio No. 7 in B Flat Major (Archduke), Op. 97—one of the most distinguished recordings of the year.
Album DM-949 (or M-949) . . **$5.50***

Processional and Ceremonial Music for Voices, Organ and Brass, by Giovanni Gabrieli, is recorded by the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society with the Boston Symphony Orchestra Brass Choir, E. Power Biggs, Organist, G. Wallace Woodworth, Director.
Album DM-928 (or M-928) . . **$4.50***

Tritsch-Tratsch Polka, by Johann Strauss, and **"Cuckoo Clock,"** by Lloyd del Castillo, are given charming and light-hearted performances by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. Gay music for your lighter moments and for the children!
Victor Red Seal Record 10-1058, 75¢*

New Victor Red Seal Records of Special Interest

Overture from Le Roi d'Ys—Lalo. San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, Conductor, Boris Blinder, 'Cello Soloist.
Victor Red Seal Record 11-8489, $1.00*

Panis Angelicus—Franck, **Elégie (Song of Mourning)**—Massenet. Richard Crooks, Tenor, with the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Charles O'Connell, Conductor.
Victor Red Seal Record 11-8490, $1.00*

**Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax*

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

TUNE IN! RCA's "What's New?"
—a full hour of sparkling radio entertainment every Saturday 7 to 8 p.m., EWT, Blue Network

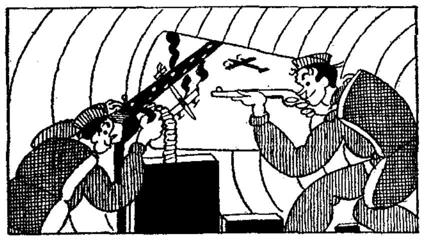
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Mediterranean Theater
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

WE'VE been wondering what we were going to say about a friend of ours, Lieutenant Colonel Cass Hough of our Army Air Force in England. Recently Colonel Hough dived a warplane at the speed of seven hundred and eighty-some miles an hour—not that the news surprised us. We cabled him just after that, deploring the obvious fact that Army life had slowed him up. We've flown with Cass. But another friend of ours, who is in England with him, just informed us that whenever he is out over Europe seeking whom of the enemy he may destroy, he carries with him an air rifle. In civilian life, the colonel's the vice president of an air-rifle manufacturing company. We may not give you the name of it because plugs are taboo in this column. Anyway, when the enemy planes are sighted and the dogfighting begins, the colonel gets out his trusty air rifle and lets the enemy have it, along with the plane's cannon and machine guns. And every time the enemy plane goes up in flames or plummets earthward, he gives his favorite weapon a loving caress and is heard to say above the din, "That's the idea, baby." Incidentally, we've bought one of the colonel's air rifles and we now feel pretty secure.



SPEAKING of guns, we have a letter from Mr. Edwin Lokomis of Huron, Michigan. Mr. Lokomis says he remembers, as a boy, that his grandfather used to be visited by a crony who had but one story to tell and never got a chance to tell it. The Lokomises were a large family, and there was always much storytelling. The elderly visitor would listen patiently until there was a lull, and then, thinking to seize his chance, bang his foot suddenly and hard on the floor. Having done this, startling the assembled Lokomises, he'd shout, "What was that? Sounded like a shot!" Then he'd pause briefly, sigh and add, "And speaking of guns—" Whereupon Mr. Lokomis' grandpa would say "Tarnation," and leave. And his pal also would leave—without telling the story. Mr. Lokomis says that he has no idea what the story was.

WE'RE notified by our W. B. Courtney from London that he found our photographer, Joe Dearing, standing at Charing Cross Road and the Strand fascinated by the work of a sidewalk artist who had just finished a huge bearded portrait. Under the portrait was the caption: Thomas Jefferson. Drawn from memory.

JUST across the street, there's a Navy induction center. Every day, a couple of hundred lads who soon (the officers assure us) will be looking pretty spruce are marched off to wherever they'll be trained. Just a few moments ago, we saw a lad bidden Godspeed by his fellow members of a numerous and noisy social club. All the lads wore their club jackets, noisy purple and tan garments with the name of the club written large on the backs. The Navy inductee wore his, too, and got away with it until a member of the Shore Patrol read the name of the club. "Listen, Boot," said the S. P., "take off that jacket. You got to get into uniform before you can start anything like that." The name of the club was The Mutineers.

NOT long ago, with Mr. Wingate Cram of Bangor, Maine, we drove to a patriotic meeting and had some trouble finding a place to park the car. Having no gas to speak of, we couldn't go poking around much. Finally, he stopped on the lawn of a cemetery. It seemed just a little disrespectful to us, and we said somewhat stuffily, "See here, Wingate, we can't park here." And Mr. Cram said, "Why not? A lot of people have!"

WE'VE got to do some serious thinking on a nasty personal issue. In some previous column, we must have said something nice about dogs, and two of our correspondents have notified us that two dogs are on their way to us by express. And the last time we were home we were told: "Mister, if you bring any more dogs into this house, I'm going to—" But never mind. It's our problem.

HELP! Help! . . . W. D.

THIS WEE

OCTOBER 9, 19

SHORT STORIES

STUART CLOETE
Crusader. Condemned as a killer, a redeems himself as a life-saving hero. Pa

ELSIE TAYE
Reading from Left to Right. They were genic, but just the same they almost the camera. Pa

HARRY SYLVESTER
Feather Merchant. High-school teach commanding officer—not in one easy less Pa

JAMES STREET
Lay Your Bibles Down. Little Ax foil Yankees with his knowledge of the Scrip Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
There's Only One Man, by Leslie G Barnard. Pa

SERIAL STORY

W. R. BURNETT
Nobody Lives Forever. The first of four P

ARTICLES

JIM MARSHALL
Young Salts, Ahoy! The U. S. Merchant rine Academy at King's Point molds maritime leaders of the future. Pa

FRANK GERVASI
The Luftwaffe's Last Stand. Facing its problems, the German air force is conce ing on fighters instead of bombers. Pa

J. D. RATCLIFF
Minutemen Against Infantile Paralysis. Kenny treatment for Polio is saving thou of young lives. Pa

CHARLES DEXTER
Baseball's "Billy the Kid." At 40, "Pop" S worth started at the bottom and worke to managing the Cards to victory. Pa

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
Fitting All Figures. The low-down on A ca's two-billion-dollar women's clothing dustry. Pa

FRANK D. MORRIS
Flycatcher. Signal Officer Johnny Clarke onstrates how a brood of planes is wafte to a carrier's narrow deck. Pa

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

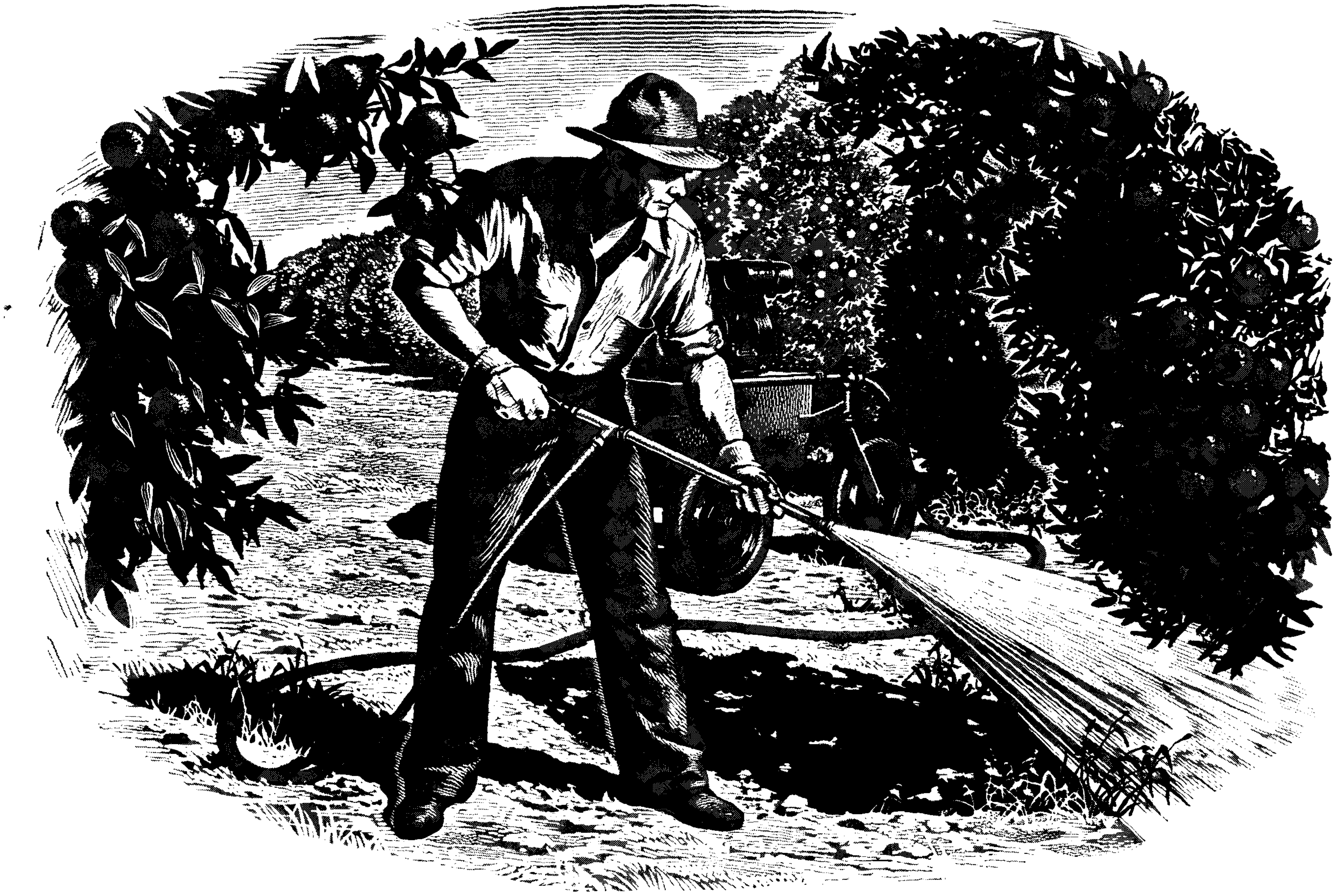
THE GUILTY (Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 10. Pag

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Pag

EDITORIAL
America, Asia and the Future. Pag

COVER HENRY SUT

Vol. 112, No. 15. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



Farmers Win Weed Battle with SYNTHETIC RUBBER Hose

SEVERAL years ago some California citrus growers developed a new method of crop culture that saves both work and water. Instead of cultivating between the trees to kill weeds, they covered the area with a miscible spray of crude oil.

It worked! The oil killed the weeds outright, but had no effect on trees or fruit. And they soon found that less irrigation was required, since there was less disturbance of the surface soil to cause evaporation.

But then, trouble began—spray hose trouble. The oil caused the hose to soften and swell. In short time even the best rubber hose would swell completely shut, making spraying impossible. And new hose cost considerable.

That was when a leading spray manufacturer came to Goodyear with the **CHEMIGUM** story. After a series of tests it was suggested that pumps be equipped with hose built of Goodyear's special Chemigum N-type synthetic rubber that is impermeable to oil-attack.

Chemigum synthetic rubber hose has been used on oil-spray pumps for some time, with none of the old trouble. Numerous orchards are now using this weed-killing method, as are many growers of carrots.

This is only one of the many new uses of Goodyear oil-resistant Chemigum synthetic rubber, that will find even wider application after the war when production of civilian products can be resumed. For this type of Chemigum has countless uses where natural rubber has never served satisfactorily.

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-e-gum)—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Buy War Bonds

Can a man have "Oomph"?
— SURE *Pipe Appeal
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOB...
ENJOY RICH TASTE THAT'S EASY ON YOUR TONGUE— GET P.A.

WHEN the woman in your life gossips admiringly: "And he smokes a pipe, of course!" don't let her down. Guard that personal plus with true PIPE APPEAL—Prince Albert! Pleasing *fragrance* to keep her smiling. *No-bite mildness* to keep *you* smiling. Rich taste, yet so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut to pour, pack, and draw *smoothly*, and help a pipe to cake up better. Better tobacco —world's largest-selling brand. Logical, isn't it? Prince Albert for PIPE APPEAL!

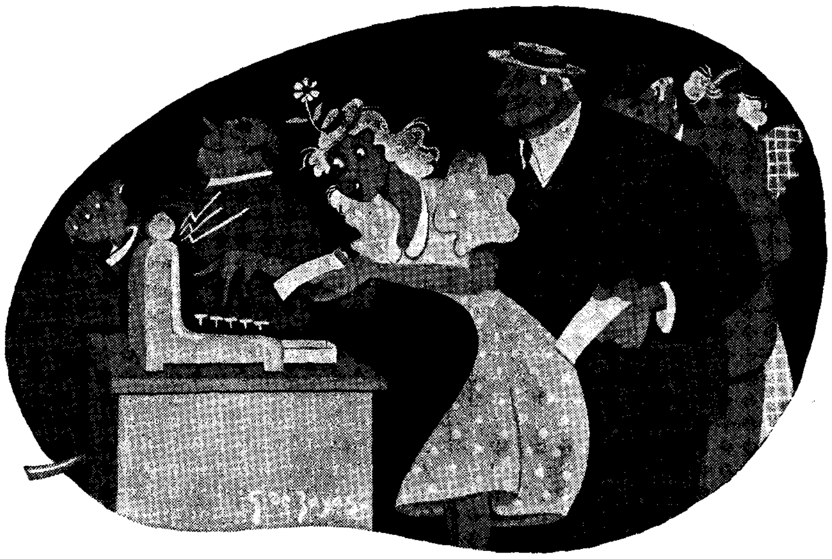
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PRINCE *ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The owner of a Seattle restaurant has so much faith in his patrons that he allows them to operate the cash register, ringing up their checks and making their own change.—*By Celia S. Myiofis, Brooklyn, New York.*

In December, 1942, the Alien Property Custodian offered to American business firms the use of 40,000 alien patents and copyrights potentially worth billions of dollars. Since then, licenses to use only 3,100 of these patents have been requested by less than 400 of the 200,000 companies in this country, although these licenses may be obtained almost without cost and on a royalty-free basis.

A federal law prohibits the addition of vitamins to certain standardized foods and beverages, among them being canned peaches, peas, preserves, tomato juice and alcoholic liquors.

The first blood bank in the world to be operated entirely by Chinese doctors, technicians and nurses was opened in New York City on June 7, 1943, for the purpose of collecting plasma for the armies of China. Eventually, its staff and equipment will be sent to China to establish the country's first blood bank and first school of instruction in this kind of work.

Since May 6, 1942, America's official visitors who could not be accommodated at the White House have stayed at the near-by Blair House, now the government's guest mansion. Among the score of foreign dignitaries and their parties who have occupied the residence are King George of Greece and King Peter of Yugoslavia.

At least 10,000 American women so far have given birth to babies conceived through artificial insemination, most of them having been unable to achieve pregnancy otherwise. In nearly 4,000 of these cases, an anonymous donor was used because of the sterility of the husband.

A new insulating wool, which weighs one and a half pounds per cubic foot, is 1 per cent glass and 99 per cent air.

Most ice creams range in weight from 18 ounces to 23 ounces a quart because their air content varies from 50 to 35 per cent. Thus, while all ingredients of two ice creams may be of the same quality, the amount of air whipped into them may make a difference of more than 25 per cent in their density, nutritive value and price.

The number of men in the different units of the U. S. Army may vary greatly. For example, a battalion may consist of from 400 to 800; a regiment from 1,000 to 2,400; a brigade from 3,260 to 6,735; an infantry division from 10,000 to 20,000.—*By Morelle Gipson, New York City.*

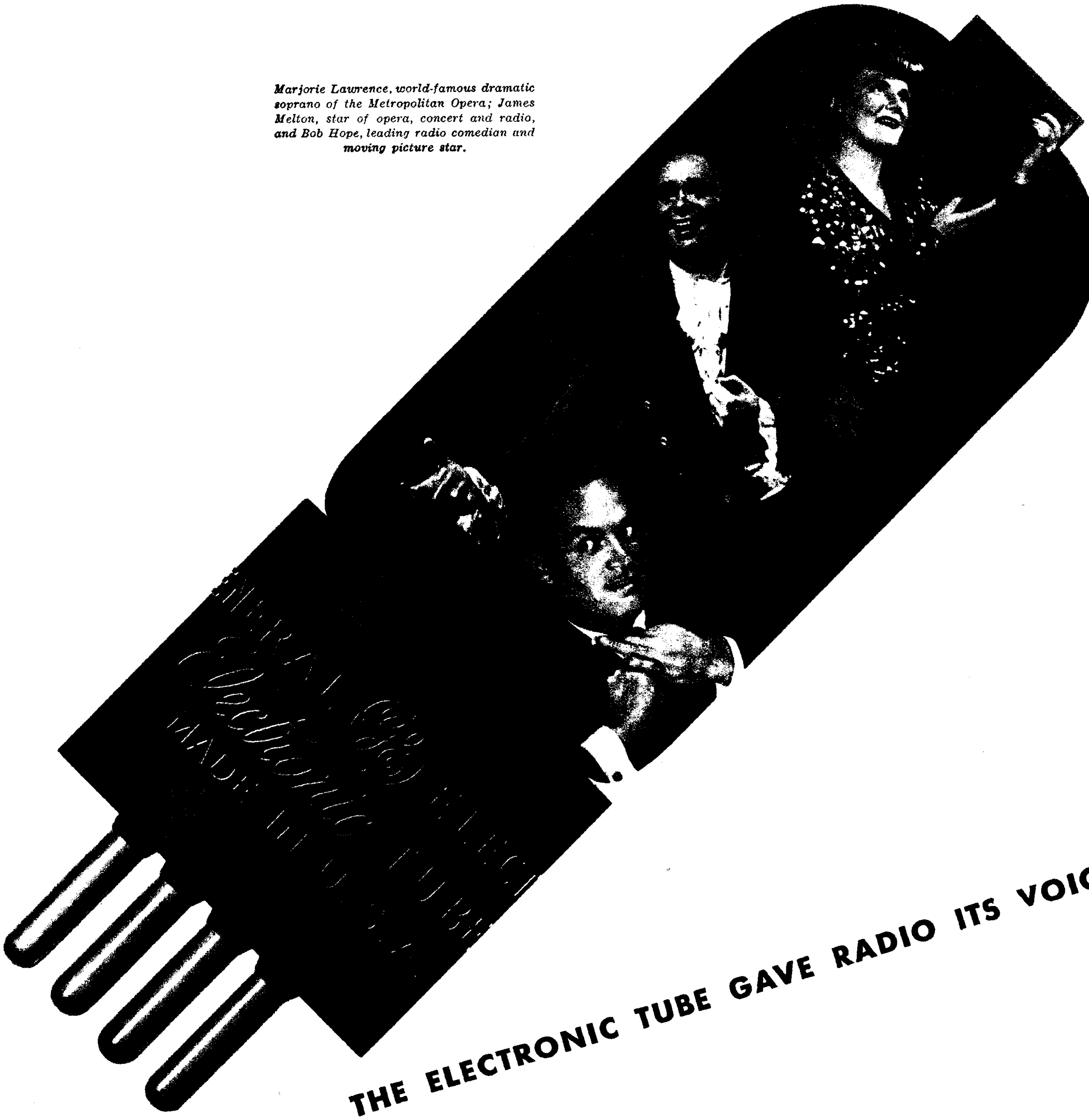
Americans today spend more than $4,000,000 a week seeking the advice and help of some 85,000 astrologers, spiritualists, palmists, crystal-gazers and other kinds of fortunetellers.—*By Frank Hightower, Akron, Ohio.*

Under Pope Pius XII, the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church today is comprised of 47 cardinals, 13 patriarchs, about 2,000 archbishops and bishops and approximately 300,000 priests.

Of the 3,000,000 government checks mailed monthly to the dependents of American soldiers, an average of 40,000 are returned, chiefly because the addressees have moved without notifying either their local post office or the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits in Newark, New Jersey.

Some 50-odd motion-picture stars are honored today by about 15,000 fan clubs and their chapters, whose total membership is close to 500,000, three quarters of whom are girls under 21. Most ardent fan is a young man in the Bronx who owns 8,000 studio photographs of his favorite Hollywood actress and 1,000 snapshots of her which he has taken when she has been in New York.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



Marjorie Lawrence, world-famous dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera; James Melton, star of opera, concert and radio, and Bob Hope, leading radio comedian and moving picture star.

THE ELECTRONIC TUBE GAVE RADIO ITS VOICE

Why do you suppose it is that the human voice, spoken over the radio, will carry around the world in a split-second, without wires?

The answer is in a word you've seen a lot, lately —"electronics." The electronic tube, or the radio tube, gave radio its voice.

Before the development of this tube, thirty years or more ago, "wireless" was limited largely to ship-to-shore messages. Three inventions had yet to come before the voice of modern radio could span continents and oceans: a suitable high-frequency generator, a modulator, and a device to amplify weak distant signals. The magic high-vacuum tube was the answer to these three needs.

General Electric research contributed to all three. Dr. Steinmetz, Dr. Alexanderson, Dr. Coolidge, Dr. Langmuir, Dr. Whitney and their associates, supported by General Electric resources, probed long and successfully into secrets hitherto hid from man. They helped bring the radio into your home!

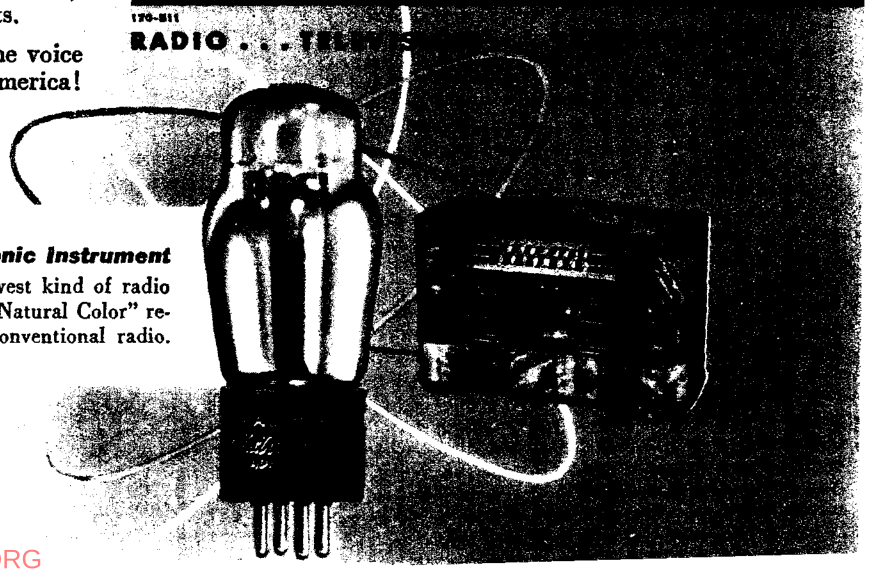
The electronic tube is today much more than a "radio" tube. Electronic tubes alone make possible the electron microscope, television, the talking moving picture, the X ray. Industrial electronic devices can count, measure, weigh, and smell. Military electronic tubes are fighting on many fronts.

In all these fields, the electronic tube—the voice of your G-E radio—is building a better America!

FREE: 32-page, full-color booklet: "Electronics — a New Science for a New World." Address *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.*

- *Tune in General Electric's* "The World Today" *and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over CBS network. On Sunday listen to "The Hour of Charm" at 10 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC. Buy War Bonds for the better things of tomorrow—including a G-E radio.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio is a product of electronic research. The newest kind of radio is FM (Frequency Modulation) which brings you "Natural Color" reception—with all the overtones that you miss in conventional radio.

CHAMPION
PATENTED

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS always favorites for every farm engine, are plugging away as never before to help produce and swell the harvest of food so vital to Victory. Their dependability in severe service is their outstanding characteristic.

A very food conscious America is learning about agricultural America and its indispensable part in the cause of Victory.

Cars, trucks, tractors, stationary engines and power-driven equipment of all kinds give the farmer manifold help which he sorely needs. All these engines in their own way are directly enlisted in the war effort—on active duty on the home front.

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs help to make every engine a better performing, more economical engine. All the engineering skill of this company, with thirty odd years of "know how" in the field of spark plugs exclusively, is packed into every Champion Spark Plug produced by us. Agricultural America long ago gave strong preference to Champions for these reasons. The farmer also learned long ago to inspect and test his spark plugs regularly, replacing worn-out spark plugs whenever necessary.

Have your spark plugs been tested recently? Keeping them clean and gaps properly set will materially increase their efficiency, prolong their life and repay you for the small effort in better, more economical engine performance.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

WING TALK

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

So that they may take over either job in combat, "bombagators" at San Angelo Army Air Field learn both navigation and bomb-sight operation. Cadet Donald P. Byers here charts a course

A NEW group of men known as bombagators will graduate from the San Angelo Army Air Field bombardier school on October 28th.

"Bombagator" is a coined word combining bombardier and navigator—a man who has both navigation and bombardier training. A bombagator can navigate a bomber by dead reckoning, which means by instruments alone. He is instructed in a blacked-out cabin and is so thoroughly trained that on long missions he can relieve the navigator, who always before has worked twelve to fourteen hours without a break.

When a bombagator graduates he will be able to direct a plane from San Angelo, Texas, to Chicago and arrive within twenty miles of the city and within ten minutes of predicted arrival time. He will be able to drop his bombs within a few feet of any objective in the city.

The new course requires eighteen weeks *after* a strenuous introduction to training at a preflight school and is different from anything previously attempted. New teaching techniques merge bombardier and navigator training methods into one comprehensive course. Being interrelated, both subjects are taught at the same time, but dead-reckoning navigation taught at San Angelo Army Air Field is not to be confused with celestial navigation taught at Air Forces navigation schools. The bombagator relies only on instruments.

On a mission the bombagator will be constantly busy. In addition to readying and dropping the bombs with the bomb sight, he must take readings of all instruments and compute the plane's position at least once every five minutes.

The course is so stiff that only those who are in top physical and mental condition survive the training—but when they do they are masters of themselves, their instruments, the bomb sight, their ship and their bombs.

MICHAEL PATRICK O'LEARY has done a spot of flying. In one stretch of twenty days, he crossed the ocean thirteen times, besides making a few side trips. Before that particular spell of work was over, he crossed the ocean eighteen times in 32 days, and flew a total of 285 hours, which was an average of almost nine hours a day.

That's the way O'Leary's life has been going. He's seen a lot, absorbed a lot, and has become pretty well immunized to shock.

But one little item he has in his collection of souvenirs gives him a slight case of chills.

He says it's just a sample of what tomorrow's world will be like. It's a Liberian newspaper, and one of its big stories goes like this: MAGISTRATE TRIES 3 WITCHES WHO ADMIT.

"Three persons who admitted being witches dragged themselves before the magistrate over a dispute on the share of the flesh of their human victims. All three of them were sent to terms of imprisonment.

"The story as told by the accused persons themselves was that Aganyor Mose accused Ela Eboh and Tarkom Eyim of partaking with him of the flesh of his late brother, whom he had killed through their cult.

"He was aggrieved because, in return, neither of the two had contributed his share of human flesh, but rather asked him to contribute yet another person. This he considered as being grossly unfair to him and so he had to bring the matter to the public for justice. . . .

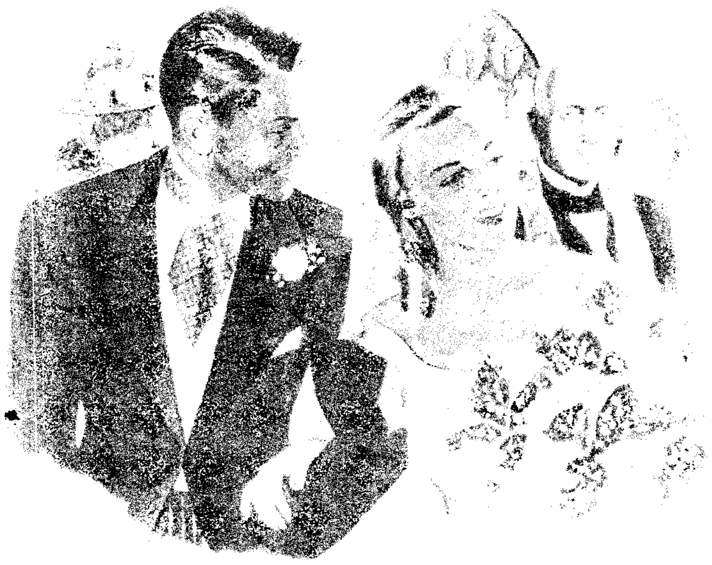
"Tarkom Eyim confessed that he, at times, transformed himself into a frog and ate crabs.

"The first two accused persons were sentenced to one year's imprisonment each, and the third to six months' imprisonment."

O'Leary has other and more startling tales along the same line. Apparently the manners and customs of the Gold Coast natives are somewhat different from those in this country.

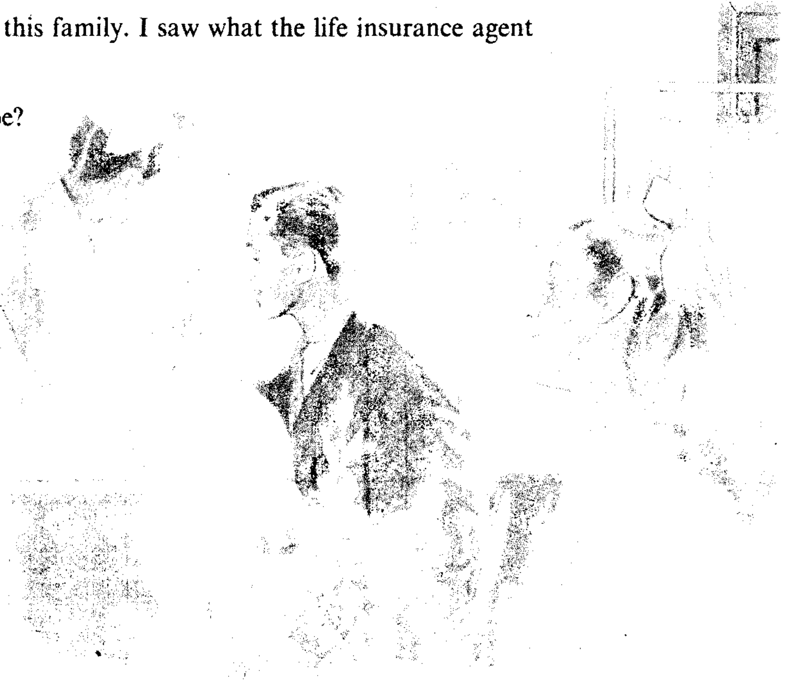
"But just you remember," O'Leary says seriously, "that place is only 36 hours away, the way we travel now."

ROBERT MCCORMICK



"It took me fifteen years to learn to support this family"

It seemed a strange question. It came from a life insurance agent. He asked: "How long did it take you to learn to support your family?" Then he said: "Don't hurry with the answer; just think about it when you have nothing else to do." Well, I thought a lot about it. I couldn't get it out of my mind—It took me fifteen years to learn to support this family. I saw what the life insurance agent meant. What if Mary, my wife, had to start to support the family? What would her chances be? It was then that I laid my cards on the table.



I told the agent the size of the pay envelope. I showed him the savings and the mortgage. I told him what it costs us to live. Then I learned something. I learned what the life insurance people mean when they say that experience counts a lot in life insurance. This agent certainly had experience to draw on. He started with social security. He asked about our ambitions for the children. And when he brought in his plan I wasn't staggered. I was just relieved.

It's surprising what a small amount of money will provide in life insurance when it's planned right.

Before the agent left he told me something else I had not thought about. He said to remember that conditions change just as my teeth change and my system changes. He said it wasn't necessary to see him as often as I did my dentist and my doctor, but not to think he was crowding me if he called me up occasionally to review my insurance. I saw his point.

There are reasons why it is important to review life insurance now. It is our ever-present responsibility to prepare our children through education and training to take advantage of the opportunities of their future and to cope with its problems. It is our war-time obligation to purchase war bonds and to ensure that they will not have to be sold immediately in the event of personal disaster . . . John Hancock agents are trained to relate life insurance to these and other obligations. Their advice is practical because it is based on the experience of the company in fitting life insurance to the needs and incomes of many families over a period of eighty years.

We suggest that you talk with a John Hancock agent soon.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

Have 2 Extra on Us, Tojo!
Thanks to *Flying Horsepower*— U. S. Bombers will be able to carry far heavier loads!

It's the greatest gasoline story of the war!...

How Socony-Vacuum scientists, working in a laboratory, found a way to produce a new super fuel *that will help the United Nations' great bomber fleets carry hundreds of extra tons of bombs to blast the way to Victory!*

The secret is a "magic" bead—Socony-Vacuum's new Bead Catalyst. It is so far superior to any catalyst heretofore used in gasoline refining—that even when diluted the fuel stock yields far greater power and performance than present 100 Octane gasoline.

This sensational discovery, coupled with Socony-Vacuum's new TCC Process, which permits *continuous* catalytic cracking—will not only *improve the quality, but also increase the quantity* of America's vital 100 Octane aviation gasoline!

This remarkable fuel of the future will give to aircraft a new, quick maneuverability, speed, and carrying capacity... and already the new processes which make it possible have been made available to the U. S. Government and to the entire petroleum industry.

Thus, the United Nations' air fleets will be given a new power for Victory—*Flying Horsepower*, from the Sign of the Flying Red Horse!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.,
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corp. of California

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue Network
Coast-to-Coast, 10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

Coming—
In Mobilgas *Flying Horsepower!* New Super Power for U. S. Planes

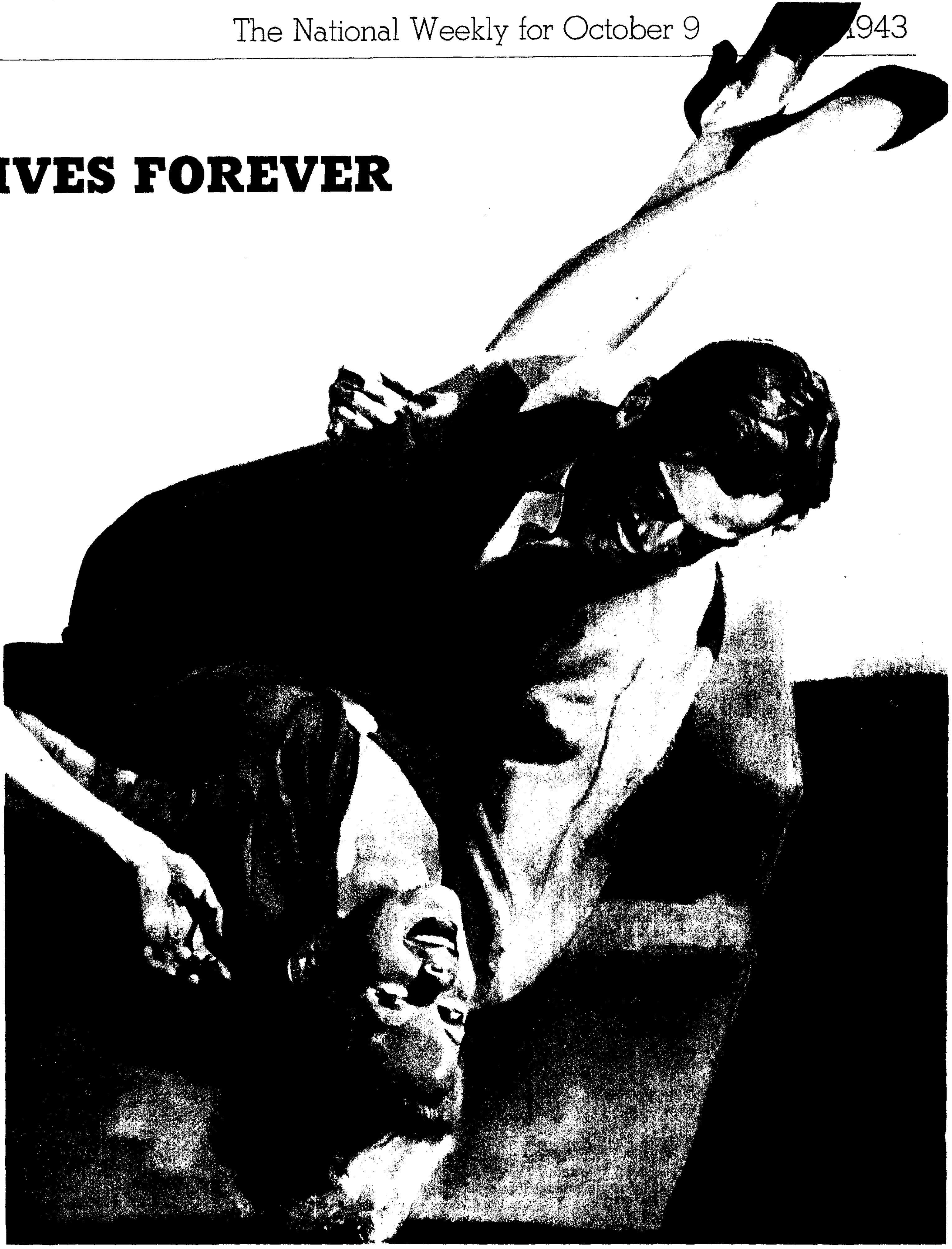
Collier's The National Weekly for October 9 1943

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER

BY W. R. BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The gang gathers—from New York, from California and Florida—and the ace con man of them all sets out to take a lovely lady for a romantic ride. So begins this terse and terrifying record of crime and punishment



When Johnny looked in the living room Jim was sitting in one of the big chairs with Tony on his lap. After a long kiss they burst out laughing

DOC GANSON was a slender little man of about forty-five. His hair was Indian-black and his narrow, bony face was pale. Although there was nothing actually wrong with him, he gave at first glance the appearance of deformity; sometimes men referred to him as a hunchback. His mouth was thin-lipped and grim, and his eyes looked startlingly black and bright, owing to his pallor.

Doc was standing at the window of his shabby Los Angeles hotel room, staring morosely down into the street below. Behind him, Shake Thomas rustled his Racing Form.

Doc turned in irritation. "Got a good one, I'll bet," he sneered.

"Yeah," said Shake, pushing back his hat, which he rarely removed. "Got what looks like a good one in the third at Aqueduct. All I need now is a stake."

"All any of us needs is a square meal," said Doc. "Where's Windy? Where did he say he was going? I don't like the idea of him wandering around alone. He might stick somebody up. When he gets hungry he's hard to handle."

"If he does and gets away with it, it's all right with me," said Shake. "It's like them Romans. It ain't being crooked that counts; it's getting caught. Like when the boy hid the badger in his shirt and it bit him—"

"It was a fox," said Doc, "and the boy was a Spartan, not a Roman. Don't you ever get anything right?"

"Five dollars says it was a badger," said Shake, outraged by Doc's offhand superiority. Shake had spent twelve of his forty years in various prisons and had read hundreds of books; so he considered himself quite an authority. He was known in the profession as "Shakespeare," because of his wide reading, and he took the nickname seriously.

He was a big, placid man with a dewlap and a stomach. Owing to the strain of prison fare and confinement, he was old for his age. He was bald, wore glasses, and all his upper teeth were false. He puffed at the slightest exertion and he slept over twelve hours a day; when he was awake he was either studying a Racing Form or reading a book—any book. Print was print to him. He'd pore for hours over an antiquated history of the city of Los Angeles he'd picked up in a secondhand bookstore for ten cents. With him, reading was a substitute for vice.

At one time, he'd been high up in the ranks of con men. He had a fine personality for the trade; he looked good-natured, honest, dependable; and he was very handy at steering a sucker. He'd made quite a few good takes. But a combination of heedlessness and apathy led to his downfall; he was arrested again and again; finally, he began to lose cases. A stretch in a tough Southern prison completed his ruin. Now he was not only outmoded, but broke. However, it didn't worry him much.

"So you want to bet five dollars!" sneered Doc. "Stop clowning."

"I'll have five bucks some day. What's the matter? Don't you trust me, Doc?"

Doc flung himself into a chair and stared sulkily at the floor, ignoring Shake's remarks. There was a long pause, and the room was so quiet that the night noises from the huge, sprawling city gradually grew more and more audible.

Finally Doc observed, as if talking to himself, "If we could only figure an angle on that rich dame!"

Shake stirred, looked up from the Racing Form, and sighed. "Yeah," he said, nodding his head slowly, "a dame with over a million dollars. Can you imagine! I get goose flesh just thinking about it."

Doc puckered up his face and stared at the dirty, ragged carpet. This rich dame was to Shake and their other pal, Windy, no more than a rosy, impossible dream. But to Doc, she was an actual bright hope. When the world looked blackest, he would sit down and quietly force himself to think about her; he would turn over and over in his mind schemes to relieve her of enough sugar to buy himself security against the dark future which he always felt was menacing him.

At times he hated her, this fortunate woman who had everything he wanted—money and the respect of her fellows. It seemed unfair to Doc that she should walk about with a tranquil mind, enjoying the present, able to ignore the future, while he could just barely get enough to eat and was headed, unless checked, for the charity ward and, ultimately, the potter's field.

He didn't even know the woman personally; he had only heard about her. In the whole country Doc had only one respectable acquaintance left. This man lived in Los Angeles, was fairly prosperous, and was managing the swankiest apartment hotel in the Wilshire district. Doc ran into him one day on the street; in fact, the man had accosted him. They had gone to college together. He bought Doc a drink and they talked over old times. They had lost track of each other years ago, and the man—Charley Evans—knew nothing whatever about Doc's running fight with the law.

Doc told him that he had given up his practice, due to ill health and was now dabbling in California real estate; he intimated that business was terrible. In the old days, Evans had been known as the tightest bird in the school. Doc saw him shying off from a touch and it amused him. However, Doc finally did put the bite on him for a twenty and laughed to himself when he saw how relieved Evans was that the sum wanted had been so modest.

HE SAW Evans from time to time. It always cost Evans money, but the amounts were so trifling that it made no difference to him. He liked to talk to Doc about the past. One night, after a couple of tall beers, feeling slightly mellow, Evans told Doc about Mrs. Halvorsen, his star boarder. A lonely widow—forty—very nice-looking, and with a million and a half dollars.

"If I were a handsome man, I'd certainly try to marry her," he said, laughing. "She's a real lady—so polite and considerate. Doesn't know a soul out here. Her husband died in Minneapolis and left her all this money. He was in the flour business—must've cornered it, considering what he made out of it. He was a lot older than she was—a kind of invalid; she looked after him, stayed with him; one of those kind of women."

Doc grinned cynically. "Yeah," he said. "I'd look after a man with that kind of money myself—and would I stay with him!"

Evans laughed appreciatively, but shook his head. "I see what you mean. But I don't think that was it. She's just a wonderful woman—and lonesome! Goes to movies by herself, eats by herself. It's sort of pathetic in a way. I introduced her to a couple of nice men I've got staying with me—you know—solid fellows in their fifties. But she didn't seem to care much about them. I often invite her to my table. Once in a while she eats with me in the evening. She never has much to say. To tell you the truth, I'm afraid I don't interest her at all." Evans sighed. "I don't know," he added, as if summing the whole thing up.

Doc grinned. "Maybe you and these other solid men are not what she's looking for. Why not try me?"

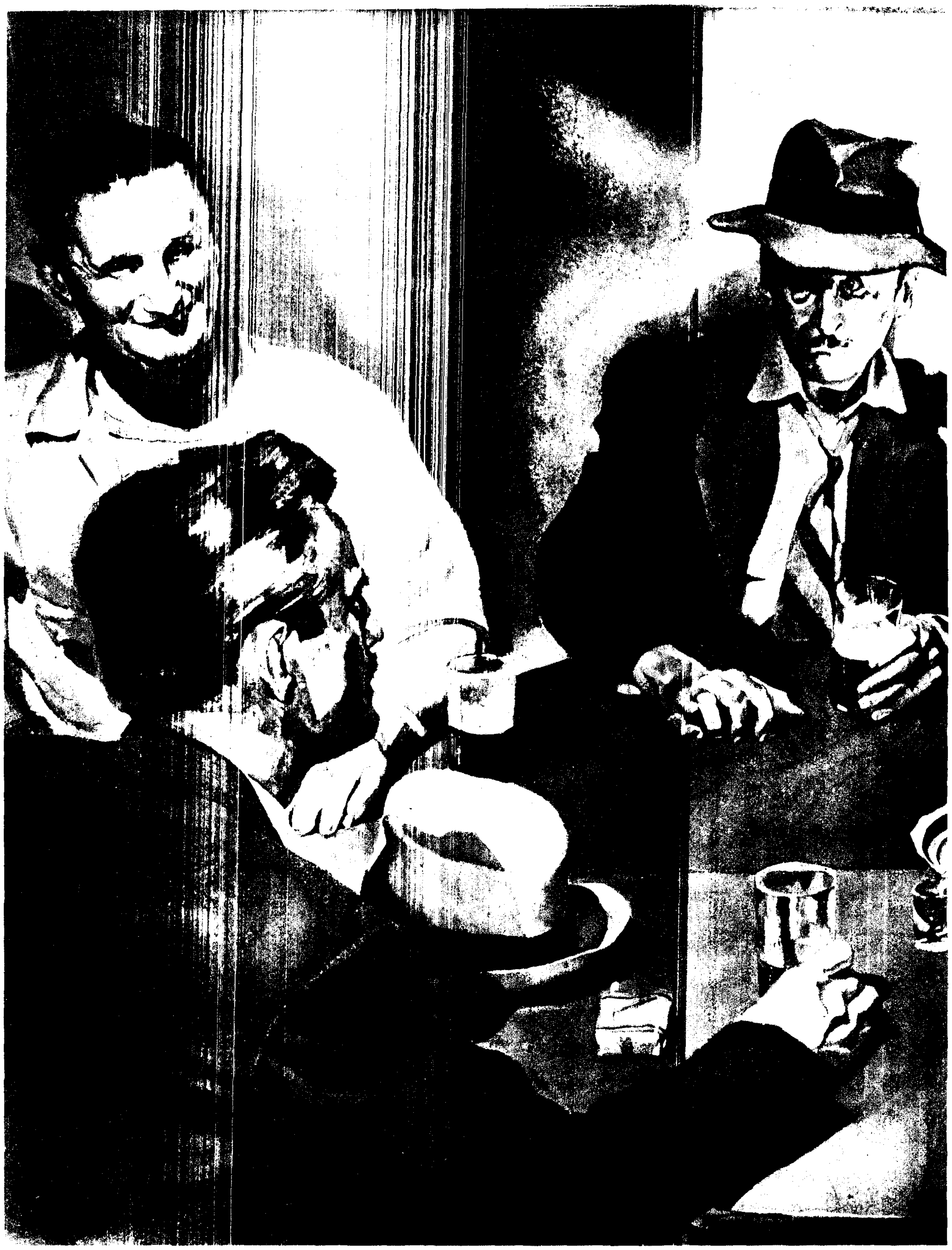
Evans thought this remark very funny. "I couldn't do that," he said. "I've got the poor lady's best interests at heart."

Doc laughed it off. Although he spent half his time trying to delude himself, he still had a pretty good idea of his own limitations; he wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance with the elegant Mrs. Halvorsen.

But she was seldom far from his thoughts. He sought Evans out so often that the hotel manager began to shy off. There was something about Doc's interest in Mrs. Halvorsen that puzzled and worried him. Besides, his friend Doc, who used to be such a card, had changed. The more Evans saw of him, the less he liked and trusted him. He began to avoid Doc—saw him only when he couldn't decently put him off.

DOC sat up so suddenly that Shake jumped. Doc was always startling him by abrupt, unexpected movements.

"Look at my clothes," said Doc bitterly. "How could I get in with a dame like that?"



They were all grinning in sympathy with Jim—all but Doc, who was sitting back in the shadows, his hat pulled over his eyes. He studied the man he had always hated and envied

Shake stared—then understood. Funny about Doc—always thinking up schemes to take that luscious million-dollar sucker.

"It wouldn't help," said Shake tactlessly. "She wouldn't go for you."

"Plenty have."

"I ain't seen any flocking around, Doc. Quit kidding me."

Doc burned in silence. The ambition of his life was to shine in the eyes of women; in fact, a woman had started him on the road down. He could have killed Shake with pleasure. He threw a look at him which made the big man very uneasy. Shake was a coward and at times very much afraid of Doc.

"I didn't mean nothing, Doc," he said, smiling placatingly. "Just kidding."

Doc gritted his teeth but said nothing, and Shake sat shaking his head slowly. "No use, Doc. We might as well forget it."

There was a long pause. Taxis hooted in the stillness. Finally Doc got up, went into the bathroom and locked the door.

Shake shook his head sadly. "At it again," he told himself. "If he was wise, he'd leave that stuff alone. It's a bum idea. You'd think a doctor would know better."

Making a clucking noise with his tongue, he picked up the Racing Form and began to study it.

"He's running out of stuff, too," Shake said, half aloud. "When he gets clear out, there'll be hell to pay. He'll be out prowling the drugstores."

IN a little while, Doc came out of the bathroom and went back to the window. His cheeks were flushed. He looked better. "I'm not going to give this one up," he said, without turning. "Not if I have to get in touch with a couple of the boys and split with them to strong-arm her for the diamonds and the fur coats."

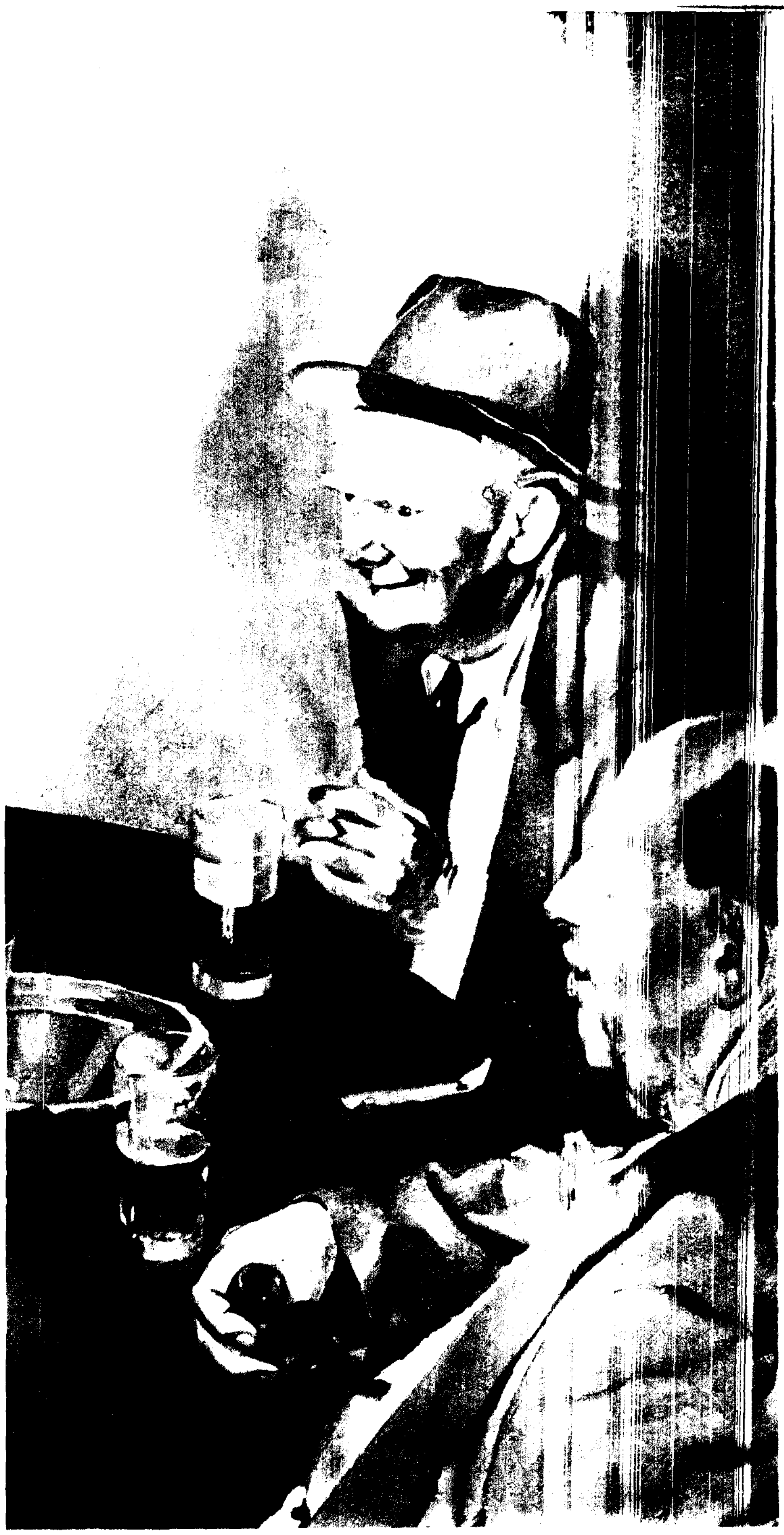
His eyes were glittering. Shake felt very uneasy when Doc was like this; he looked and was dangerous.

Just as Shake was about to speak soothingly, the door opened, and Windy Mather came in. He was a huge man with powerful shoulders and a look of stupid immovability. Ordinarily he was good-natured enough, but he took careful handling. He was an old strong-arm man and had worked for various mobs in the East. As a young man, he'd wrestled professionally, had his nose broken, acquired a slightly cauliflowered ear. Now, in his forties, he was running to fat but he was still strong enough to handle six ordinary men.

He shut the door behind him, then without a word walked to the middle of the room and stood grinning at them.

"Well?" said Doc impatiently. When Windy grinned like that he knew something was up. Doc felt vaguely hopeful.

Still grinning, Windy took a small roll of bills out of his pocket and waved it. "See?"



"How much?" asked Doc.

"Thirty-three dollars."

"Where'd you get it?"

Windy grinned widely. He always had a hard time expressing himself and usually spoke in monosyllables. His bashful silences had earned him his nickname.

"This dame—I helped her."

"What dame?"

"She wanted to roll this guy, see?"

"What guy?"

"The guy with the dame. He put up a howl, see? I saw her come out of the joint with him."

"What joint?"

"Where they was."

"Oh, yeah?" said Doc. "Give me the money."

Windy was going to protest, but Doc pulled the roll away from him and stuffed it into his pocket. Windy frowned, then grinned. Doc studied his face for a moment, then laughed. "You're going to get yourself in a jam some night."

"I'm careful," said Windy, grinning. . . . None of them spoke until they'd finished eating [illegible] sat in the restaurant stowing [illegible] away, ignoring one another. In the [illegible] juke box was playing a sad, sentimental [illegible] tune.

Pretty soon Doc pushed back his chair and sighed. "I feel better."

"Yeah," said Shake, wiping his mouth elaborately with a napkin and pushing his empty plate away. "I'll say."

Windy went on eating in stolid silence.

Doc took out a couple of cigars, handed Shake one; they lit up and sat smoking in silence.

Finally, Windy finished eating and sighed loudly, then he snapped his fingers. "Doc."

"Yeah?"

"There was a thing I wanted to tell you."

"Think hard."

"I got it. I run into Gyp Connors. Remember him?"

"A guy to avoid—a rat."

"I don't know. Well, I run into him. He told me something. That big guy's in town."

"What big guy?"

"The top guy. The Florida fellow."

Doc started. "Who—Jim Farrar?"

"That's the one. Gyp says he swears he seen him in a car."

Doc and Shake exchanged a glance. They had both worked with Jim Farrar in the old days.

Shake laughed good-naturedly. "What do you think of that? He's Doc's pet hate."

"Who?" Windy demanded, looking from one to the other. "The top guy?"

"Top guy, my foot!" said Doc bitterly. "He's just had a run of luck, that's all. He'll get caught up with."

"Never yet," said Shake. He laughed. "Regular Casanova, Jim is. The babes really go for him—and does he work at it! Murder!"

"Murder is right. What they see in that big, swell-headed phony!" Doc hesitated and sat thinking.

"Remember the little blond singer, Doc?" asked Shake. "The one who was going to marry that New York millionaire till she met Jim Farrar?"

Doc flushed slightly. The prettiest girl he'd ever seen in his life and she wouldn't so much as look at him; and he'd been in the money at the time; white tie and tails, the works! He nodded without looking at Shake, lost in bitter reflections.

"What happened?" Windy demanded, staring.

Shake laughed. "Well, Jim not only copped the guy's girl, he beat the guy for fifty grand and made him like it."

Windy guffawed.

"Yeah," said Doc, "but the girl tried to turn Jim in later."

"That was after he gave her the brush-off."

"Big stiff!"

DOC sat suffering. Imagine a guy so lucky or so well-endowed or so something that he actually brushes off a gorgeous babe like Rita, that singer! At the time Doc would have given his right arm for her. Even now, ten years later, he could see her plain as day—so pretty and desirable.

"What do you suppose he's doing out here?" Shake demanded. "He was killing 'em in Florida. The fix must be in here. Jim wouldn't work without a fix. It's like Napoleon said—"

"Phooey to Napoleon," Doc broke out. "Whatever it was he said, you wouldn't get it right. Maybe Jim's on the lam."

"From what?"

"You never know." Doc hesitated, sat lost in thought, then he gave a start. His eyes flashed so wildly that for a moment Shake imagined that Doc had gone berserk at last, as he had always feared he would. "He's our man," cried Doc.

"What are you talking about?" Shake demanded.

Doc snorted impatiently. "Don't you see? Jim's the very guy to beat this rich widow. It's his kind of stuff."

Shake blinked, then a smile spread over his slack face. "What do you know—"

"I'm not so sold on Jim as some people," said Doc. "But this is his meat. He's got a way with women; no doubt about it." Doc rubbed his hands together and smiled grimly. "I don't like the big guy; but we need him on this one, and I'd split with Hitler if I couldn't work it any other way."

"What's going on here?" asked Windy, looking from one to the other.

They ignored him. Doc, preoccupied, was already working on the idea. Shake sat staring. At last, his smile faded; he shook his head. "No, Doc. You're just kidding yourself like you been all along on this deal. Jim wouldn't work with us. He'd have us kicked out if we located him."

"Oh, yeah? What's the matter with us?"

"Use your eyes. We look like bums. We haven't got any dough. What's your proposition? Jim furnishes the front money, makes the take and splits with us. It ain't reasonable."

"How many million-dollar suckers do you find? A dame at that. All we've got to do is locate Jim. I'll sell him."

"I'm not even going to think about it. With the kind of luck I been having, it just couldn't happen."

"Let's go hunt Pop Gruber. If anybody knows where Jim is, he will." Doc jumped up, his eyes glittering with excitement.

"You birds going to try to work with the top guy?" Windy demanded, staring.

"Sure."

Windy guffawed. "That's just plain nuts—us tramps!"

"We'll see," said Doc.

POP GRUBER was what is known as a "character." He was a thin, wiry little man in his late sixties; his color was good, his eyes sparkled, and he looked as if he'd last forever. You would take him for a small-town bookkeeper, and yet, aside from the strong-arm rackets, he had run the gamut of crime.

As a newsboy in Indianapolis, he'd learned to pick pockets. Then, always rising in his profession, he'd turned sneak thief, shoplifter, small-time grifter, and at last he'd got in with a big con mob and prospered to such an extent that for two years he retired from the rackets. But he came to grief when Denver was cleaned up by Van Cise; he was tried, convicted, and sent to prison for a long stretch. When he got out, he was an old man and was smart enough to realize it. The big dough was now out of his reach. He got a little stake together and went to California, where he became a familiar sight on the streets of Los Angeles.

Every clear night he appeared on some downtown corner with his tripod and telescope. For one thin dime, he would show you the moon or Saturn or some other celestial object of interest. People liked this pleasant, innocent-seeming old fellow. Occasionally he picked a drunk's pocket, but nobody knew that, except the cop on the beat, who split with him.

And he had another way of making money. He was a clearinghouse for criminal information. This was something even the cop on the beat didn't know. Pop was no informer; he worked only with the racket men. Every out-of-town pickpocket, shoplifter, or con man who wanted his presence known to his Los Angeles co-workers got in touch with Pop. For a small fee, he obliged. He had enough on half a dozen big-timers to hang them, but he was absolutely trustworthy, and everybody knew it.

Children liked Pop. He'd show them the moon through the telescope and talk to them in a way they could understand. Mothers referred to him as "that nice old man." While Pop was engaged with the children, some dubious individual, wanted for anything from safeblowing to murder, would be standing in the background, pretending to read a newspaper, waiting for a word with Pop. Where was Chicago Louie, the lamster, holing up? Where could New York Blondie be found? Smiling, Pop would give out the information. Money would be slipped into his hand, and maybe the mug would even look through the telescope for the benefit of the tame citizens.

While Pop was long on information regarding others, he was short on information dealing with himself. When he wasn't on one of the downtown corners, he was very hard to find. He moved frequently. He never ate in the same restaurant or drank in the same bar two days running.

It took Doc four days to find him. Every night Doc cursed the fog which rolled in about sundown, making it impossible

(Continued on page 36)

YOUNG SALTS, AHOY!

BY JIM MARSHALL

How Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Long Island, trains thousands of youngsters to officer our vital cargo fleets

THE six cadet-midshipmen came into the big, airy office as the shiny ship's clock tingled six bells in the afternoon watch. Through the open windows they could see the sunlit waters of Long Island Sound, with a trim bark and two smart schooners lying at anchor, and naked-north-of-the-waist huskies pulling ship's boats across the bay. The boys were uniformed in Merchant Marine khaki, with the propeller insignia of the engine-room department on their shoulder marks. Captain Giles C. Stedman, Commandant of Cadets, U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, who was once the skipper of the America, the Washington, and other smart Atlantic liners, sat behind his desk as they faced him.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. He shuffled some papers, reading off their names. "You are from Dubuque, Iowa, Curtis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see salt water before you came here?"

"No, sir, this is my first time, and I'm anxious to get out and see what it's like."

"What did you do before you were appointed to the academy?"

"I was in my sophomore year at college, sir."

"Have you enjoyed your stay at Kings Point?"

The cadet-midshipman replied eagerly, "Very much, sir!"

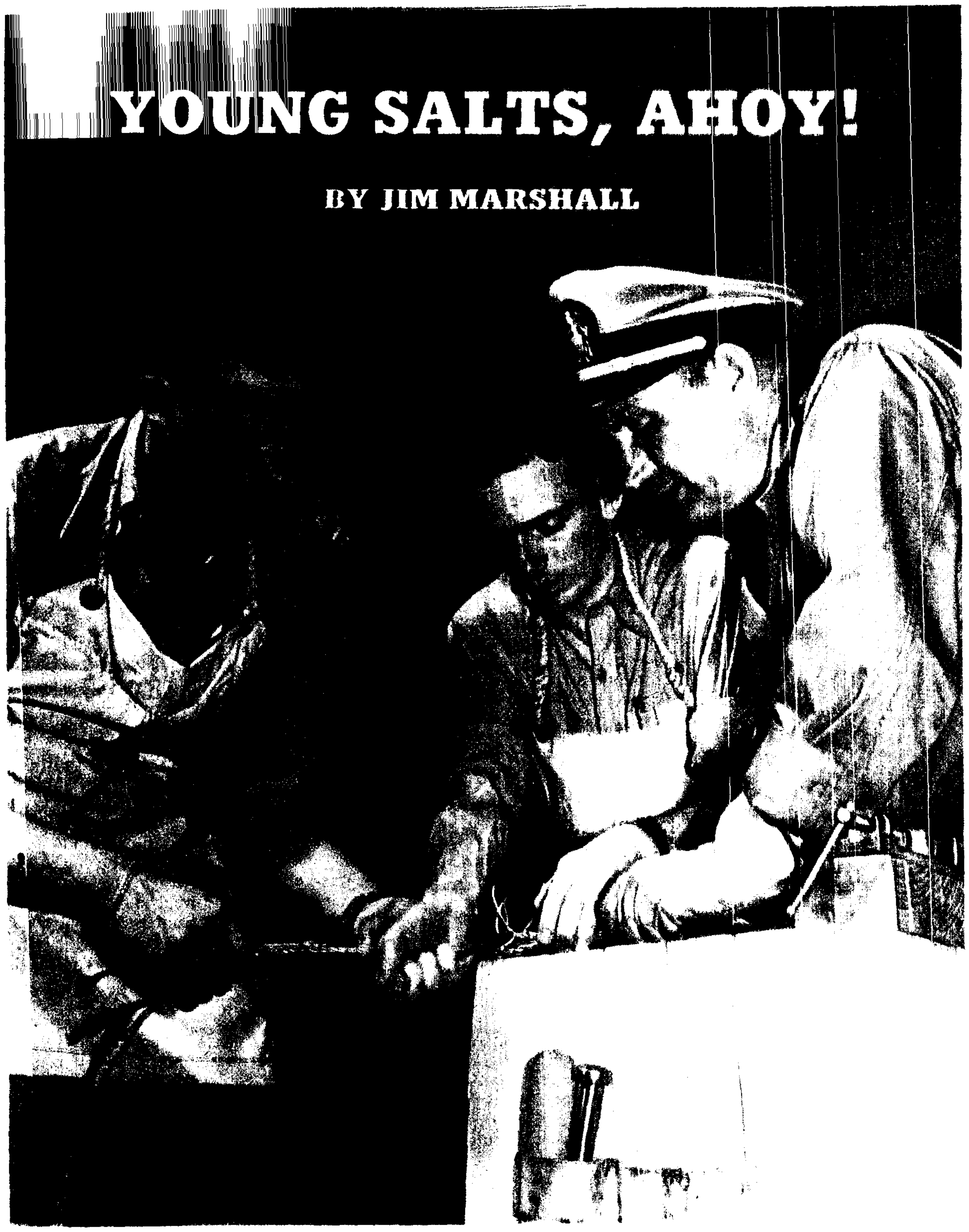
"Are you looking forward to your cruise?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!" with still more enthusiasm.

Captain Stedman questioned the five other young men in much the same fashion. Then, turning to the entire group, he gave them their final orders:

"Gentlemen, you are going to sea for the first time, and without doubt this will be the outstanding experience of your life. This may seem like an exaggeration to you now, but, years hence, you will realize that it is true and that everything else fades by comparison—your perspective changes, your outlook broadens, and you see the world through different eyes. You are going to sea in a peculiar category. Although you wear an officer's uniform you are not an officer. On the other hand, you are not a member of the crew as we commonly refer to the crew. What you really are is a seagoing student. For that reason, you should use every opportunity that comes your way to observe and ask questions. Keep your eyes open. During the six months that you are at sea, you can learn much more by observation and by asking questions than you can get from textbooks.

"Now, a few bits of advice. Before going aboard ship, I want to emphasize two or three points. First, know your ship before it leaves the harbor. *(Continued on page 72)*

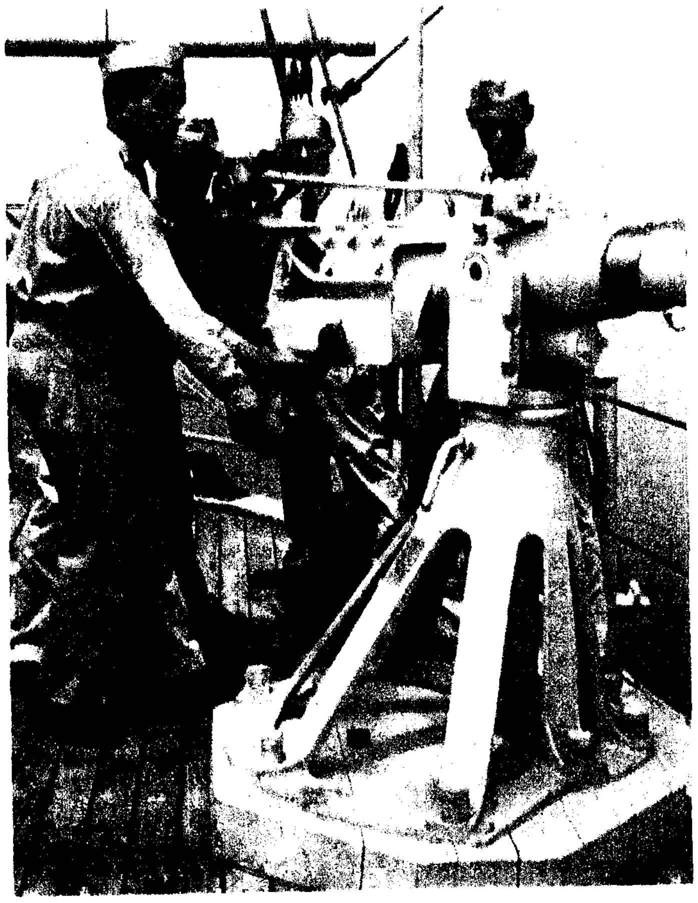


Wire splicing is a tricky art. At the Merchant Marine Academy, Warrant Officer Gentry imparts his knowledge of it to Cadets J. C. Krogman (Washington, D. C.) and E. L. Fogerty (Hamden, Conn.). They do rope work, too

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Signal flag drill has been largely replaced by blinker-light signaling on most craft. So has the square-rigged mast of bygone days. But cadets are still taught both before-the-mast and behind-the-gun sailoring as pictured below

Young merchant seamen practice on this 6-pounder before tackling the bigger guns on merchant ships

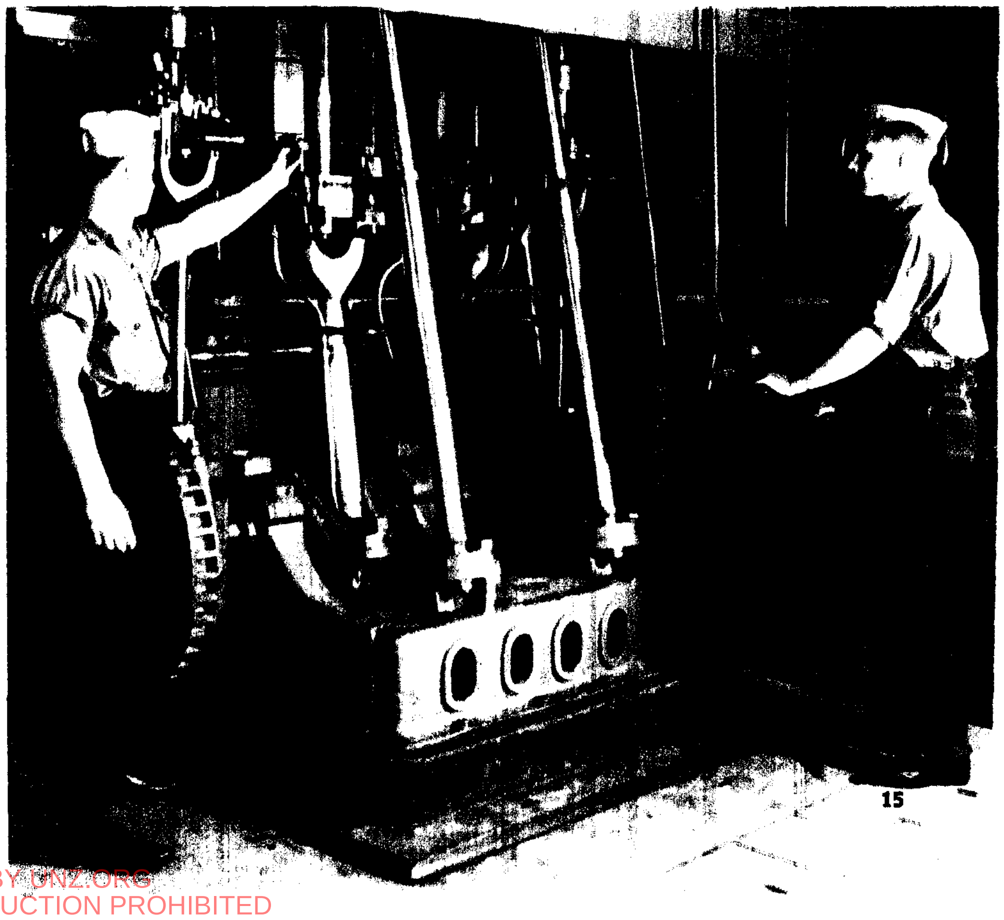


Every young man who ever yearned to sail the seas wants to be a quartermaster and steer the ship. Cadet J. V. Lewis, above, achieves it on the bark Emery Rice

Aboard the Emery Rice, these cadets haul rope just as their forebears did in the days of the clippers. When they master this, they move on to modern sailing

Captains Tomb and Stedman study the old brass ship's bell at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy. It still tolls 6 bells at 3 p.m. or, to be really nautical, 1500 o'clock

Two men man a reciprocating engine in the academy laboratory. Cadet Paul Perkins (Seneca Falls, N. Y.) is oiler. Cadet J. E. Jonassen (Brooklyn, N. Y.) is throttleman



ACTION THIS DAY

•

Letters from the Fighting Fronts to his father by

Archbishop Francis J. Spellman

Military Vicar to the Armed Forces of the United States

•

Begins in next week's

COLLIER'S

CRUSADER

BY STUART CLOETE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The African veld sets a dusty background for this strange struggle for dominance between a stallion and a man

•

CRUSADER was probably the handsomest little horse I ever owned. A six-year-old chestnut Basuto stallion with a blaze and snip who stood thirteen hands. I suppose this is his story, but it's the story of Joan and her mother, too. Joan French was eleven and her mother was my neighbor. If Joan had a passion in life it was horses, and I shall never forget her expression when she saw Crusader. She was a leggy girl—all legs and big light brown eyes. "Oh," she said. "Oh, Mr. King, where did you get him?"

"Up from Basutoland, Joan," I said.

She said, "Oh!" again, and put her finger into her mouth like a child of three and stood staring. I thought her eyes would pop out. She just stood frozen on her long spindly legs, staring and "Ohing." It made me smile. Love at first sight, I thought, and not so funny either, as things turned out.

But the odd thing was that her love seemed to be reciprocated. The horse, that first day, stared back at her and tossed his head. His nostrils flared as he blew air out of them the way stallions do, and then suddenly, as though he had got wind of her, as though her scent told him something, he quieted. The fire went out of his roving eye; he stopped tapping at the ground with his foreleg.

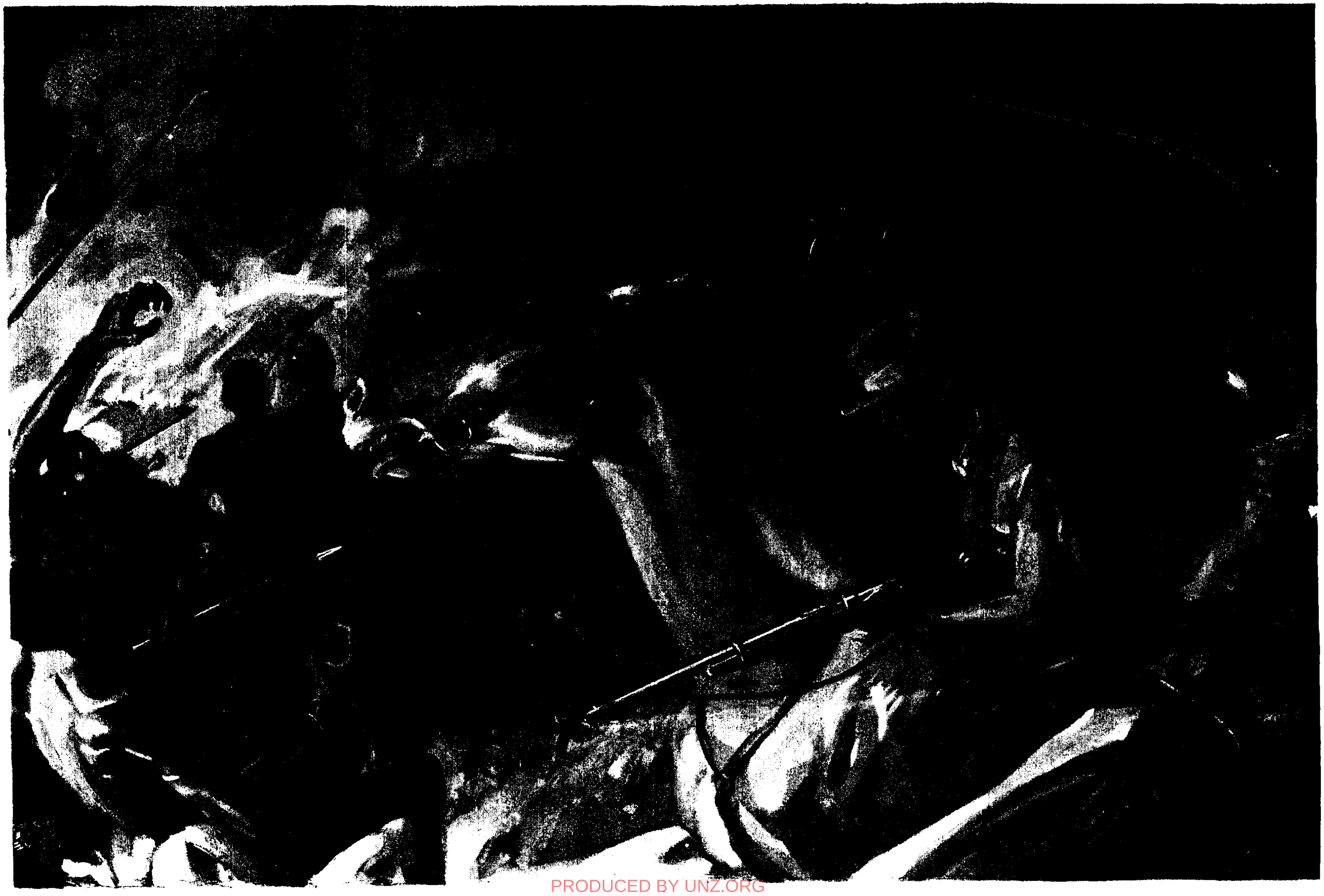
So there you are, horse and girl; they met on the veld outside my house, and something happened between them. As I say, at the time I laughed. Perhaps I was even a little embarrassed at being so stupid—at having such a silly idea. Laughter is a defense mechanism; besides, I was a little in love with Joan myself. She was so pretty, with her yellow hair, like a little daffodil on a long, thin stem. And I was very much in love with Muriel, her mother. So that here, in this meeting, there were a lot of factors. Not that I thought of them then. . . . The girl, the horse, Mrs. French, my job—I was managing a small gold mine at the time. It was, in fact, looking back on it, one of those golden moments when your life takes a turn, when you are actually one with it—which you never notice at the time and only see long after it has passed. I see the picture now in my mind's eye: the chestnut stallion flicking the flies with his long tail and shaking his head as the boy holds him, and the little girl staring, shading her eyes with her hand in the sunshine, and standing on one leg rubbing the calf of the other with her bare foot. . . .

When we saddled Crusader he turned round to nip me as I girthed him; and blew himself up; but even when he let the air out of his barrel he was very deep through for such a little horse. The boy was still at his head when I mounted. "Let go," I said.

Crusader stood still for a second. Absolutely still like a statue. But I could feel him living under me. I even knew or thought I knew what he was thinking. Should he fight or give in? He was a trained saddle horse, but it is the character of a blood entire to make up his mind like this. Sometimes they take an objection to a man and will not let him near them. Then the horse stretched his neck a little to feel the bit. As he reached I gave. I leaned forward and patted his neck. It was arched, firm as a board with muscle and curded with white sweat already.

Moments passed, the horse standing motionless. Slowly then, as if it was a ballet, he raised one foot and put it down exactly where it came from. He raised the other foreleg and did the same thing. All the time I could feel him boiling under me, like a kettle. And all the time I spoke to him. I think his name came to me then. I think I said, "Crusader . . . good boy, good boy." His ears flicked back and forward again together;

(Continued on page 56)



Shouting as loud as we could, we charged. With the reins looped over my arm I fired two shots into the brown mass and saw one Mashona fall

THE LUFTWAFFE'S LAST STAND

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

EUROPEAN

The German soldier still sees clouds of planes, but they are no longer his own. The drone of bombers used to exhilarate him. Now he listens with fright

The German air force is now spread dangerously thin around the rim of Europe. Here, in an enlightening article, Collier's correspondent takes the Luftwaffe apart to show you what makes it tick so softly right now. But before the war is done, it may tick again—like a time bomb

As ALLIED air commanders in the Mediterranean war theater moved their bases down from Palestine to the Nile delta and thence westward into the desert without meeting anything like the opposition they had expected, they asked themselves wonderingly, "Where is the Luftwaffe?" Our air strategists pushed their landing fields forward into Cyrenaica and Libya. They moved into the coastal plains of Tunisia and on to Sicily, and German bombardments declined to sporadic, uncertain and inaccurate raiding.

The enemy fighters accepted combat with our formations only on rare occasions. Axis air resistance over Sicily was almost puny, and the invasion, from an aviation point of view, was almost unopposed except for intensive antiaircraft fire in small concentrated regions. It appeared obvious to our air commanders that the Germans had passed from the offensive to the defensive in a space of a few months and that Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering was conserving his airpower for the defense of Festung Europa.

There's no longer any doubt in the minds of our air chiefs concerning the whereabouts or strength of the Luftwaffe. Much of it lies on the junk heaps of the desert west of El Alamein and in Tunisia and Sicily. Some of it is at the bottom of the sea. Over the Straits of Tunis in one day alone, our pilots knocked down 74 Junkers 52s, and the boys speak of it now as the Palm Sunday Massacre. Portions of the Luftwaffe were captured intact in crates during the rapid occupation of Sicily. The Germans shipped their machines down from their factories, instead of flying them over the short distances in order to save precious gasoline.

But the startling fact—well known to those who direct the air blows against the southern battlements of Festung Europa—is that there's enough of the Luftwaffe left to insure continued German resistance for a long time to come—how long none will dare predict, but long enough to eclipse the daydreams of those who see themselves toasting total victory with the Yuletide eggnog. The German air force is numerically as strong as ever and, in some categories, stronger. The only change in the past year is that the Allies have attained a numerical advantage over the enemy.

Victory Begins at Home

Only if that quantitative advantage continues to grow—only if our Rosie the Riveters and our Willie the Welders continue to work with vigor and even increase their production pace—is early victory over Germany possible. Otherwise, judged on the basis of facts assumed, Germany is still capable of mounting an air offensive against England or against the Middle East or in support of one desperate lunge through Turkey.

Ultimately, the real soldiers in this war are the producers of weapons. A letdown in production now might prove disastrous. It would certainly prolong the war, with concomitant loss of lives and wastage of matériel. Moreover, there still appears to be an incredible disproportion between claims made for production lines and the finished products visible on the firing lines. Recently it was necessary to transfer bombers from relief theaters to provide sufficient planes to attack European targets. Maybe Rosie and Willie could make them faster with the rivet gun and torch, at that.

There's danger in misreading present Allied successes as indications of a rapidly approaching victory. It's living in the same fool's paradise which the Axis inhabited while the Allies were taking it hip, thigh and button for three years. Here, then, are some facts about German airpower, complete within the limits of wartime security.

German Airpower Inventoried

As of the end of August, 1943, the fighting value of the German air force shaped up roughly as follows:

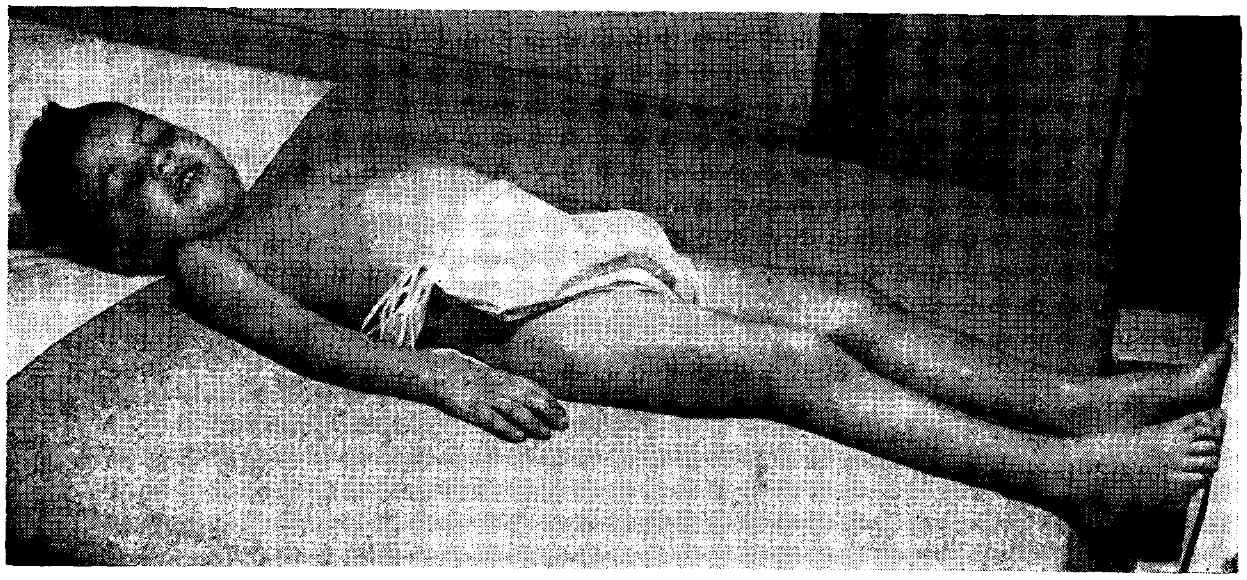
Pointing first toward the decline of the Luftwaffe's power were these factors: (1) Numerically superior forces confronted the German air force on all major fronts where the Luftwaffe is engaged; (2) Allied air production was in excess of combined German and Italian production; (3) the quality of German flying personnel was noticeably lower than a year ago; (4) German industry has shifted from bomber production to the construction of fighters, indicating acceptance of the Axis loss of initiative in the air; (5) Italian production was materially reduced by Allied bombardment, and Italy's industrial contribution to German airpower could almost be discounted.

On the other side of the balance sheet, however, were these rather grim reminders that Germany isn't yet beaten: (1) the Luftwaffe's front-line strength has increased; (2) there is no shortage of German pilots; (3) Germany could count on Italian airpower to the extent of 1,200 machines of all categories; (4) German production has increased steadily through the past two years in spite of Allied raids on the Ruhr and other German industrial districts; total production is estimated at approximately 2,000 planes a month or 24,000 a year; (5) Germany's self-sufficiency within Fortress Europe is complete, and the country's ability to shift forces and supplies from one front to another is limited only by the effectiveness of Allied bombing of production centers and transport facilities, while the Allied forward lines of communication and supply lengthen daily as the war progresses into Europe.

At the end of July, Germany's total airpower was 5,200 first-line machines. This was an increase of several hundred planes over the total aircraft at Goering's disposal as of the end of May. The planes were believed distributed as follows: Western front, 1,600; Russian front, 2,000; Mediterranean, 1,150; central Germany, 450. From May to July, the number of German aircraft operating on the Western front increased slightly and on the Russian front, considerably. There was a slight increase in the Mediterranean, and a small decrease in the number of machines available in central Germany. This force appears to be composed of machines and pilots withdrawn from combat for refitting and rest. While it isn't actively an operational force, it constitutes a strong reserve for an emergency such as the defense of Germany proper.

Germany's production rate under the progressively intensified Allied bombardment is astounding, although it is still

(Continued on page 76)



The Kenny treatment for infantile paralysis requires a great deal of nursing attention—as the photographs on these pages indicate. The patient above is ready to receive the hot blankets which have been dipped in boiling water, then run through a wash wringer. In the picture to the right the hot blanket is being applied to the chest

Moist heat from blankets reduces muscular spasm, a
this treatment prevents much of the crippling norma
expected as an aftermath of infantile paralysis ca

MINUTEMEN AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

Many things about infantile paralysis still baffle doctors. But hard-working "emergency squads" of trained physiotherapists can—and do—control the damage

FROM present indications, 1943 will go down as one of the worst infantile paralysis (poliomyelitis, or polio) years in a decade. The disease flamed up in Texas and California early this summer. Then this body-twisting sickness started moving north in a great pincers movement: up through Oregon and Washington; up through Oklahoma and Kansas. Isolated epidemics broke out elsewhere—Chicago and New Haven, for example.

We have no vaccine to prevent the sickness and no drug to cure it. We have but one weapon against its ravages: the method of treatment devised by Sister Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse.

Even here, there is a catch. There are only 300 physiotherapists in the country fully trained in the method. Each one can comfortably handle about ten cases. This means we have trained people for only 3,000 sick. There are more than 3,000 cases as this is written. And the worst is yet to come. Polio usually reaches its peak in the early fall.

What are we doing in the face of this threatening situation? The best place to get a bird's-eye view of operations is in an office on the 11th floor of No. 120 Broadway, New York. The office of Dr. Don W. Gudakunst, medical director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, is the nerve center of the nation's campaign against polio, the operations headquarters where dollars collected at Birthday Balls are put to work.

Gudakunst, 49, is a lanky, amiable veteran of public health work. His job at the moment isn't enviable. His snap decisions may determine whether scores or even hundreds of children will go through life with sound, straight bodies or whether they will be hopeless cripples. He must see that the few Kenny technicians available are at spots where they can accomplish the greatest good.

This means shifting trained physiotherapists from nonepidemic areas to epidemic areas. Hutchinson, Kansas, wires: URGENT NEED FOR KENNY TECHNICIAN. Dallas, Topeka, Seattle telephone. Can someone be sent quickly?

Gudakunst consults card files, which contain names of all the trained Kenny technicians in the country. He finds one in Pittsburgh who can be spared. Riding with a top priority, she takes a night plane west. He has sent them—dozens of them—from Boston to Texas; from Warm Springs to Honolulu; from New York to Oregon.

Personnel isn't the only problem. The Kenny method requires that blankets, dipped in boiling water and run through a wash wringer, be applied to paralyzed limbs. This moist heat reduces muscular spasm and gives the patient an 80-per-cent chance to make a full recovery.

But in times of wool shortages, where can you get tons of blankets in a hurry? Gudakunst had a bright hunch. The finest textured woolen blankets are used by paper mills to absorb moisture from soupy paper pulp. They must be discarded when the slightest flaw appears. If these discarded blankets could be obtained they would do the job perfectly. The American Paper Board Association has so far supplied 30 tons of them.

The Foundation's job is to see that everyone has enough of everything to fight the ravages of polio. It must see that every ounce of skill is used to combat a threatened national disaster. We'll get a better idea of the job before it if we see something of polio itself.

Let's take a look at this disease. Its name—infantile paralysis—is unfortunate. It isn't necessarily a disease of infants. It rarely strikes babies under a year of age. And it doesn't necessarily paralyze. Paralysis is only one symptom. Its medical name—poliomyelitis—is better. This is Greek for inflammation of the gray matter of the spinal cord.

Not the Deadliest of Killers

As a killer, infantile paralysis holds little terror. There are scores of diseases with a far more lethal record. Today, not more than one out of every twenty people who get polio die of it. In an average year it won't kill more than a hundred or so children. Polio is a problem of national concern chiefly because of the grim wreckage it leaves behind.

For some unaccountable reason, it is chiefly a disease of the North American continent. Together with Canada, we have more cases than the rest of the world put together. Polio strikes all alike: rich and poor, well fed and ill fed, sickly and robust. In its paralyzing phase it acts swiftly. Its damage is usually completed in 48 to 72 hours.

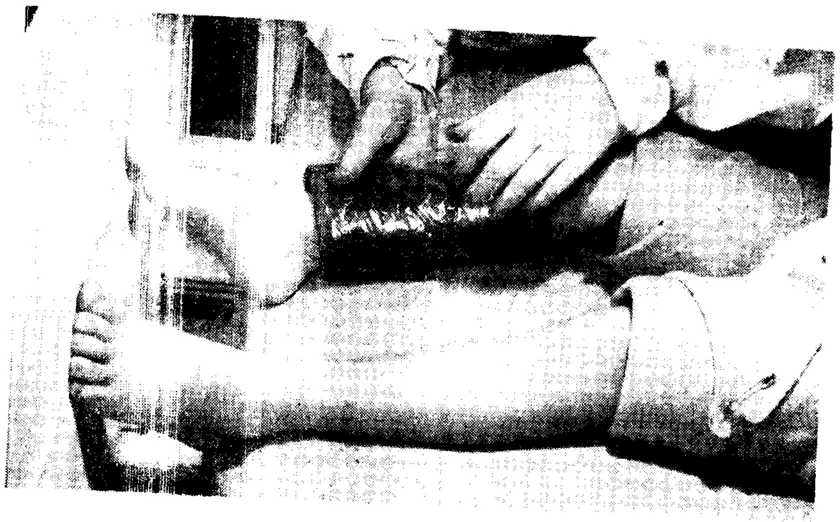
Polio is caused by a virus, a tiny microbe too small to be seen by optical microscopes. According to old notions it entered the body via the nose, then traveled along the olfactory nerve to the brain. Thence it worked its way down the spinal cord, attacking nerve cells. Once it destroyed a nerve, that nerve could no longer send electrical impulses which would set muscles to work. Furthermore, that nerve cell was gone for life. We have a fixed number at birth and can no more grow new ones than we can grow new fingers or toes to replace those lost in accidents.

When nerves were no longer available to send electrical impulses to make muscles work, the muscles shriveled and died. There was another hopeless cripple. At times this process involved some vital organ. Perhaps the virus shut off impulses

(Continued on page 80)

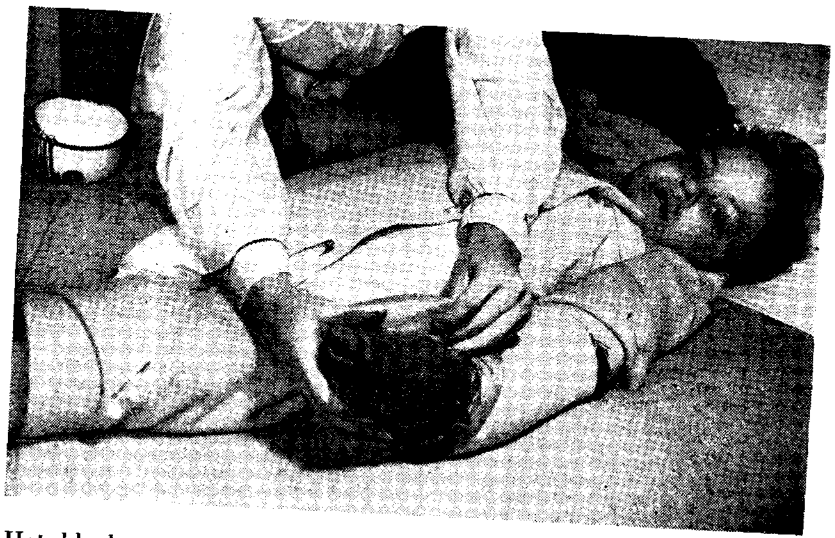
ach affected part of the body is wrapped care-
lly. Waterproof sheeting is placed over the
ot blankets; then comes a layer of dry blanket

These dressings must be changed every few hours. This difficult treatment may have to be continued for months before muscular spasm is entirely eliminated



The nurse applying the dressings must have deft hands. Clumsy handling tends to aggravate spasm, do added harm

Due to hard work involved in the Kenny treatments, a qualified technician can handle only about ten patients



Hot blankets relieve nearly all of polio's pain, as the expression on this boy's face will indicate. When need for hot foments ceases, physiotherapists will retrain muscles. In a few weeks this boy will be as good as new

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A violent kiss and ten days of silence — that's what started the fireworks. Does it pay to be photogenic?

IT WAS possible to get used to the idea of being an old maid—a new idea and rather revolting, but after two week ends without so much as a telephone call the thing had to be accepted as possible. Also, the thought of her last date gave the prospect of a single life certain points. Thank goodness it had not been a real date. That would have been too humiliating. Fun was fun, but broken chairs, a violent kiss that left her mouth bruised, and ten days' silence were something else. Him and his Rosamunds. She would not waste so much as a thought on him.

Walking along under the new green buds on the first warm day of spring, Claire Weston thought of pleasanter things, like final exams which should be a pipe on account of all the studying she had had time for, and whether or not her parents would consent to her working in a factory this summer. She thought they would.

Her blue chambray dress was wrinkled where she had been sitting, her pink socks were a terrible color, and the flower in her hair was red. This combination was all right for the campus. As a matter of fact, with upswept hair the color of butterscotch, eyes more purple than blue, and a slim, medium-tall figure that even a starched cotton dress could not distort, it was all right anyway.

Margaret Silsby was standing on the steps of the administration building. Claire opened her mouth and let her tongue hang out to show she was hot.

"Just the person I'm looking for," said Margaret from the top of the steps. As Claire was president of the sophomore class, someone was always looking for her.

"How many dates could your house round up for Saturday afternoon?" asked Margaret.

"Dates? What are dates?"

Margaret laughed. She was a thin, dark girl of the class of '31, and after twelve years no longer impressed herself by being secretary to the dean.

"You ought to know if anybody does, Claire."

"Thanks. At the moment I could date one Navy man who hasn't a thing on his mind but getting his quota of Japs before the season closes, one 2-B, a couple of 4-Fs, and there's a stunning man back home about forty years old who gets nearer my age every day."

Sitting down on the top step Margaret said, "Try again. Those you've mentioned don't sound very photogenic, except possibly the Navy man."

"Pictures?" Claire shifted her books to the other arm. "What for?"

Margaret hugged her knees girlishly and said, in imitation of Dean Tynesdale's lovely, husky voice, "It's an innovation for Holcroft. We've never gone in for that type of thing here."

Claire showed interest.

"This morning," said Margaret in her own voice, "NOW called up and wants some pictures of Holcroft girls and their dates."

"*NOW!* Yipe!"

"It seems that the spirit at some of the women's colleges is practically null and void. The girls are leaving in droves to go into the services, and that's fine of course, nobody's against that, except that Washington is getting alarmed about there not being any educated women in the country after the war. So NOW got the idea of running some pictures of college girls and their dates, all very jolly, to pep things up. And they picked Holcroft because everybody knows Holcroft has always had more eligible men on the campus per week end—"

"But the pictures would have to be good," said Claire excitedly; "we couldn't have a lot of drips and goons—"

"Exactly. The dean told me to ask you."

Claire thought. And what she thought was extremely distasteful. But sometimes it is necessary to swallow your own feelings . . . this was pretty important . . . it was, in a way, government stuff, and of course anything with the Holcroft name attached to it had to be absolutely super. Besides, she was no shrinking violet. She had no objections to her picture appearing in NOW. On the contrary.

With these considerations before her, Claire was forced to mutter, "I know a herd of wild cadets over at Knapp Institute, where my uncle is."

"How wild?"

"They break things."

"Oh."

"They're tall, they have all-white teeth, they can see in the dark, and they're healthy," said Claire gloomily.

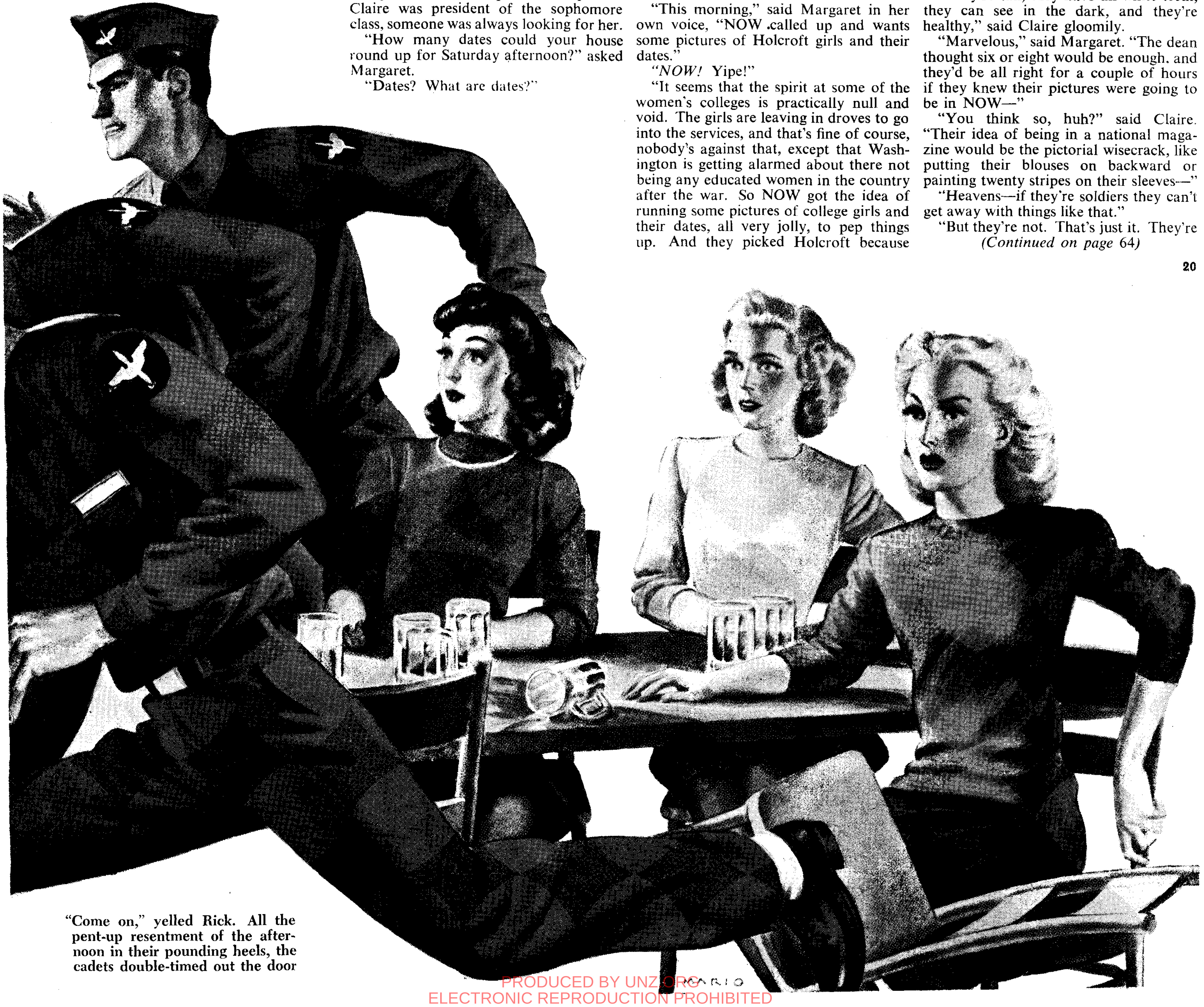
"Marvelous," said Margaret. "The dean thought six or eight would be enough, and they'd be all right for a couple of hours if they knew their pictures were going to be in NOW—"

"You think so, huh?" said Claire. "Their idea of being in a national magazine would be the pictorial wisecrack, like putting their blouses on backward or painting twenty stripes on their sleeves—"

"Heavens—if they're soldiers they can't get away with things like that."

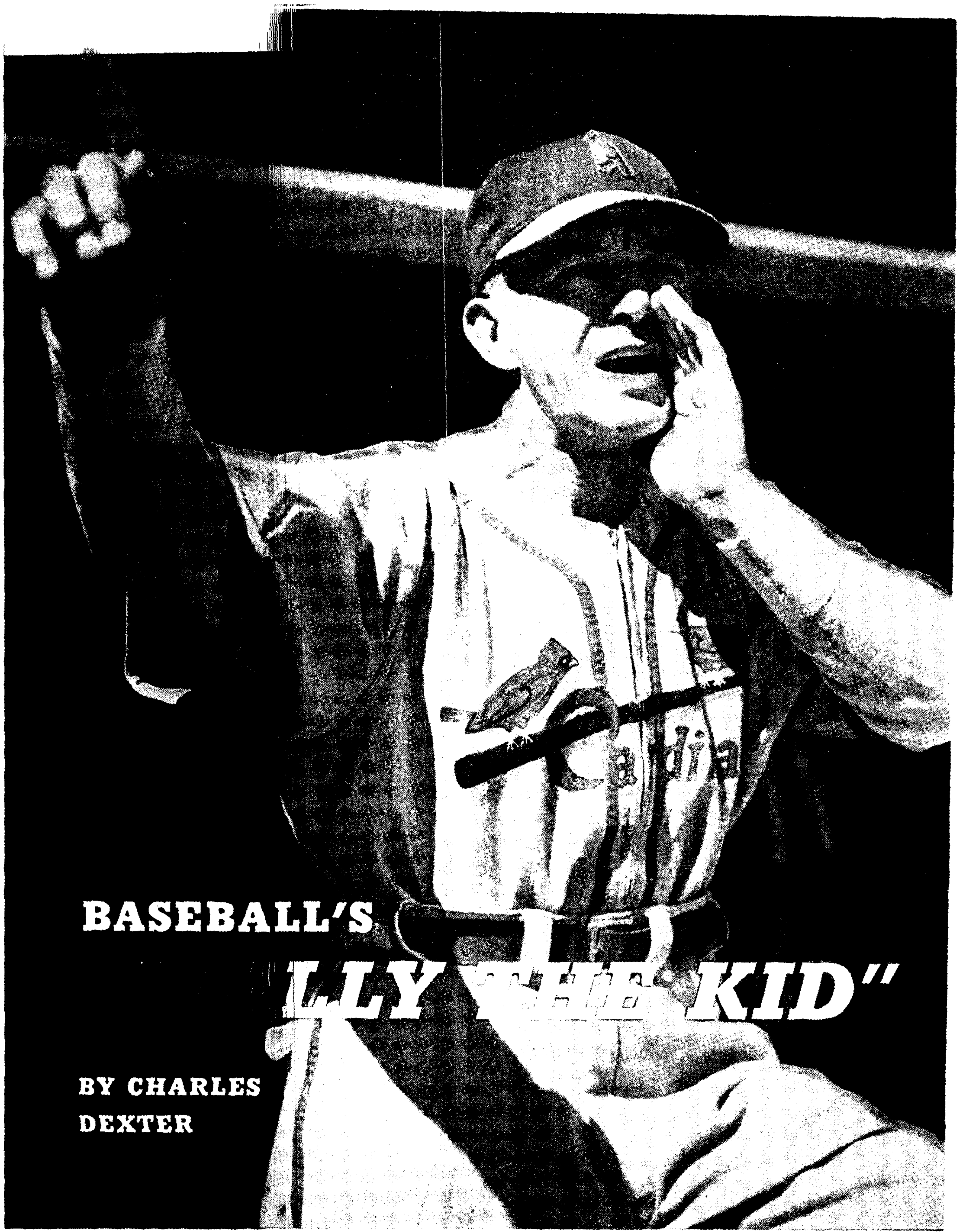
"But they're not. That's just it. They're

(Continued on page 64)



"Come on," yelled Rick. All the pent-up resentment of the afternoon in their pounding heels, the cadets double-timed out the door

It seems that any man who is a devoted father has a way with young ballplayers. And so here we have Billy "Pop" Southworth, whose "sons" shattered the legend of New York's invincible Yanks



INTERNATIONAL

BASEBALL'S
LLY THE KID"

BY CHARLES DEXTER

THE whitewashed walls of the visitors' dressing room at the Yankee Stadium rang with cheers. Those vital young men, the St. Louis Cardinals, had just won the 1942 World Series. They sang, shouted, yelled. In sturdy arms they affectionately embraced a little fellow with graying hair. They hoisted him to their shoulders, grinning and talking all at once. His cap fell off as he bobbed up and down.

In a corner of the room, bespectacled Buzzy Wares, the coach, chuckled, "He did it. He gave 'em morale."

An old ballplayer known as "Billy the Kid" Southworth was in an entirely different spot nine years before. The place was Galveston, Texas; the time, early March of 1933. Bill Terry, manager of the New York Giants, had tossed him off the pay roll that afternoon. He was no longer fit to hold a job as third-string coach. So he took the train back to his home town, Columbus, Ohio.

It's a long way from Galveston on the Gulf to Columbus. As Billy restlessly rolled in his berth, he could blame no one but himself. Some said he had no color. Some hinted that he couldn't handle men. Others whispered that he couldn't manage himself, let alone a ball club.

He knew baseball up, down and inside out. Hadn't he ripped open the cellar floor to dig a sliding pit for his stocky little legs when he was a nine-year-old? He could still feel the sting of his father's hand and the hot tears on his cheeks.

His father, Orlando Southworth, was a blacksmith in 1909, when horses, not horsepower, still supplied transportation on the streets of many American cities.

"I don't want none of that baseball money around this house," roared Billy's grizzled dad. "I toted this family from a crossroads in Nebraska to Columbus. I'm giving you and your brothers an education, so's you can live a better life than mine. Stop knocking those fool balls around or I'll take it out of your hide!"

But now Orlando was long dead; and as the train speeded from Galveston northward, Billy fell into a broken sleep.

The gloomy Big Four station at Columbus was crowded the following afternoon. Billy carried his own bags as he hurried through little groups—wives kissing husbands, friends grasping the hands of friends. No one expected him; no one was waiting for him.

And then he heard a voice: "Dad!"

He turned. It was Billy, his son Billy "How did you know I was coming home?" the elder Southworth asked.

"I read the paper, Pop, don't I?" the boy replied, with a trace of grown-up indignation.

Billy smiled at last. This was Lida's boy and his. He'd married a home-town girl, Lida Ruth Brale, years before. The youngster's dark eyes and hair were strikingly like his mother's, and as they strode side by side through the waiting room, Billy proudly noticed young Bill's solid shoulders, firm chest and lean legs. He had the makings of a big-league star, all right.

Young Bill was in high school and old Bill was job hunting, like millions of others in that depression-ridden 1933. All through the spring, he poured his own passion for baseball into the bone and blood of the boy. On rainy evenings, he'd tell tall tales of Napoleon Lajoie, of Walter Johnson's cannonball, of Rabbit Maranville and his basket catch, and the raging base running of fiery Ty Cobb.

"I've played against them all," he'd gently boast. "I've been an Indian and a Pirate, a Brave and a Giant." Then he'd hesitate. "But never a great ballplayer. You see, Bill, I wasn't big enough. And I broke an ankle in Cleveland when I first came up, and smashed a knee in Boston when I was in my prime."

Old-time Diamond Wizards

The youngster would ask questions, and old Bill would reveal to him the secrets of John McGraw's masterminding, and how Rogers Hornsby had driven a razzle-dazzle gang of guileful gaffers to the first St. Louis pennant in half a century.

"I was on that nineteen-twenty-six team," the father proudly related. "I clouted a homer off Hughie McQuillan of the Giants to clinch the flag for Hornsby."

Modestly he told how he'd crashed another four-master during the World Series that year: "Shocker was pitching for the Yanks in the second game. It was two to two in the seventh and two were out when I came to bat. Two Cards were on base when I cracked the ball over the centerfield screen, twenty-five feet off the ground, four hundred and seven feet from the plate. It was the longest hit I ever made."

The youngster was old enough to recall the excitement in the Southworth family when Branch Rickey, ruler of the Cardinal empire, had summoned his father into the front office, less than a year after that glorious series.

"I've confidence in you, Billy," Rickey said. "You're popular. You're a student of the game. How'd you like to manage our Rochester club?"

In the boy's mind, his father had been an enormous success as a manager. Hadn't he won four straight pennants in Rochester between 1928 and 1931? Hadn't he been called to St. Louis to manage the Cardinals for a while in 1929?

But old Billy knew the story behind this apparent success and he couldn't tell it to young Bill. Yes, it had been a cinch to win pennants at Rochester, where the line-up was packed with Paul Derringers, Pepper Martins and Tex Carletons on their way up to the big leagues; and with George Sislers and Andy Highs on their way down. The world and young Bill might believe that old Bill was a minor-league wizard—he knew otherwise.

As for the months when he had been elevated into the dizzy heights of big-league management—he should never have taken the job. He tried to discipline his old teammates. They defied him, and

(Continued on page 70)

About 25,000 women will spend between $24 and $30 for this simple "classic" suit in stores throughout the country. Its popularity lies in the fact that the "classics" are always stylish and flattering

FITTING ALL FIGURES

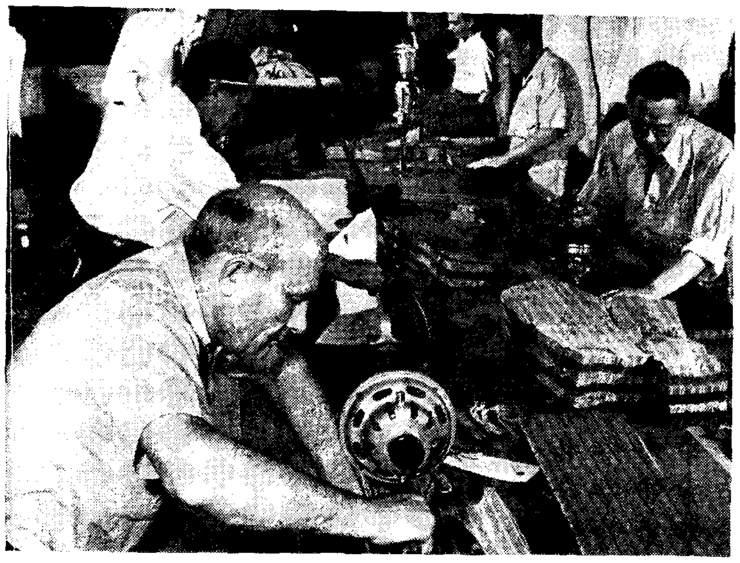
By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

THERE are some sixty million women in the United States, and the bill for keeping them clothed, in suits and dresses ranging in price from $2.95 to $100, amounts to more than two billion dollars a year. But few women know how the creations in which they take such pride are produced. They have no contact with the manufacturers, cutters, designers, patternmakers, buyers, models, truck boys, fabric salesmen and relatives who operate, seemingly in the utmost confusion, New York's garment district on Seventh Avenue.

For that matter, scarcely anyone outside the trade knows how women's clothing is made; the garment industry is traditionally suspicious of strangers, and in normal times it is almost impossible to find out what goes on in one of the big dress factories. This is due to the intense competition. Let the Nancy Smyrna Suit & Coat Company figure out a way to put a garment with much hand finishing into a cheap price line, and the company's competitors quietly go wild. They'll go to any lengths to find out how it was done or put a stop to it. Knowing this, the Nancy Smyrna boys guard their secret as if it were a rare jewel.

But today everyone has more business than he can handle; in the first two weeks

If a suit looks good in a sketch, the designer experiments with a canvas model, as Abe Gruber does in the picture above. His patternmaker, watching closely, cuts the final patterns. If the model should be adopted, it then goes into mass production



First mass production step is cutting. Prized because of what they can save in material, cutters are aristocrats of the garment industry. They do not associate with other workers, sun themselves together during noontime "schmooze"

Skilled sewing-machine operators, most of whom were once tailors, then build the garment's body. However, in cheap unskilled-labor areas the work of making garments is sectionalized, with the individual worker performing a single task, such as sewing sleeves

Next, the suit is "under-pressed." This flattening of the seams and lining gives it the shape it needs for finishing. Later it is pressed again. Because their skill can "help" a suit, some pressers make as high as $125 a week during the season

Left: This model wears the largest selling dress of one of the big garment houses. It comes close to being a manufacturer's dream dress: one that will fit any woman. Some 20,000 women will pay $30 each this season to look well in its simple, flattering lines and plunging neckline. Altogether, American women will pay over two billion dollars for new clothes this year. The largest slice, about $300,000,000, will go to the coat and suit trade because of the relatively high cost of each garment. Dresses will rank second in money turnover. Fabric shortages have made each individual dress in the low-cost field slimmer, but have not prevented the industry from registering its most phenomenal sales

Right: Last to get the suit are the finishers, most of whom are women, who hand-stitch the collar, inner body, lining, and whatever trimmings the garment carries. Before a garment is "reproduced," the production men itemize the cost of each operation, however minute. Three buttons, for example, are reckoned at a standard rate of six cents. But in the collar, darts, lining and finishing, costs are different, not only in every house, but in every price line. After finishing their labor costs estimates, the production men sit down with representatives of the International Ladies Garment Workers and "settle" these costs, ironing out with them such differences as whether a finisher should be given thirteen or twelve cents for some particular operation

of June the garment manufacturers booked more orders than in the whole of last season. For years, manufacturers and salesmen annually spent huge sums entertaining buyers; today buyers are entertaining manufacturers and salesmen, hoping to increase their orders or obtain shipping priorities. Unfortunately, the bosses at the first three plants we visited didn't seem to understand that competition, as Seventh Avenue understands the word, is now nonexistent, and we were summarily tossed out. When we finally got into one of the largest of the dress factories we complained about this to the head of the company.

"Naturally they threw you out," he said. "Why should they treat you different? I should throw you out myself, only I got vision."

So here's how women's clothing is made. To begin with, there are the designers. They originate the garment that thousands of women buy. But they are strictly anonymous, because for many reasons a manufacturer prefers to build up a "line" rather than a designer. One of these reasons, and perhaps the most compelling one, is that as soon as a designer becomes known to the trade as a good man a rival manufacturer will offer him more money. Another is that a designer with a reputation tends to get temperamental and have lofty ideas about salary.

Most suit designers regard themselves as essentially mechanics and architects, handling problems in construction, materials and taste. They work almost entirely with basic patterns that are used year after year, because they will fit nearly every woman. But suits that have been commercially successful are continually being changed and modified. Sometimes this involves only a change of fabric; a suit which has sold well in solid colors is made up in plaids. More often the change is in the collar, the trimmings, or the shape of pockets. Pretty much the same thing is done in dress houses. A good seller is remade season after season, with no changes except new gimmicks worked out by the designers. In both types of plant a record is kept of every garment, including a sketch, production data, fabrics and sales. Thus, as a manufacturer said, "Nobody wastes time on a lemon."

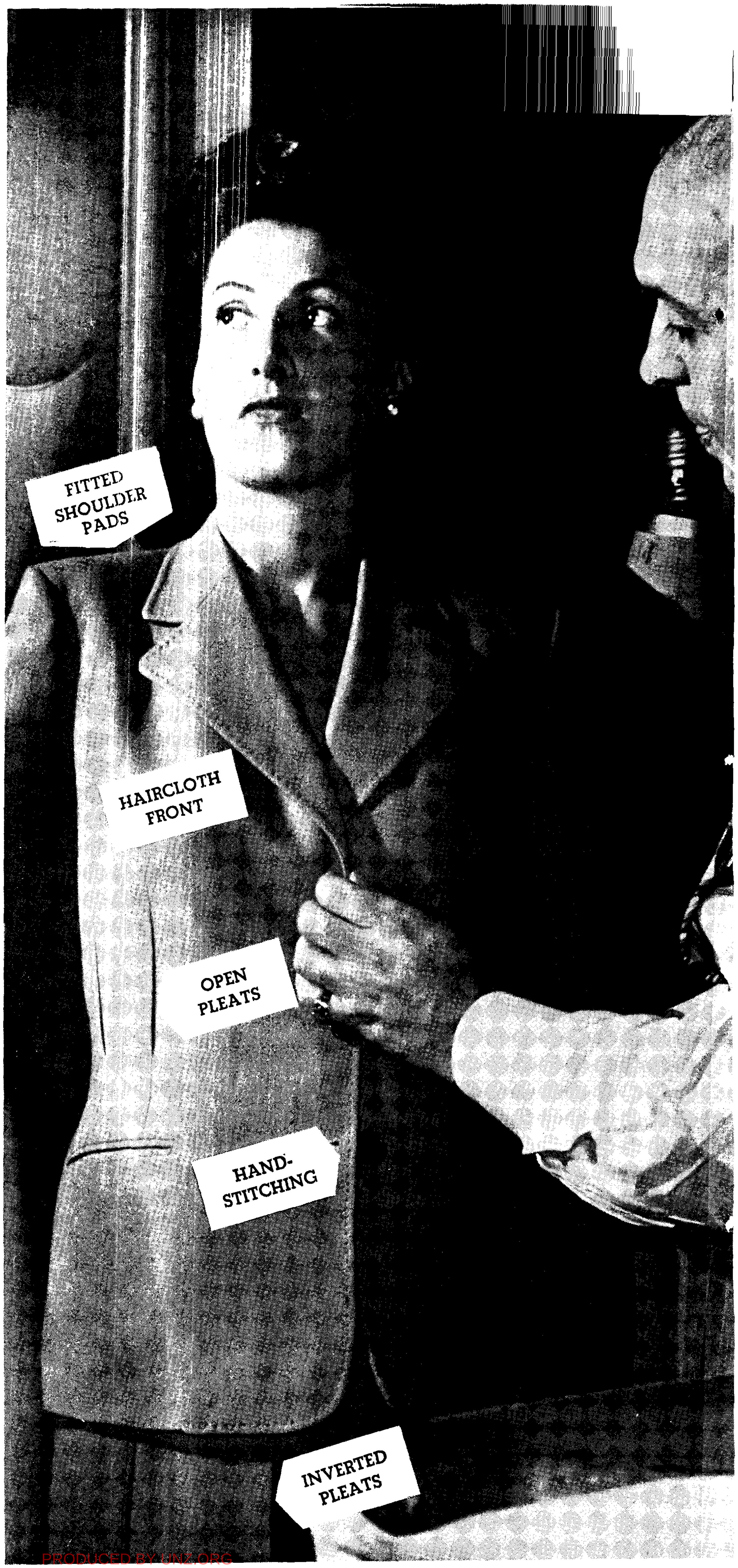
Rivalry Between Creative Artists

The suit designer looks down upon the dress designer as a poor mechanic. "Anyone can design a dress," said one suit designer. "The only problem is the waist. Make the waist fit, and who cares if there is a little too much above and below? But we have to fit the shoulders, the bust, the waist, the hips, and make it look good on women who are all bust and all waist. It is some job, and after twenty-five years I am still not knowing it all. But these girls that design dresses, all they do is stand up a model, fit the waist, then drape it this way, then that way, then monkey around till they get what they want. They say they're creative artists. I'm laughing!"

The suit designer of a big house will usually produce about 150 models each season, and if one fourth are accepted for production he is considered a top-flight man.

Production models seldom resemble the original conceptions of the designer. When he has completed a dozen models, the designer holds a showing for the manufacturer, the salesmen, the production men, and perhaps a few buyers who have been successful with the firm's line. Changes are then ordered from a strictly commercial viewpoint; the manufacturers are firmly convinced that what was popular once will be popular again. If the firm's three-button suits with slash pockets have always sold well, they'll insist that every three-button suit have slash pockets. They literally remake the suit.

"It's like Hollywood," said a little patternmaker, "where they make a movie out of a book. You like the book, so you go see the picture. It is nothing like the book. The boy is changed, the girl is different, the whole thing has a happy ending. Same with the suit. The manufacturers, the salesmen, the buyers, they change everything. They want new pockets, new collars, a different fabric. They try to put a happy ending on the suit." ★★★



What makes this classic $30 suit worth the money, aside from the simplicity which keeps it fashionable from year to year, are the features noted on the picture. The haircloth front, hidden between the fabric and lining, gives the garment the drape. The firm tacking down of the shoulder pads and their precise fitting make the coat hang correctly. The open pleats at the waist are in the proper position to give additional trimness to the fit while permitting more freedom of movement. The inverted pleat of the skirt gives the legs walking room, but maintains the sleek body lines of a tight skirt. The hand-stitching gives the suit a handsome finish. These are features which the best suits embody, but which disappear, one by one, as you go into cheaper and cheaper price lines

THROWING OUT THE "CABBAGE" AT 85° BELOW...

...can help speed sub-zero starting in your post-war car

Bombing our enemies from seven miles up involves many problems you'd never dream of...

It's cold...sometimes it hits 85° below zero. Gear lubricants often stick...bomb-bay doors refuse to open...controls don't work. A perilous trip may be wasted.

The Petroleum Industry was called upon to remedy this desperate problem...Texaco went to work immediately and in record time developed a brand new lubricant that won't "freeze" even in the paralyzing cold of the sub-stratosphere.

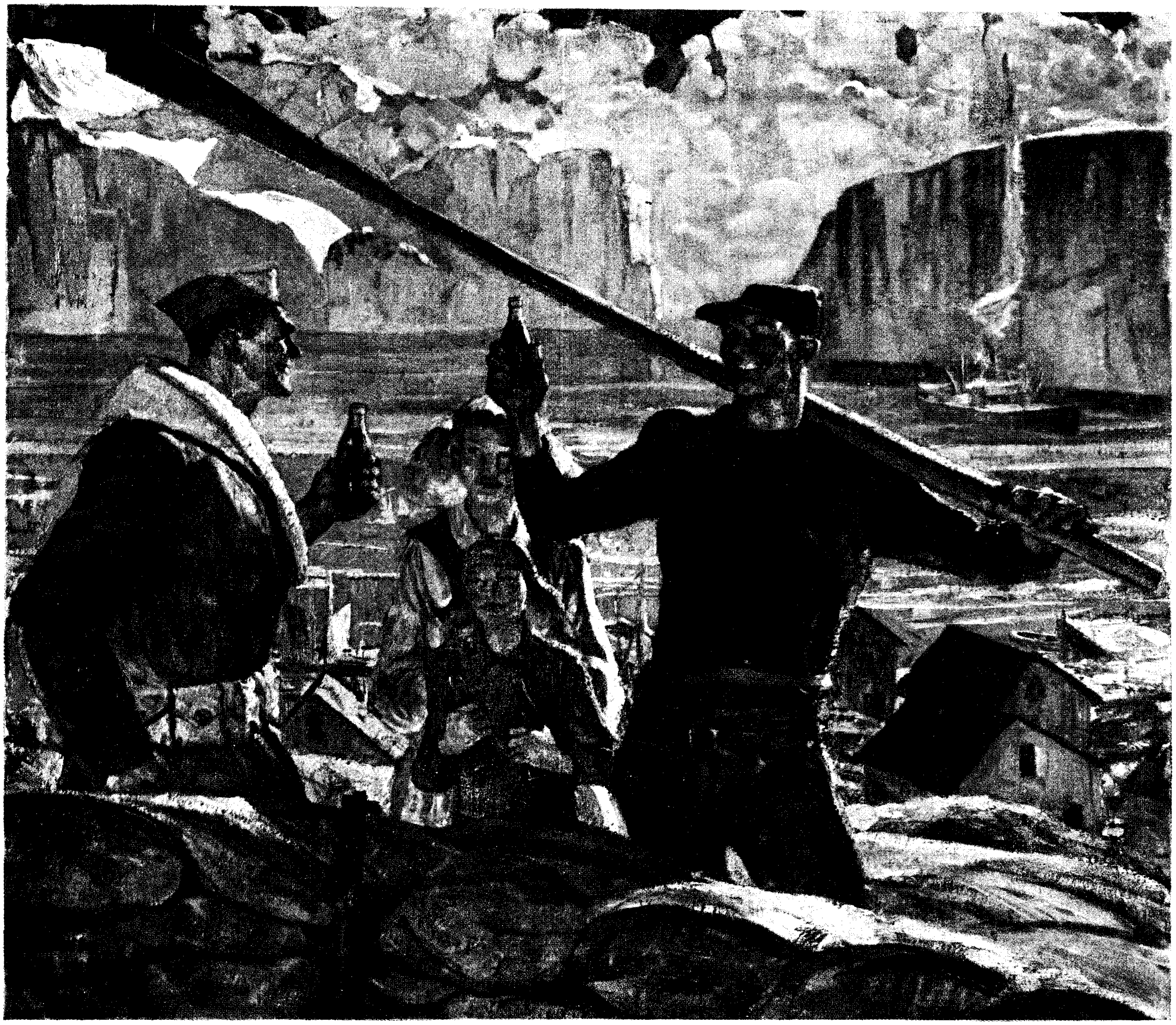
A technical victory... one of the many in Texaco's intensive war program. And these achievements...in making new war lubricants... vast amounts of 100-octane aviation gasoline...will help us give you even finer Texaco gasolines and lubricants to use in your post-war car.

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

Have a Coca-Cola = Come, be blessed and be happy



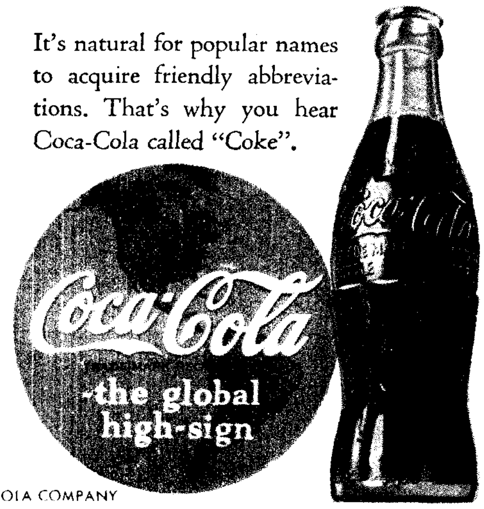
. . . or how to break the ice in Iceland

Come, be blessed and be happy, says the hospitable Icelander when he meets a stranger. That's a warm way of putting it, but no more friendly than the way American soldiers say it. *Have a "Coke",* says the Doughboy, and it works in Reykjavic as it does in Rochester. *The pause that refreshes* is the friendly way to say *Hi, pal* in any language. Around the globe Coca-Cola has become the gracious ice-breaker between kindly-minded strangers.

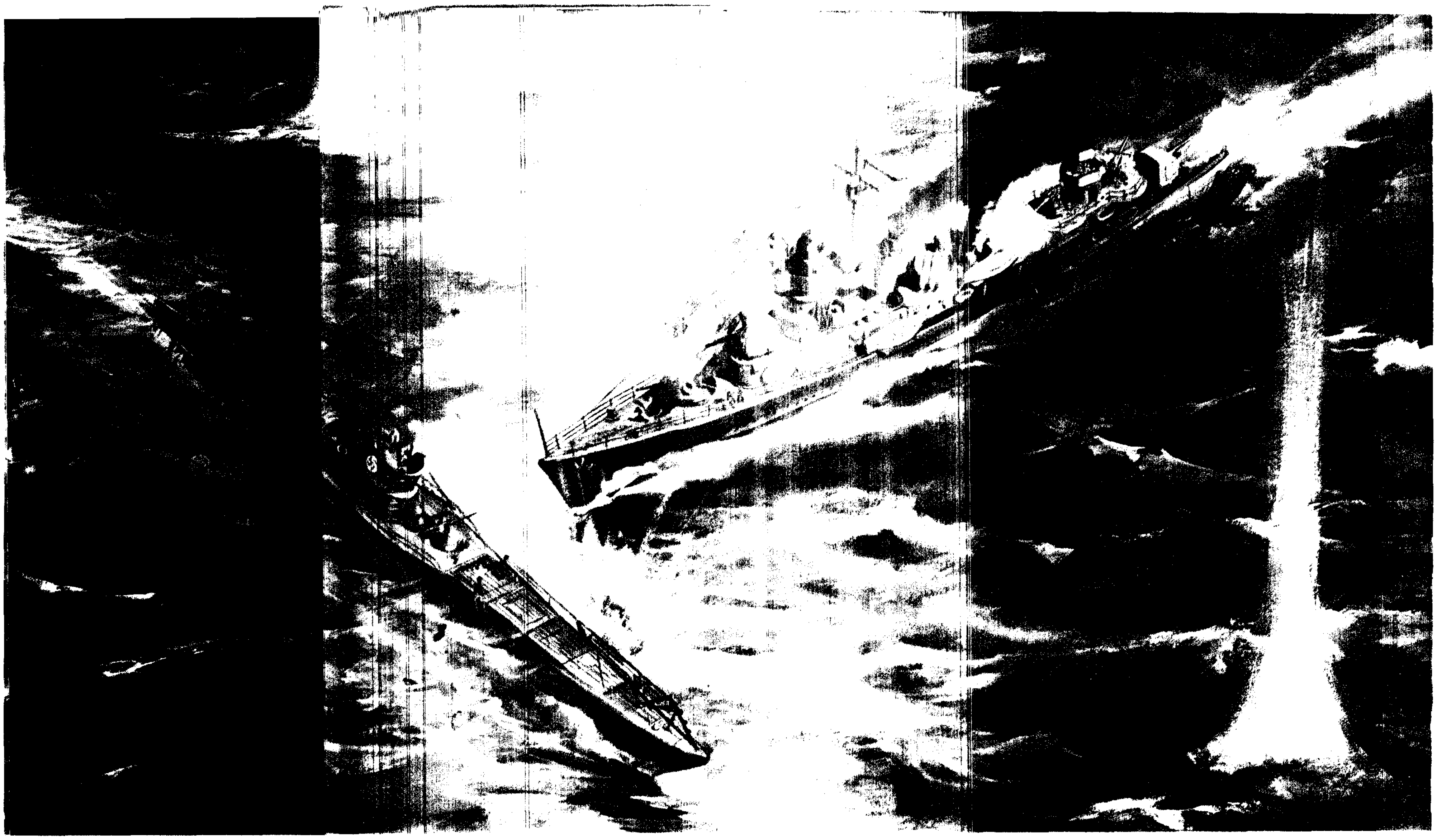
* * *

Next to mothers, wives, sweethearts and letters from home, one thing our fighting men overseas mention most is Coca-Cola. So you'll be delighted to know they frequently find it—bottled on the spot—in over 35 allied and neutral nations 'round the globe.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



COPYRIGHT 1943, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



The gray wreck of the broken [illegible] now. In a moment the ship [illegible] crash and perhaps be welded helpless to the sub

FEATHER MERCHANT

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Men commissioned into the Navy from private life are sometimes called feather merchants—and it is no compliment. However, in this story one feather merchant proves that his are eagle feathers

YOU see him for the first time on the New York train that leaves Boston at seven o'clock in the evening and is, more often than not, crowded with men in uniform. His name is Arthur Simonds and he is, or was, a high-school teacher in one of the small cities that circle Boston. He is thirty years old and he is married and has one child.

He has a seat by a window, and at the beginning of the journey he is looking at the New England country in which he was born and its varying shapes in the last daylight. The lights in the train go on, and after they have passed Providence, the shades in the cars are pulled down and Arthur Simonds turns back to watch the people in the car with him, to watch particularly the men in uniform, because he is going to be one of them soon. In the bag on the rack over his head are the new uniforms—the gold stripe-and-a-half on the sleeve of the blue, the shoulder boards fixed to the khaki.

Watching the men in uniform, he notices that it is the younger ones who are noisy and racing up and down the aisles, the kids just out of boot camp with the mark of the second-class seaman on their sleeves. Not consciously, he studies them as he would study new pupils in a class. It is, he knows, very important that he understand the way they think. On his lap is the thick, blue-bound Bluejacket's Manual. "Read it, gentlemen," the officer who had sworn him in in Boston had told him and the others of the group of new officers. "I might say it is even imperative that you read it. The seamen know it, know it so well that you may find yourself embarrassed if you do not read and know it."

The book lies on his lap now, and he is watching the people around him. The man in workman's clothes sitting next to him gets off at Westerly, and a sailor with a tough, tired young face sits down next to Arthur Simonds. The sailor is about eighteen, and tough as he is, he likes to think of himself as being tougher. Seeing the Bluejacket's Manual on Simonds' lap, the young sailor says: "What are you reading that for? You coming in, too?" and Simonds smiles faintly and tolerantly, thinking how surprised or impressed the youngster will be at talking so to an officer out of uniform.

"I'm in already," Simonds tells him. "I'm on my way to training school."

"Going to be a boot, huh?"

"No," Simonds says. "I did a little better than that."

"What was your business?" the kid says. "If I know a guy's business before he comes in, I can always tell what he's gonna be made when he signs up."

"I was a high-school teacher."

"That's easy, then," the boy says. "You got a good rating. They made you a second-class yeoman. A feather merchant."

"No," Simonds says, still amused and pleased. "I'm a junior-grade lieutenant."

"Ah," the boy says, unfazed. "Then you're still a feather merchant."

The effect of the term on Simonds is not unlike its effect on most reservists who hear it for the first time. It is a curious combination of words, expressing a great many things, most of them faintly unpleasant. He realizes, too, that the kid senses this is the last time it will be even theoretically possible for him to speak on equal terms with Simonds and he is, although not too unpleasantly, making the most of it.

"WHAT is a feather merchant?" Simonds asks.

"Reserve officers. We got names for everything. They call reserve officers feather merchants. They called yeomen that for a long time, but in this war they call reserve officers that, too."

"But what does it mean?"

The boy shrugs. "I dunno." He does know, as everyone knows, who hears it, but the meaning is ineffable; the words carry merely an aura and an implication, faintly mocking, faintly scornful. So that Simonds thinks: He knows what it means and I know, but he cannot say it and even if I wanted to say it, which I do not, I could not do so very easily without going into something like an exposition of the history and methods of English prose. So I will sit here, feeling, I hope for the last time, a little foolish.

But it is not the last time he will feel that way.

Now, sincerely and out of his weariness, the boy says: "I got a nice job, all right. I got six so-and-so's I got to take down south. They been running up and down the aisle like they were crazy. One of them gets off the train at Providence to buy a paper and as far as I can make out, he doesn't get back on. Look at the lugs, chasing dames up and down the aisle."

There is no rating stripe on the boy's arm, while the men he is talking about are older than he, so that Simonds says: "But they're older than you. How is it you're in charge of them?"

"I been in longer than them," the kid says, a little of his scorn returning. "I been in ten months—since I was seventeen."

"Where are you taking them?"

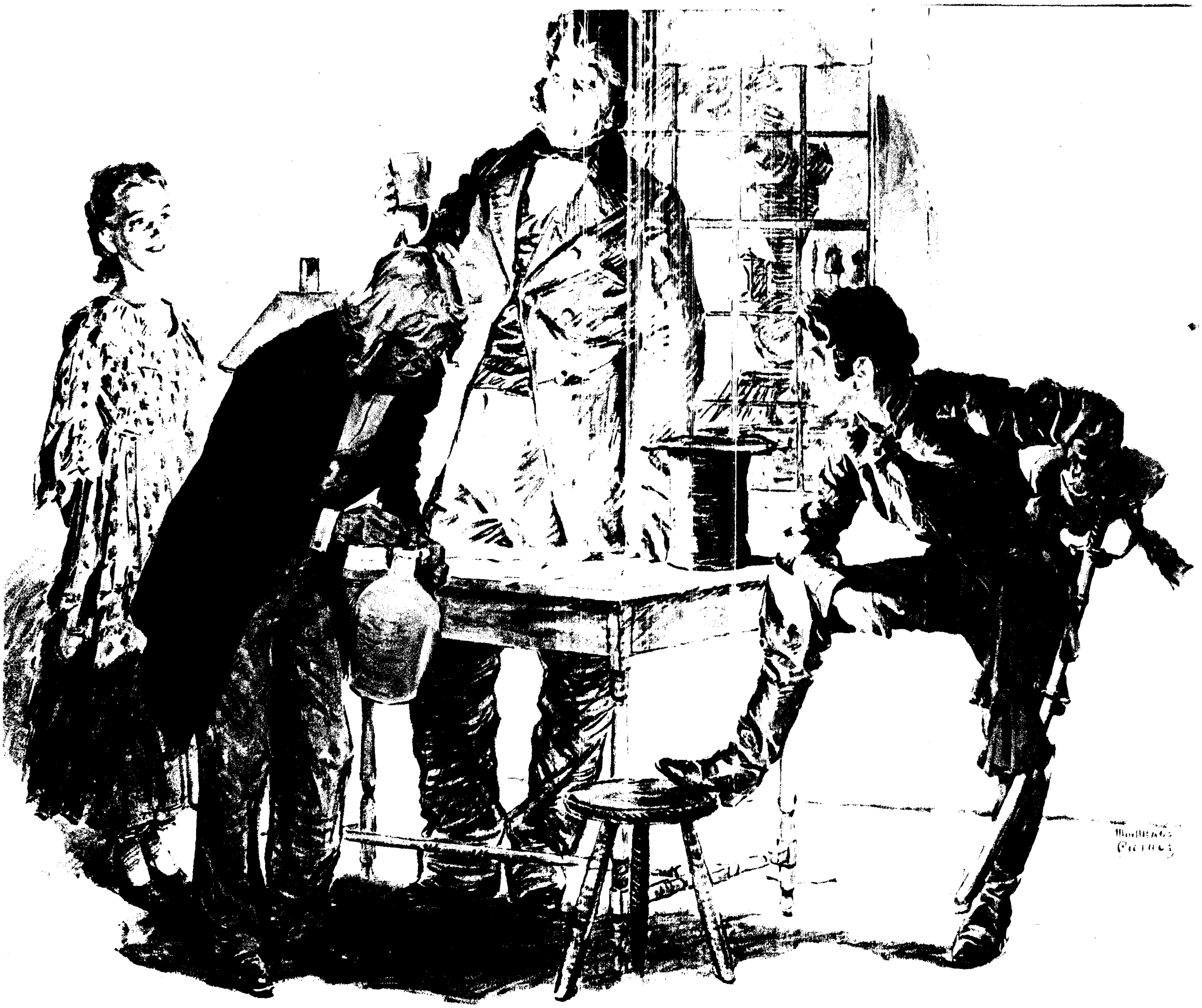
The kid looks at him pityingly. "When you been in a couple more weeks, you won't ask no more questions like that."

"I suppose you're right," Simonds says.

He opens the mimeographed notes given all new officers and next to him hears the kid say, the weariness partly real, partly assumed: "Now I gotta go back and argue with them again. It don't mean nothing to them that I'm in charge of them, even if I am in longer than them."

"Well, good luck," Simonds says. He knows that he will never see the boy again. Instead of resentment or anger, Simonds finds that he feels a kind of pity for him; feels even sorrow for some obscure reason.

(Continued on page 61)



Jasper poured out a tumbler of amber whisky. Mr. Whitley held it up. "Looks like mighty good rye," he said

LAY YOUR BIBLES DOWN

BY JAMES STREET

Little Ax mixes Scripture with railroad lore to frustrate a pious fraud and save the city of Chattanooga

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THERE was thunder over Atlanta that dawn when Hood's Texans, riding anything that rolled, moved down from Virginia, then headed for Chattanooga. Braxton Bragg was getting help from Lee, and the Army of Tennessee was aiming to fight again.

It was raining at twilight when Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, the runty, arrogant captain of the Confederacy's Cradle Company, watched a string of cars rumble north and, grumbling at the weather, walked over toward the office of the exiled Memphis Daily Appeal, which, hounded from pillar to post, was being published in Atlanta.

As he sloshed across the yards, another train groaned to a stop. It had come all the way from Virginia over the one little railroad that was holding the Confederacy together in the late summer of 1863. A huge, lugubrious man swung down from the train, pulled the collar of his long broadcloth coat around his neck and crossed the yards, too.

The light was burning low in the Appeal's office, for oil was hard to come by. The man, assuming the office was used only for business, stepped inside and flushed the couple over in a corner, enjoying an embrace that warmed his melancholy heart. The stranger was embarrassed and was mumbling an apology when he happened to look down, 'way down, and into the blazing eyes of Little Ax.

Before Ax's rage gave way to action, however, the befuddled man said, "I am Horace Whitley. A Kentuckian, sir. A servant of the Lord and a railroad man of sorts."

The fury vanished from Ax's eyes and the girl fluffed her auburn curls and curtsied. "I'm Margaret Jennings, Mr. Jasper Jennings' daughter." She thought everybody knew Jasper and most folks did. He was the Appeal's printer.

The girl smiled at Mr. Whitley, then at Ax and said, "He and I are going to be married."

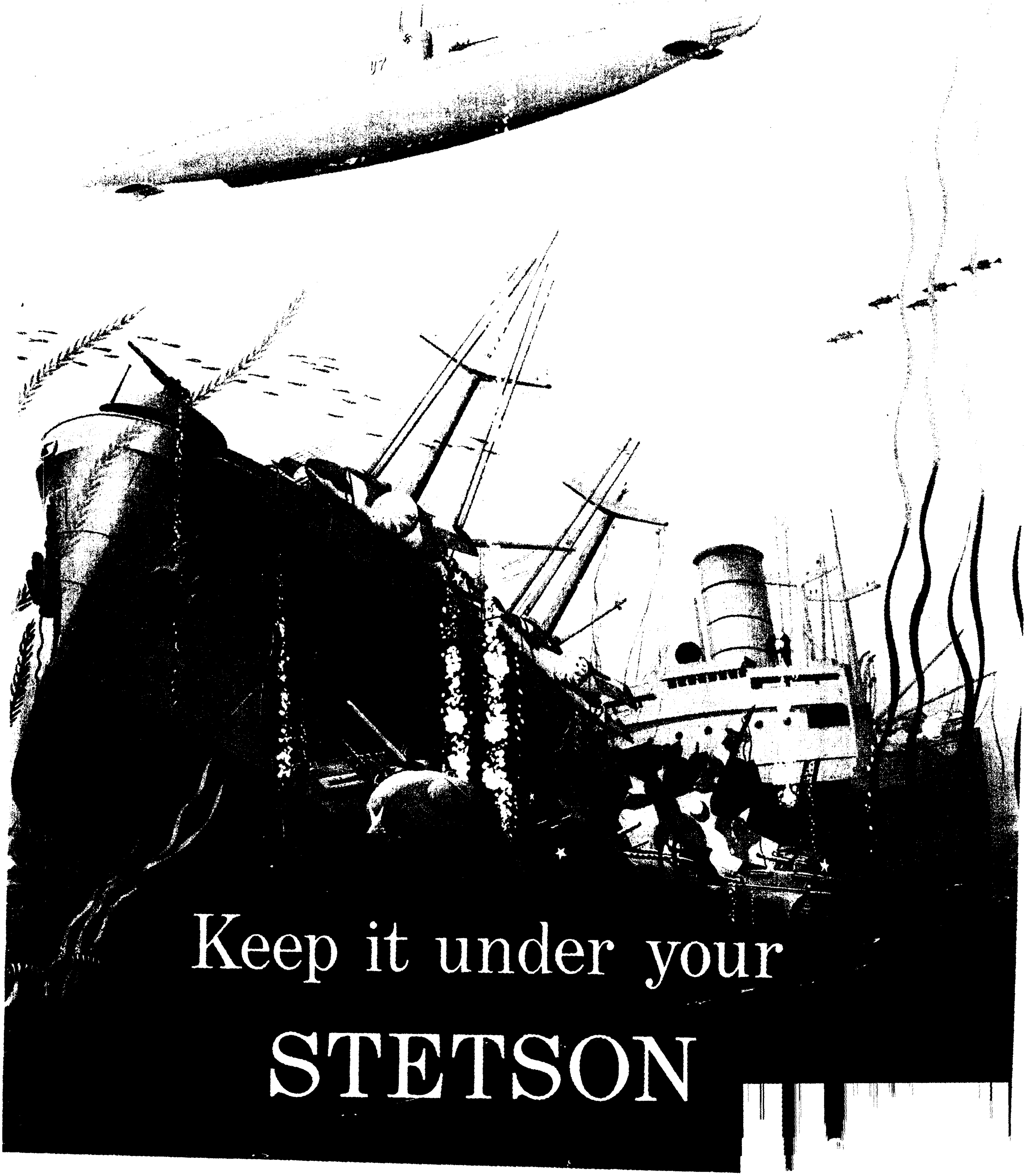
Ax adjusted his crimson sash, clicked his high heels, and bowed. "Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, sir. At your command."

He immediately sensed Mr. Whitley's surprise and wondered if he disapproved. Many Seceshers and all Yankees did, and some condemned bitterly the ruthless tactics of the Cradle Company, a guerrilla band of mere boys who fought like wolf whelps and used bowies instead of bayonets. Marge felt the tension, too, and said quickly, "Paw's out front. I'll call him."

Old Jasper Jennings removed his wet felt hat and beat it against his leg as he entered the office and was presented to Mr. Whitley. "Ygad!" Jasper offered his hand. "I'm rightly proud to know you. A preacher, huh?"

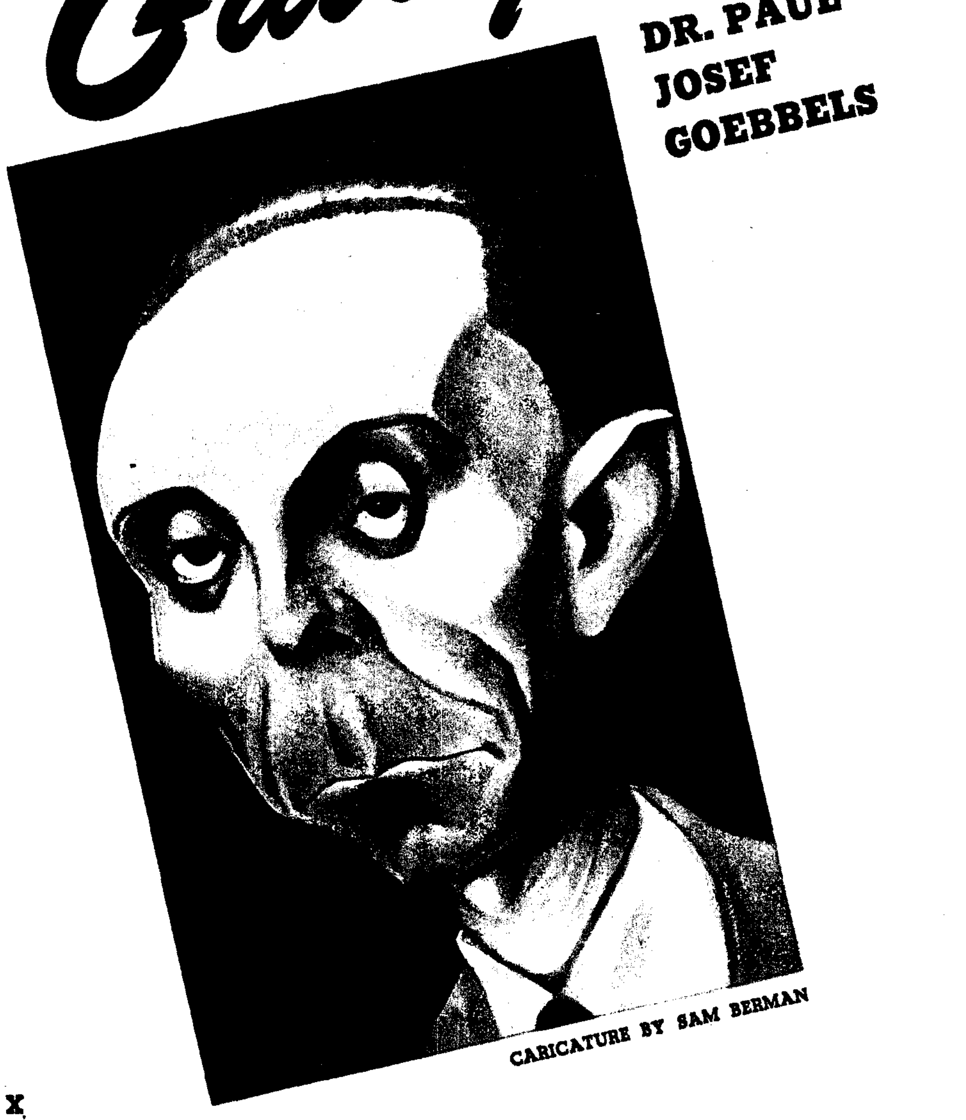
"In my own humble way," Mr. Whitley said. "During the week I labor for my country. But on the Sabbath I labor for my Lord." He fastened his stern gaze on Jasper. "As a railroad man I am exempt from military service. I tried to enlist but they wouldn't let me." He cleared his throat. "I am heading for Chattanooga. They

Careless Talk did this!


Keep it under your
STETSON

THE Guilty

DR. PAUL JOSEF GOEBBELS



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

NOT even Heinrich Himmler is more of a mass murderer than Doctor Paul Josef Goebbels. Himmler only kills the living, but Goebbels denies life to unborn millions. It was the black brain of this malignant little cripple that conceived the sterilization of non-Aryans and non-Nazis, carrying the idea forward until whole races were marked down for virtual extinction.

Today it is this simian doctor who insists on keeping more than one million Frenchmen in German prison camps, away from their homes and wives; who orders the separation of married couples in occupied countries so that the "spawning of mongrels" may be brought under control; and who protects the pure Nordic strain by a decree that Polish girls must be rendered barren before they are herded into brothels for the pleasure of German supermen. All this in the name of "physical fitness," although he himself with his scrambled features and schizophrenia makes as much of a mock of the Master Race theory as does Hitler. Swarthy, dwarfish and clubfooted, he would be the first to perish under any honest application of his own racial laws.

Just as the Reichsminister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment has decreed the death of entire races, except for a limited birth rate to meet the Nazi need for slave labor, so has he done more than any other to kill the soul of his own people. One by one he has beaten down the barriers that civilization has been at pains to erect against barbarism and primitive lusts, preaching the doctrine of "pagan freedom from Christian inhibitions."

Through his absolute control of the press, the radio and the motion picture, he has poured defilements into every well of German opinion. His filthy films, forced on the public until they came to like them, glorified naked men and women engaged in Dionysian revels, and both in illustrated magazines and in radio skits, he exploited lechery and pornography. Breeding camps, where young men and young women mate like animals, are not the least of his original conceptions.

A careful search through the life of the man reveals no decent act or even decent impulse. Born of an impoverished couple in the Rhineland, a Jesuit charity gave him his early education, and the generosity of Jews enabled him to enter the university at Heidelberg, where Jewish professors helped and encouraged the cripple. Lacking real ability, for he could not sell a single one of his many literary productions, Goebbels joined Hitler before the Nazi *Putsch* and soon was the loudest of all that beer-hall gang in shouting hate and infamies against Jews and Catholics.

Only Himmler had greater skill in spying and betrayal, and, by 1927, Goebbels stood at the Fuehrer's side, editor of *Der Angriff* in Berlin. A survey of this sheet (the voice of Naziism in the beginning) proves that the runted, malformed doctor was responsible for most of the vilenesses that have made Hitlerism an abomination. It was Goebbels who preached that children owed nothing to their parents, turning little ones into sneaks and informers; Goebbels who inspired the raids that turned every ghetto into a shambles; Goebbels who thought up the "book burnings" that destroyed everything worth while in German literature; and it was Goebbels, out of his own depravity, who made a national hero of Horst Wessel, a low pimp killed in a street brawl.

At every step and turn, the man stands revealed as essentially and ineradicably evil. Even his fellow Nazis loathe him, beefy Goering making frequent threats to kill the "little swine." But the arm of Adolf Hitler is strong to save. Time after time, the Fuehrer has forgiven the shameless swindles that built up Goebbels' private fortune and has overlooked the public scandals occasioned by his lecheries. The best judgment of the doctor, however, is rendered by American correspondents returned from Berlin. All agree that Paul Josef will be the first Nazi to "rat."

★★★

---

need railroad men up there because it looks like Bragg and Longstreet and Hood plan to turn on the Yankees."

"Forrest, too," Old Jasper said.

Mr. Whitley's eyes squinted. But if he was surprised he didn't show it. "Forrest, huh? That's the only man Sherman is afraid of."

"Old Uncle Billy has said he's got to have Forrest, dead or alive, if it takes ten thousand Yankee lives and all the money in the United States." Jasper grinned at Mr. Whitley, then at Ax. The little captain was watching the stranger as a sparrow hawk watches an owl.

"War and slaughter did not bring me to you," Mr. Whitley said. "I am here as an humble soldier in the army of the Lord."

"Then you've come to the right man," Jasper said. "I am in the Lord's army, too. Naturally," his eyes twinkled, "I take a short furlough every now and then, but gen'ly I'm in the first ranks. I'm a quoter from 'way back. I can quote good from the Old Testament and I'm fair to middlin' on the New Testament. Little Ax is a quoter, too. He goes heavy on Paul."

"Then you know that the Confederacy has set aside next Sunday as a day of prayer and feasting up in Chattanooga . . ."

Little Ax's eyes narrowed then and he started to speak. But Jasper spoke first: "The orders are for prayer and fasting, Brother Whitley. Ain't nobody feasting down here any more."

MR. WHITLEY avoided Ax's stare and addressed Jasper: "I want you to help me with the services at Chattanooga, you being a good quoter, and all."

Old Jasper beamed. "I'll be rightly proud to. Just say the word."

Marge was beaming, too, but Little Ax's lips were tight and he kept his good ear cocked toward Jasper and the stranger. Mr. Whitley reached into the pockets of his long coat and began pulling out papers. "I want you to print some of these for us. They are quotes, and you and I will take them up to Chattanooga and hand them out among the people. That will help comfort the folks."

"That's a mighty fine idea," said Jasper. He glanced at the papers. "And these are mighty fine quotes." He lowered his voice and began reading: " 'There was not a house where there was not one dead.' That's Exodus, Brother Whitley." He read on: " 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' . . . 'The wall of the city shall fall down flat' . . . 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep' . . . 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces' . . ."

He read on and on. He finished one page and turned to the next. "What's this page?"

"Those are special quotes for our sunset service," Mr. Whitley explained. "After the daylight prayers we're going to gather the folks together and have a sunset service. All the preachers up there are going to help. I'll likely call on you to pray in public."

Old Jasper's face lit up. "I'll print up some of these and have 'em ready when you want 'em."

"About midnight, Brother Jennings. I hate to rush you but we oughta catch that midnight train for Chattanooga. The trains are mighty slow."

"They ain't much 'count," Jasper said. "They're falling apart."

"We need coal-burning engines," Mr. Whitley said. "These old wood burners are mighty sorry."

Ax wheeled and looked at him sharply and spoke for the first time in several minutes: "Coal burners? Do engines burn coal?"

"Some of them," said Mr. Whitley calmly and passed it off. He was the calmest man Ax had ever seen.

"I'll have your quotes ready," Jasper said. "And I'm rightly sorry we haven't got any food here, you being hungry. I hope you like chicken because that's about all you can buy at the hotel."

"I'm not much for chicken," Mr. Whitley said. Then he smiled, the first time he had smiled since his arrival. "But it's filling."

Jasper rubbed his chin. "Up in Tennessee where I'm from it's always fittin' to offer the preacher a little abiding strength . . ."

"I understand, Brother Jennings. And it *is* wet outside."

Jasper fetched the jug and poured out a tumbler of amber whisky. Mr. Whitley held it up between him and the lamplight. "It looks like mighty good rye." Jasper didn't hear him, being too busy with the jug, but Ax glanced up and frowned just as the visitor tossed off his drink. Mr. Whitley made a wry face and began coughing. Jasper was too polite to notice it, and Marge ran for a drink of water. Mr. Whitley thanked them all and bade them good night. Ax opened the door for him, and a gust of rain swept into the office. Lights were dancing in the railroad yard. Engines were puffing and cars were rattling.

"I see you're still moving troops," Ax said, mostly to make conversation.

Mr. Whitley glanced down at the boy and buttoned his collar against the weather. "I trust you know more about war than you do about railroads. The last of the troops passed some time ago. What you hear is engines switching empty cars." There was a trace of condescension in his voice.

Ax's temper flared but he checked it. "Just hearing them roll, I can't tell the difference between loaded cars and empties."

"Most people can't. Good night, Captain."

Ax watched him disappear across the yard. The little captain was fuming inside and was visibly worried. He couldn't afford to make a mistake, however, for to accuse a preacher falsely would bring a reprimand and possibly a court-martial. Preachers and lawyers were the Confederacy's most able rabble rousers and propagandists. Old Jasper had gone to his type cases. Marge came and stood by Ax, but he didn't realize she was there until she rubbed her head against his shoulder and said, "What's ailing you?"

"I'm not sure, honey, but I aim to find out. You get Jud and tell him to get Jim Dickson." Jud was the Jenningses' slave and Jim was the best sharpshooter in the Cradle Company—a Georgia boy who, being color blind, could see things that other men couldn't.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to the ordinary and buy a drink of whisky." He reached for his plumed hat.

"Alex Trowbridge! Have you gone crazy . . ."

He brushed a kiss against her cheek and went out into the night, strutting like a gamecock in spite of the rain.

LITTLE AX searched the railroad yard for two hours until he found his friend, Charles Turner, napping in a switchman's shack up near a crossing of the Western & Atlantic. He and the old railroad man exchanged pleasantries and then Ax asked, rather casually, "Charlie, have you ever seen a coal-burning engine?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why don't we use 'em down here?"

"We haven't got the coal," Charlie said. "There are a few up in the mountains, mostly around Pittsburgh where the coal is."

Little Ax's flesh suddenly was warm and he swallowed to regain his composure. "Do they use 'em in Kentucky? There's coal in Kentucky."

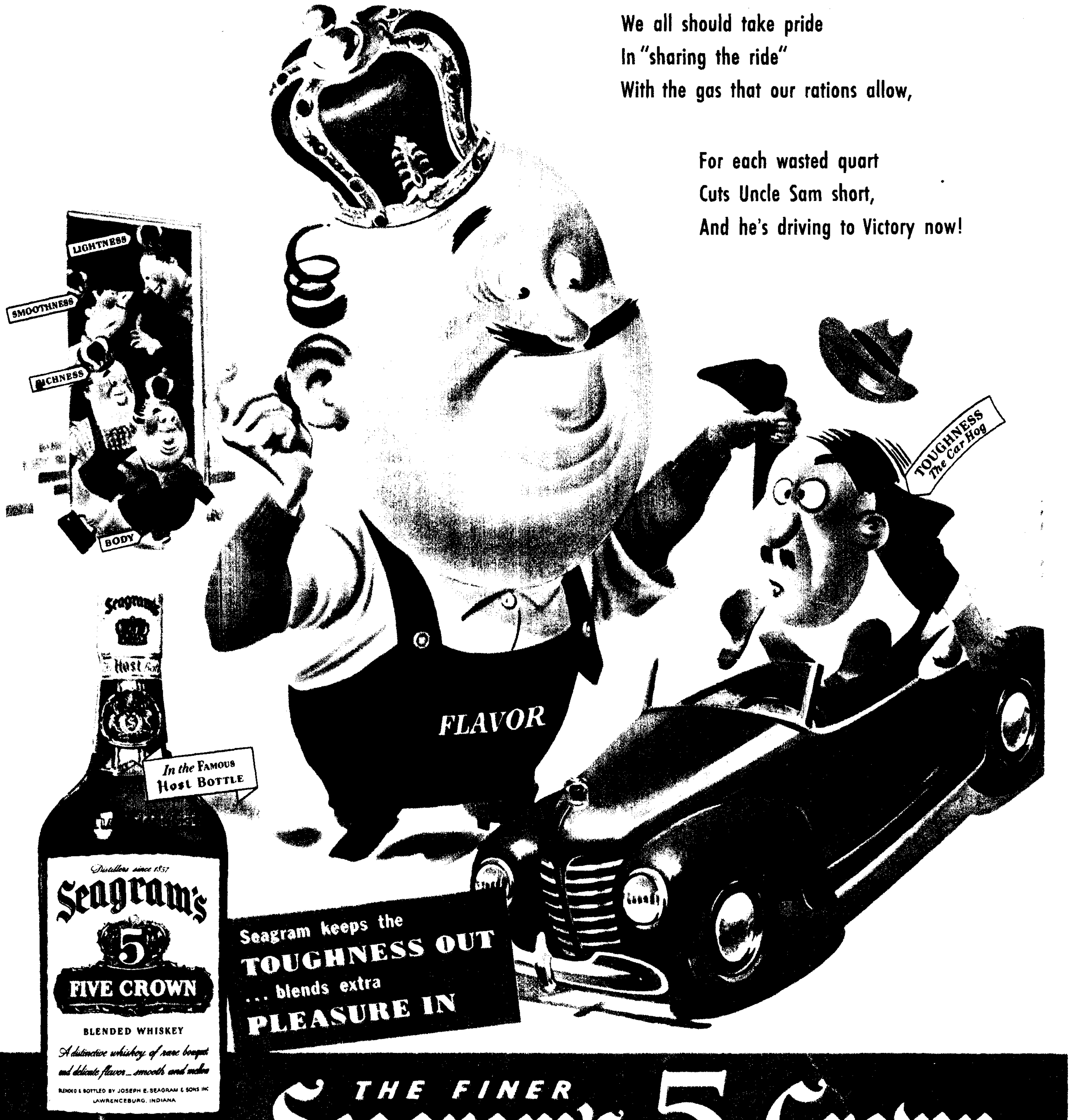
"I never heard of no coal burners in Kentucky. There's coal there, all right,

"THROTTLE THE AXIS AS YOU AUTO!"

say the 5 Crowns

We all should take pride
In "sharing the ride"
With the gas that our rations allow,

For each wasted quart
Cuts Uncle Sam short,
And he's driving to Victory now!


LIGHTNESS
SMOOTHNESS
RICHNESS
BODY
FLAVOR
TOUGHNESS The Car Hog
Seagram's Host
In the Famous Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

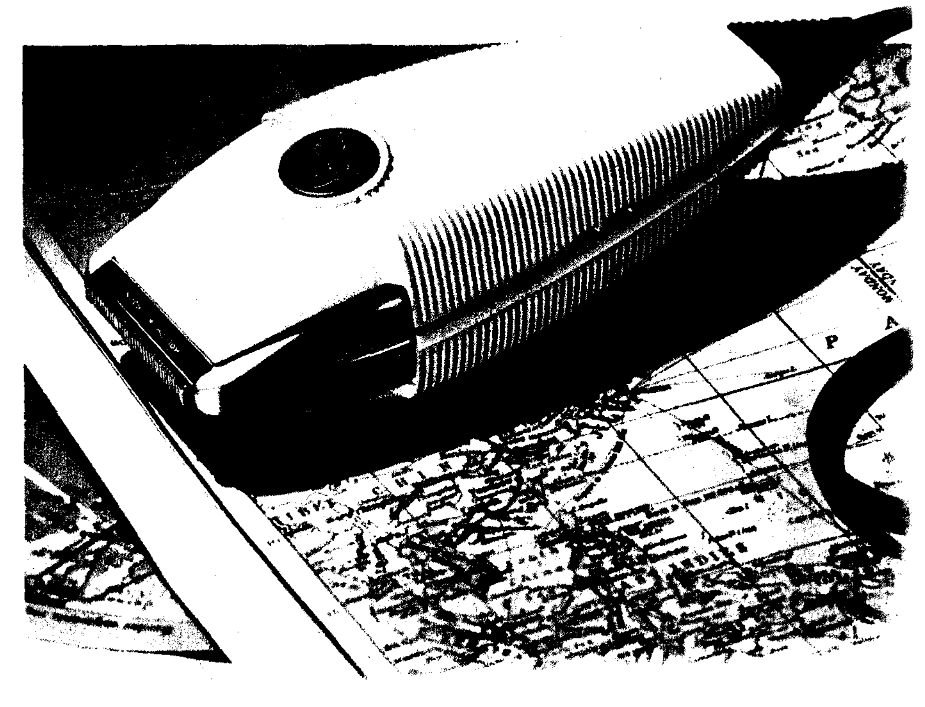
Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
. . . blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

HOW TO GET ALL THAT'S

COMING YOUR WAY



Every time you use your Schick Electric Shaver you get the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shave any man could wish for.

We don't need to tell you *that!*

But we do want to remind you that your Schick is even more precious *now* than when you bought it. For we're not building any new ones, these days. Our factory is all-out on war production.

So, to make sure you get *all* of the slick shaves we built into your Schick—we urge you to take good care of it.

And, if you do happen to damage it, take or mail your Schick in to any of the offices listed below—where you'll get genuine Schick renewal parts and expert service at low cost. Yes—you can even have your Schick fitted with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if it needs one. For only $3!*

Just to make sure everything's okeh, why not take your Schick in today for a check-up job of cleaning, adjusting and lubricating? The small charge will be a mighty good investment!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★

For the duration you'll want to keep your Schick Shaver in shipshape condition. Expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—*including the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head*—are available through Schick Service, Inc., at all of their offices listed below. Careful attention given to shavers mailed to these offices.

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
632 Brisbane Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
1200 Beggs Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
908 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind't'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
710 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
443 South Spring St.
MIAMI
129 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PROVIDENCE
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
23 Mezzanine, Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

CANADIAN OFFICES
TORONTO
78 Richmond St. West
CALGARY
112A Seventh Ave. West

*Slightly higher in Canada

SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

but the railroads don't use it. Can't get to it. What are you driving at?"

"Nothing much." Little Ax stretched. "I'm going to buy a drink. Won't you have one?"

Charlie laughed. "You're getting mighty grown up. Jasper and Marge will lay you out if they catch you drinking."

They walked uptown together and turned in at the first ordinary. The keeper scowled at Ax as though he intended to order him out. He didn't like to serve boys. Then he recognized the captain and said, "What will it be? Scuppernong wine, or sassafras?"

"I'll take rye," said Ax, rocking his head to that jaunty angle and rocking on the balls of his feet.

SOMEBODY snickered and the proprietor began laughing. "Go along with you, Ax, and quit trying to show off. There ain't no rye whisky down here. Nobody ever drinks it and, if they did, we couldn't get it."

"How come?" Little Ax felt his flesh tightening.

"It's made up North. Pennsylvania and Maryland."

"Well, I declare," said Ax. "I thought it was made in Kentucky."

"Kentucky!" The keeper almost exploded. "That's where they make bourbon. A Kentuckian would eat you alive if you ever accused him of drinking rye."

Ax's lips went white and without a word he turned and walked away. Outside, he began running. . . .

Jim Dickson was in the office reading one of the circulars that Jasper had printed for Mr. Whitley. Jud was dozing, and Marge was sitting by the door waiting for Ax when he hurried in. "Marge," he said, "where is your paw?"

"He and Mr. Whitley have gone. They took a batch of the circulars and left for Chattanooga. Why, Alex! What ails you? You are as white as a ghost."

"If he's with Mr. Jennings they'll never suspect him." Ax was mumbling to himself. "Ever' preacher up there will welcome him. Jim . . ."

The sharpshooter, aroused, was shaking his head. "Now these circulars . . ."

"Dry up, Jim, and listen to me." Ax removed his hat and was careful of the plume. "You ought to know something about preachers, being as your paw is one. Does he ever drink whisky?"

"Sometimes. He gets a jug for pay ever' now and then."

"What kind of whisky?"

"Just plain whisky."

"Did he ever get any rye?"

"Stop fooling, Ax." Jim was scowling. "You feed rye to stock. Whisky is made out of corn, you looney. Now look at these circulars . . ."

Marge had taken a seat and was watching Ax, aware that something was wrong. The little captain ignored the circulars and made Jim sit down. "I'll do the talking. You know a heap about preachers and the Bible and all, don't you, Jim?"

"I ought to. Cut my teeth on Genesis."

"Then when a man says 'preacher,' what is the first thing you think about? What just naturally goes with preacher? Preacher and . . ."

"Chicken," said Jim. "All preachers cotton to chicken."

"Now what goes with Adam?" Ax's eyes were blazing.

"Eve."

"All right. Moses?"

"Bulrushes."

"Prayer?"

"Fasting." The questions were annoying Jim. "Prayer and fasting go together. Any fool knows that."

All the color had drained out of Marge's face and her lips were trembling. She put her hand on Ax's arm. "Mr. Whitley! He doesn't like chicken. He said prayer and *feasting*. Alex! Is Paw in any danger?"

"No, honey, 'cep'n Mr. Whitley is making a sapsucker out of him, using him for bait."

"That's what I been trying to tell you," Jim said. "Marge was telling me about this Brother Whitley and som'n's wrong. Look at these quotes."

Ax snatched a circular and began reading. "What's wrong with them? They're all from the Bible."

"But ever' one of 'em is about peace and contentment and love your neighbor. They're good quotes for peace, but this ain't peace. Brother Whitley is a fool . . ."

"We're the fools," Ax said bitterly. "And if we lose this war it'll be because *we think Yanks are fools.*"

"Yanks!" Marge's jaw ceased trembling. "Is Mr. Whitley a Yank?"

"Pennsylvanians gen'ly are. And he ain't no fool. He almost outsmarted me." Ax swept his plumed hat onto his head and began pacing the floor, swaggering. "He's no preacher, but he *is* a railroad man. I don't know what he's up to, but I'm going to Chattanooga."

"A work train is heading up that way in a few hours," Jim said. "Nothing we can do till then. We might as well get some sleep."

"One man on the move is worth two standing still," said Ax. "Marge, give me the names of all the printers in town. They'll help us. Jim, you start thinking up some good quotes, fighting quotes If Mr. Whitley aims to sort of lull Chattanooga to sleep, then we'll wake her up."

"How 'bout 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth'?"

"That's the ticket, Jim."

"And 'The people arose as one man' . . . 'Be strong and of a good courage' . . . 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.' " Jim was spouting quotations when Ax and Jud hastened out of the office, seeking printers to prepare a new batch of circulars.

THE work train slowed to a crawl that Sunday afternoon as it crossed Chickamauga Creek in North Georgia. Ax's heart began beating wildly. As far as he could see were Confeds, the Army of Tennessee, which had marched farther and fought harder than any army since Napoleon. The Army of Northern Virginia was basking in glory, but the Army of Tennessee was wallowing in blood, unsung and unvanquished. And it was rallying again for what was to be the bloodiest major battle of the entire war. The Yanks had veered around Chattanooga, flanking the town, and their skirmishers already were nibbling at the Confederate lines to the northeast.

The train moved to the outskirts of Chattanooga and stopped to repair some tracks. Ax, Jim and Jud borrowed horses, without consent, and rode rapidly into town, then halted their horses abruptly. Nothing was moving that sultry day; the town was as still as the tomb. Jim was awed and Ax was puzzled. Jud was quaking. Even the horses were nervous. They shied as they passed the railroad yards and roundhouse. The engines were barely hissing steam. From out the roundhouse came a low mumble of voices, then the words of the old hymn, "Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee . . ."

Ax tilted his head. "Listen, Jim. Hear what I hear?"

"I don't like that song," Jim whispered. "We ain't helpless."

"I hear Mr. Jennings singing. I can tell his voice a mile away. He's in the roundhouse."

"Maybe Brother Whitley is, too." Jim started for the yards, but Ax called him back.

"Mr. Whitley ain't there." Ax was standing in his stirrups and looking around. "Som'n' big is brewing." He removed his hat and shaded his eyes. "Bragg has evacuated Chattanooga and aims to stand back down yonder along that creek. Maybe that's good sense. But the Yanks are planning a surprise. That's why they want this town off guard and on its knees, a'praying. Don't let this silence scare you. Ever'body in town is praying."

He stared back at Lookout Mountain, then at the Tennessee River, which swept around a big bend and ran due west before sweeping south again. He motioned for Jim and Jud to follow him and rode out along the south bank of the river where a few spur lines ran from the roundhouse. They dismounted and walked along the tracks until Ax halted them and looked around. Jim was peering across the river to the north shore. He closed his eyes, then opened them quickly, studying the woods over there.

"It's loony business," said Ax. He was disgusted. "The Yanks didn't send Mr. Whitley all the way to Atlanta just to save our souls. Now if they had a few regiments over yonder on the north bank . . ."

Jim grabbed his arm and whispered. "They are over there, Ax. The woods are full of them."

THE little captain took time to square his shoulders and strut a bit. "Well, now, that's more like it. Most of the Yankee army has gone around the town, but they aim to slip some across here tonight and cut back across the hills and hit Bragg's flank. Or maybe surprise any reinforcements coming from over Alabama way. With ever'body in Chattanooga a'praying, they can get five thousand men across here in no time, and a fistful can blow up the roundhouse or burn it."

He smiled at Jim and Jud, expecting them to praise him. And when they didn't, he wheeled and started back down the spur line to his horse. His high heels tripped on the ties and Captain Trowbridge fell sprawling. Jim and Jud began laughing, and Ax was furious. He put his hand on a rail to support himself and the steel burned his flesh. So he just sat there for a minute, glowering. Then he glanced down the tracks and back up the south side of the river. "Think it's funny, don't you? You ninnies. But sometimes a thing has got to hit a man in the face before he sees it." He scrambled to his feet, straightened his sash and preened. "Yes, sir. It almost fooled me once and anything that'll fool me will fool Yanks."

"What's up, Ax?" Jim quit laughing.

The little captain was still angry. "If you ain't smart enough to see it, then I won't tell you till I get good and ready. You, Jud! Get that grin off'n your face and get over yonder among the Yanks. They won't mess with you. Keep your eyes and ears open and be back over here about midnight. Now, Jim! Get some of them circulars out'n your saddlebag and go to ever' prayer meeting in town. You won't find Mr. Whitley, but you can look for him. Pass out them circulars and meet me at the roundhouse."

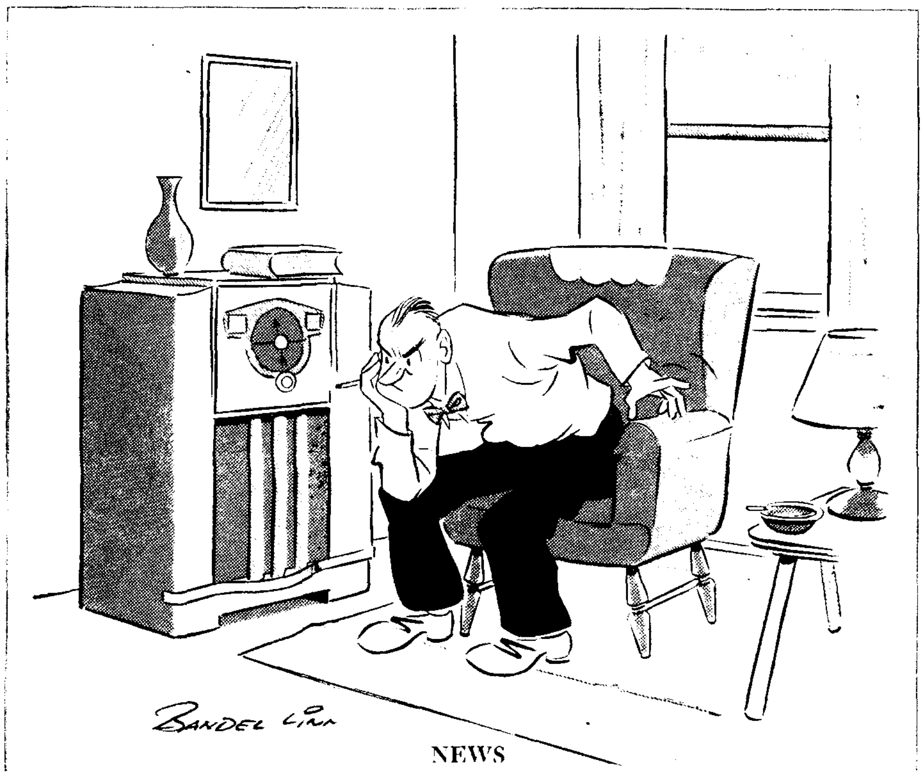
Jim was sullen as he rode away but knew better than to argue with his captain. Ax went to the roundhouse and peeped in. About a hundred railroad workers were on their knees, reading aloud from their Bibles. Old Jasper was leaning against a cowcatcher and was leading the service, impressed by his own importance. Ax waited until the proper moment, then swaggered down toward Jasper, his plumed hat in his hand, his short legs almost tripping over his long sword. Jasper's eyes bulged when he saw him. The men gaped, too. Ax whispered, "Let me do the talking, Mr. Jennings." He faced the men. "Gentlemen, lay your Bibles down. The Yanks are coming."

The effect was electric. The railroaders scrambled to their feet and started milling around him. Ax held out his hand. "Sing! Sing of the Lord's battles, for our God is a God of war when He has to be."

Jasper caught the cue and pitched an old hymn. Then Ax called him aside and told him the story. Old Jasper's face was red and he stared at the floor, humbled. Ax didn't gloat. Jasper straightened suddenly and said, "I reckoned som'n' was wrong."

The hymn ended and Ax faced the men again. "The Yanks have laid a trap for us, but Mr. Jennings saw through it. I want all of you engineers, firemen, switchmen and brakemen to stay here with me. The rest of you will take *these* circulars and pass 'em out. These are fighting words from the Bible, for there is a time to fight and a time to pray."

Most of the men were glad to be up and around again. Their knees were hurting. They took the circulars and scattered, and



NEWS

". . . and I can say that, in my opinion, there are very grave dangers ahead in the postwar period. Russia will bear watching. Britain lies athwart our world air lanes. This war would never have affected us—if WE had been minding our own business. On the other hand, our involvement was inevitable. At this time I would like to quote from a speech of mine before the Senate in 1941. At that time I said, quote: The Administration is playing with fire unquote . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

THIS SUPERIORITY OF
PHILIP MORRIS
RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

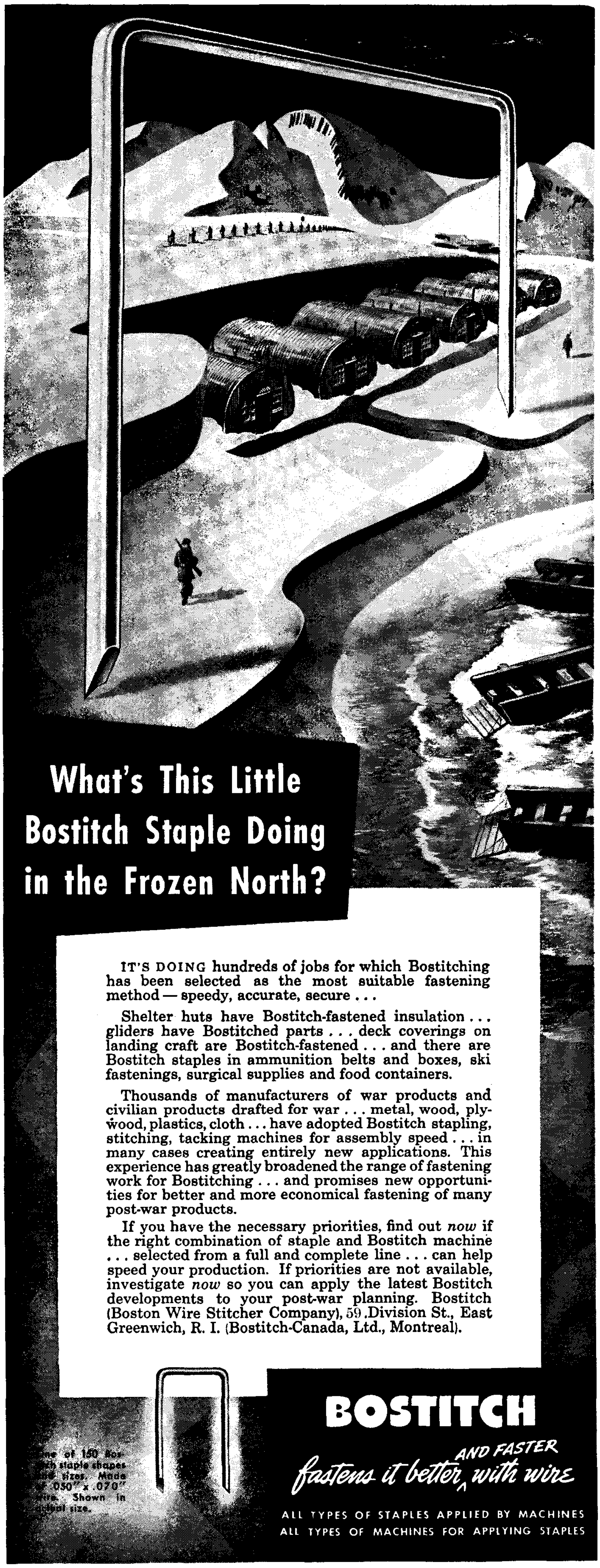
Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . . shown by the findings of distinguished doctors:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

NOTE: We do not claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But these findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to the nose and throat. You will find they *taste* far finer, too!

Every day, new thousands CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
Call for Philip Morris
all for PHILIP

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



What's This Little Bostitch Staple Doing in the Frozen North?

IT'S DOING hundreds of jobs for which Bostitching has been selected as the most suitable fastening method — speedy, accurate, secure . . .

Shelter huts have Bostitch-fastened insulation . . . gliders have Bostitched parts . . . deck coverings on landing craft are Bostitch-fastened . . . and there are Bostitch staples in ammunition belts and boxes, ski fastenings, surgical supplies and food containers.

Thousands of manufacturers of war products and civilian products drafted for war . . . metal, wood, plywood, plastics, cloth . . . have adopted Bostitch stapling, stitching, tacking machines for assembly speed . . . in many cases creating entirely new applications. This experience has greatly broadened the range of fastening work for Bostitching . . . and promises new opportunities for better and more economical fastening of many post-war products.

If you have the necessary priorities, find out *now* if the right combination of staple and Bostitch machine . . . selected from a full and complete line . . . can help speed your production. If priorities are not available, investigate *now* so you can apply the latest Bostitch developments to your post-war planning. Bostitch (Boston Wire Stitcher Company), 59 Division St., East Greenwich, R. I. (Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal).

One of 150 Bostitch staple shapes and sizes. Made of .050" x .070" wire. Shown in actual size.

BOSTITCH

fastens it better, AND FASTER with wire

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

Ax called the selected group close to him and gave his orders. The railroaders looked at one another and began grinning. Ax said, "Get your trains out about sunset. The Yanks'll figure we are at sunset services." He used the back of one of the circulars and wrote a message to General Bragg and gave it to Jasper. "Get this to Bragg, or Hood or somebody who has sense. Then they won't be surprised if things go wrong here."

He withdrew from the rabble and walked to the far end of the building and began pacing, making certain he was in full view of the men's admiring stares. Jim found him there and said, "Quit strutting, Ax. I didn't find Brother Whitley."

"Course not."

"I went to one church and they said he was at the next, and on down the line. I don't think he's been to none of 'em. But he got his circulars out and the folks have been quoting some mighty powerful Scripture about peace."

"Jim, never forget that Mr. Whitley is a railroad man and a smart one. The only way to catch a smart man is let him come to you. Now, you stay right here in the roundhouse. He'll come here when some trains pull out about sundown. He'll hear 'em and his curiosity will start eating him. He'll know som'n' has gone wrong, and he'll likely have some men with him. Now, don't kill *him.*"

Ax recruited all the labor he needed and told one man, "Find me somebody who can blow a horn. Any kind of horn. The rest of you come with me." He led them out along the spur lines and had them pile brush at regular intervals. He was humming as he worked . . .

MIST was rising from the river, and Ax couldn't see the north bank, but he heard wagons creaking over there. Twilight had come, and in the distance he heard the low rumble of trains, rolling out of the roundhouse and down toward Georgia. He went down to the river and sat on the bank and cocked his good ear toward the north shore. The Yanks over there were busy. He heard oars splashing. Ax laughed to himself. There he was, a nineteen-year-old boy, sitting on the bank of the Tennessee, aiming to fool a Yankee army. A boy with less confidence and conceit would have been frightened. Ax reached for his rations, a handful of corn meal, and ate it. "Prayer and *feasting,*" he muttered.

Night closed in and the noise on the opposite bank rose to a tumult. The Yanks were embarking, confident that Chattanooga was at its churches. Ax glanced apprehensively down the spurs, and out of the night, rolling up from Georgia, came the trains, throwing sparks and blowing and huffing. The noise from the Yankee side of the stream hushed suddenly, then he heard an excited babble of voices. The Yanks were pulling their men back to the safety of the shore.

The first engine panted onto a spur and began switching empty cars, making enough noise to wake up the dead. Jasper swung down from the cab, and Ax wanted to hug him. "It looked and sounded like you were moving a whole army up from Georgia. Did you get the message to Bragg?"

"Course," said Jasper.

More empty trains arrived and began switching. The piles of brush were lighted and glowed like dozens of campfires. The horn man reported. Ax sent him up and down the spurs, blowing calls. "You are bugling for an army," he told the horn man.

"Where is any army?" the trumpeter demanded.

"Oh, round and about," said Ax. He was very proud. The noise of the trains was enough to fool any inexperienced ear. It would be hours before the Yanks could detect the ruse.

Ax and Jasper went up the slope and sat by one of the fires. There was nothing to do but wait. The trains still were clanging and creaking. Jasper said, "Jim ought to be showing up."

"Don't you worry about Jim. Catch a nap, if you can."

It was after midnight when Jud found them and his first words were, "Where's the army?"

"We're the army," said Ax. "How 'bout the Yanks?"

"Waiting for daybust. They were fixing to come on over here and then them troop trains rolled in and they figured the whole Secesh army was camping over here."

"Get yourself some sleep, Jud." Ax stretched out, too, and his mind went away from war and down into Georgia where Marge was.

HE DOZED off and the next thing he knew, Jim Dickson was standing over him, shaking his arm. Ax jumped up. Mr. Whitley was there, too, staring calmly into the east where the first streaks of dawn were breaking through.

"I got him," said Jim. "He came back to the roundhouse, all right. Had seven men with him. They aimed to wreck the place. I got four of 'em, but this 'un ducked; it took me all night to find him. You had oughta let me shoot him, Ax."

"It's not our duty to shoot spies. He gets a trial." Ax was watching Mr. Whitley, and the huge man seemed at peace with the world.

"But he bore false witness against the Lord," said Jim. "He posed as a preacher."

"No, Jim. That's the funny part about it. He didn't say he was a preacher. We just reckoned he was. He just said he was on the Lord's side and maybe he thinks he is." Ax looked up at Mr. Whitley's calm face. "I'm rightly sorry, sir, that you ain't in uniform. Then you'd be a regular prisoner and not a spy. I've got to take you back to Georgia. I sort of hate to think of a brave man like you getting hung."

"I am not pleased at the prospects, either," said Mr. Whitley. "And I wasn't bearing false witness against the Lord. I am the Lord's man, but I'm not a preacher."

"I'm glad you are right with God," said Ax reverently.

"I'm ready when you are, Captain," Mr. Whitley said.

The sun broke through, and the Yanks across the river were stirring again. Ax instructed the engineers to take their trains back to safety. "Let the Yanks come on now," he said. "Bragg has had time to get set." A cannon boomed from the southwest and there was a crackle of musketry.

Jim glanced at Ax and was fidgety. "She's astarting, Ax."

The skirmishers were clashing in the prelude to the Battle of Chickamauga, the fight in which the Confederates routed a whole wing of the Union Army in one wild charge, and then lost the campaign.

Ax said, "Aw, they're just crowing and pecking at one another like roosters. They'll tangle in a few days, but Longstreet will be on hand by then."

"It won't take two of us to get this Yank back to Atlanta, will it?" Jim was resting his rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I reckon I can handle him, Jim. You can leave whenever you feel like it."

"Where do you reckon it'll be, Ax? Back down yonder along Chickamauga Creek?"

"More'n likely."

Jim was looking away toward Georgia. "Well, I better be going. It'll take me some time to find Chickamauga. It ain't much creek, is it?"

"You won't miss it," Ax said gravely.

Even Mr. Whitley bowed his head, for he had an idea what was coming. "No, young man," he said to Jim. "You can't miss it. By the time you get there, it'll be running red."

THE END

True Yesterday

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE “R

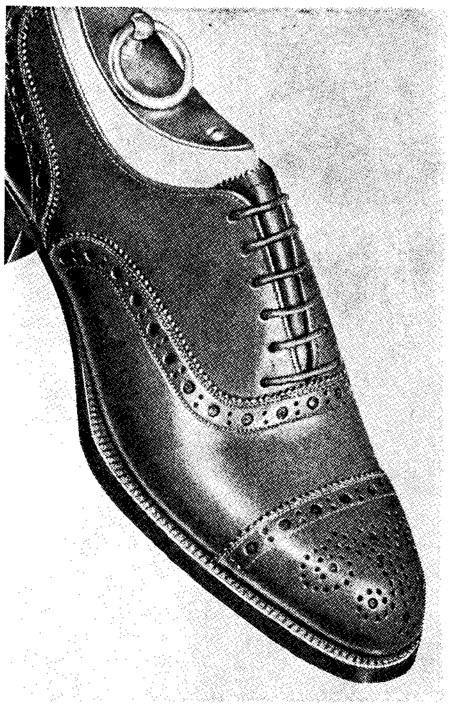
In Trust for Tomorrow

The seasoned engineering and manufacturing abilities that produced millions of great Plymouth cars are today devoted to war jobs requiring flawless precision: on tank, cannon and airplane assemblies . . . welding and machining armor-plate . . . fabricating numerous exact items from aluminum, bronze, magnesium, cannon steels. ★ Meanwhile, the great cars Plymouth has built are giving faithful performance to their owners. And Plymouth dealers have parts available, and a great and growing reputation for outstanding service on cars of all makes. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

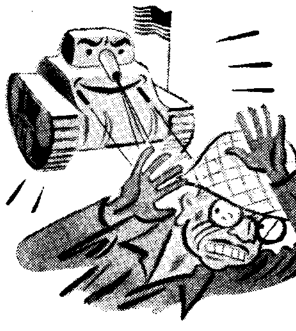
BUY WAR BONDS BUY NOW!

TAKE THE "OUCH" OUT OF WALKING!

• Look at that smile! Bliss instead of blisters. This extra-walking stuff isn't so tough. All you have to do is look for the Silver Lining* . . .



. . . meaning Walk-Over's sm-o-o-th inside tailoring. Linings pre-shrunk to prevent wrinkles. Natural-fit. No pinch, no rub. Walking's fun . . .



• And think of the fuel you save. Which will win the war quicker?—A gallon of gas in the tank of your car—or in an army tank?

WALK·OVER

RALEIGH: Antiqued Cretan or Norwegian calf. Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

*©WALK-OVER

Nobody Lives Forever

Continued from page 13

for Pop to get any customers for his telescope. On the fourth night, a strong wind blew the fog away before nine o'clock. Doc hurried downtown. There was Pop on one of the busiest corners, blandly explaining all about the moon to a young couple. The girl kept giggling and asking questions. Doc could have throttled her. What did she expect for a dime?

Pop knew that Doc was behind him, but gave no sign. While answering the girl's inane questions, he proceeded mentally to catalogue Doc as follows: Dr. William Ganson, alias Bill Watts, alias Walter Bright. Legit M.D., but barred. On the junk. Broke. Small-time con man. Untrustworthy, even dangerous.

Finally the young man dragged the girl away from the telescope, gave Pop a quarter and told him to keep the change.

"Thank you, sir," said Pop, touching his hat and bowing slightly. "That's very kind of you."

Doc stepped up hurriedly and handed Pop a dime.

"You look right in here, sir," said Pop. "The moon's full tonight. Pretty, ain't it?"

Doc pretended to look. "I understand the top guy's in town."

"Is he?" said Pop innocently.

"Are you kidding?"

"No."

"It's worth a lot."

"How much?"

"We've located a million-dollar sucker."

Pop adjusted the telescope, getting closer to Doc. "No use, Doc."

"Why?"

"He's quit. All washed up."

"Is he in town?"

"I'm giving out the information. He made a big take and quit."

"This is the biggest thing yet—and a dame. Easy touch for him."

"No use. Come on, Doc. That's all."

"Tell me one thing: Is he in town?"

Pop said nothing. Doc raised up and moved back from the telescope. A woman was waiting to look at the moon. Doc slipped Pop a dollar.

"Okay. He's in town," said Doc. "I got a pretty straight talk on that. This is worth a lot to you, Pop."

Pop adjusted the telescope for the woman.

"You see? The moon's full tonight. Pretty, ain't it?" Pop smiled at the woman, who looked and cried: "Oooo! Seems scary when you see it so plain." Then he moved back.

"No use, Doc. Run along. The copper's due. Call box right over there."

"Where'll you be later?"

Doc hesitated. "I might have a drink at Maxie's around midnight."

Doc turned and walked away.

"What are all those big, funny-looking dimples?" the woman demanded.

"Mountains and valleys, ma'am, just like we have; only the moon's dead; nothing lives on it."

THE woman shuddered and drew back. "I don't like it," she said. "It makes me feel funny to see it away out there in space all by itself."

Pop nodded understandingly. He'd felt that way, too, at first. But now the moon was as familiar to him as Maxie's Bar; it was like an old friend.

When the woman had gone, Pop stood wondering why he'd considered having anything to do with Doc Ganson. Was it the phrase, "a million-dollar sucker"? Even a hopped-up small-time con man would think twice before saying such a thing. No use anybody trying to kid Jim Farrar. Doc either had hold of a big one or he was crazy. Anyway, Jim had quit cold. Pop sighed and stood thinking about how the top guy had suddenly loomed up out of the fog.

"It was just like I was seeing things," mused Pop.

The night had been clear and he'd been doing a pretty good business. All of a sudden, it seemed, the air got full of dampness, then the fog came down. Pop was just packing up when round the corner came the top guy, looking as big and husky as ever, followed by Doyle, his mouthpiece.

"Hello, Pop," he said. "How is it?"

"Fine. And you?"

While they talked, Pop's shrewd eyes had detected that something was seriously wrong with the big fellow; he wasn't sure just what. The fact that he was quitting, however, was a tip-off in a way. A guy going strong like Jim Farrar doesn't just up and quit.

The little Irish lawyer had acted funny, too—like he was embarrassed or something.

The big fellow had said, "If Ray Slavens happens to show, tell him where to find me. Nobody else. I'm holing up."

Then he winked at Pop; but it wasn't a lighthearted wink, the old man decided. Jim's eyes looked sad; then he'd turned, and the fog had almost immediately swallowed him up. Pop saw him dimly as he swung his heavy shoulders round a corner.

"All the same," Pop mused, "a million-dollar sucker might interest him—a dame, at that."

JIM FARRAR was sitting in a swanky Los Angeles hotel room with his lawyer, John Stanislaus Doyle, better known as Johnny the Priest. The big fellow was drunk, and Johnny grimaced as he watched him pour himself another shot of bourbon. He had been worried about the big fellow for quite a while. Something was biting him, and Doyle sat searching his face, as he had been doing off and on for months, for a key to his changed behavior. Some of the Florida guys—Abe Cole, for instance—shrugged it off with the remark that Jim had finally tangled with a dame who had his number. But that was too easy and too commonplace. Johnny was pretty sure it went deeper than that.

Johnny was considered the "cultured" one of the boys; principally because he'd graduated in law from a good Middle Western university, but also because he wore glasses with a cord to them and had an ascetic, priestlike air. He was under medium height, but looked taller owing to his leanness. His blue eyes seemed cold and aloof behind the thick lenses of his glasses. He was a great guy for putting the chill on some bumptious sucker.

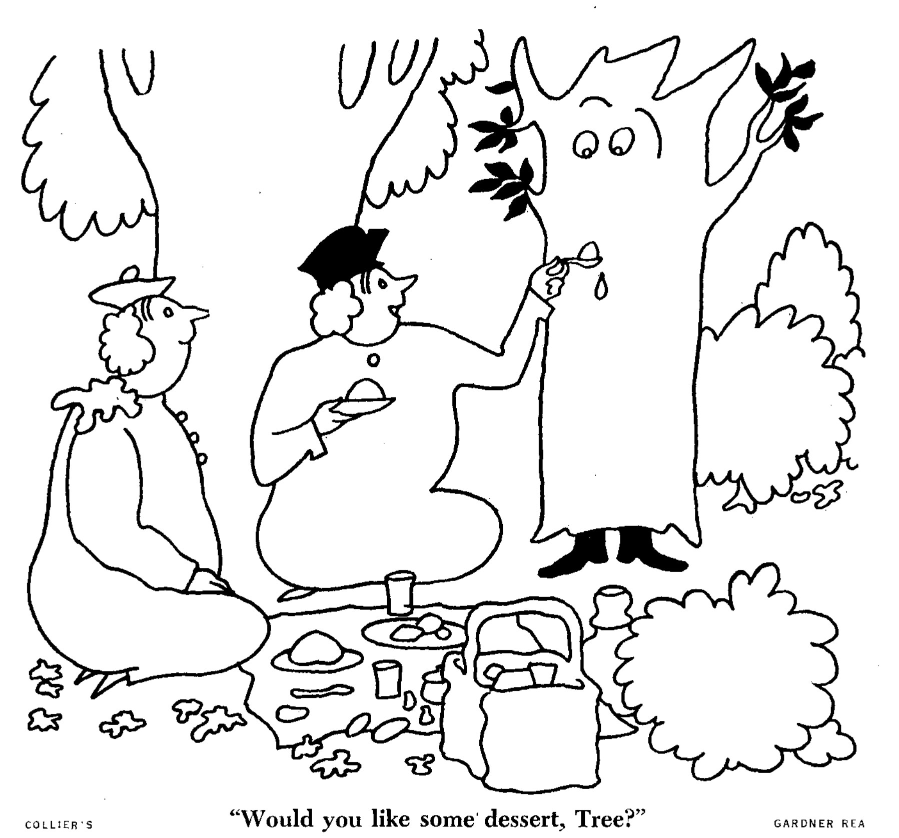
He had been disbarred in Illinois for an alleged jury manipulation; but, after a decent interval, some of his political friends had managed to get him reinstated. However, things didn't go too well for him, so he moved to Florida where he met Jim Farrar and prospered.

JIM stirred uneasily in his chair and sat staring morosely at the floor, drink in hand.

Johnny regarded him nervously. He'd certainly been pulling some funny ones lately. Getting bugs over that chiseling Chicago dame; letting her make a slob out of him in front of his friends; taking it on the lam when she finally decided to brush him off. Imagine, her brushing off Jim Farrar! It seemed incredible. And then this silly trip to California.

Johnny had gone through hell trying to get tickets for the jump. You couldn't make Jim understand about the war. To him it was just a minor irritation. Not only that. It was dangerous for guys like them to go jumping around outside their own bailiwick; especially so as Jim was carrying a wad: nearly a hundred thousand Gs he'd chiseled out of the Florida suckers. Of course—he wasn't wanted. In fact, in spite of everything, he'd had a big season the winter before and no squawks. What an operator!

Jim was a funny guy. Almost always willing to talk—on any subject he understood—he was far from silent. And yet he could clam up like a Yankee farmer if he got an idea you were trying to find out something. Take the California trip. No sense to it at all by any rational standards. Abe Cole had said flatly that Jim was crazy for taking such a chance—and predicted a jam. Johnny taxed Jim with it—but Jim clammed up. He wouldn't



"Would you like some dessert, Tree?"

What life is like on a troop train...

speeding over the Water Level Route

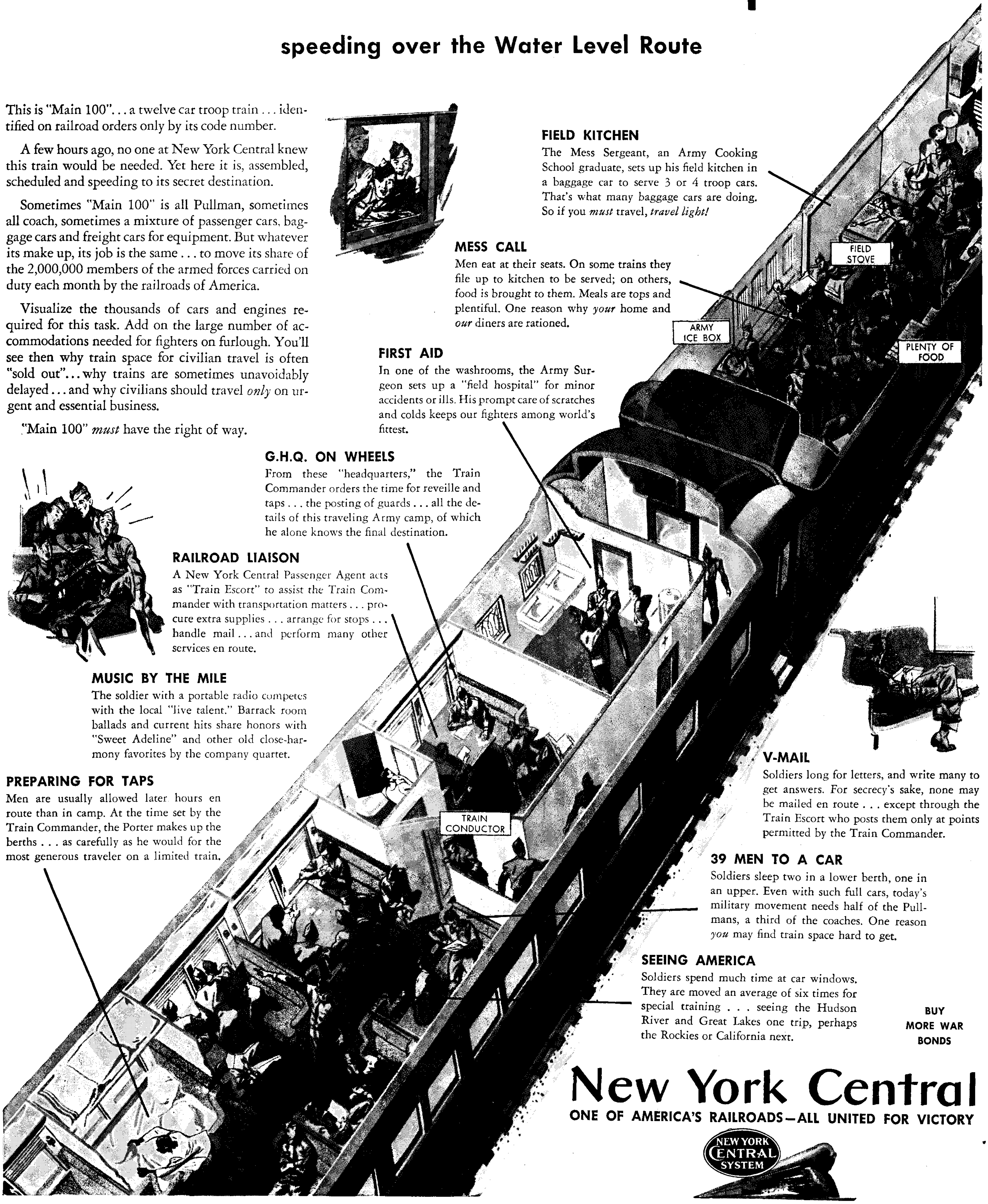
This is "Main 100"... a twelve car troop train... identified on railroad orders only by its code number.

A few hours ago, no one at New York Central knew this train would be needed. Yet here it is, assembled, scheduled and speeding to its secret destination.

Sometimes "Main 100" is all Pullman, sometimes all coach, sometimes a mixture of passenger cars, baggage cars and freight cars for equipment. But whatever its make up, its job is the same... to move its share of the 2,000,000 members of the armed forces carried on duty each month by the railroads of America.

Visualize the thousands of cars and engines required for this task. Add on the large number of accommodations needed for fighters on furlough. You'll see then why train space for civilian travel is often "sold out"... why trains are sometimes unavoidably delayed... and why civilians should travel *only* on urgent and essential business.

"Main 100" *must* have the right of way.



FIELD KITCHEN

The Mess Sergeant, an Army Cooking School graduate, sets up his field kitchen in a baggage car to serve 3 or 4 troop cars. That's what many baggage cars are doing. So if you *must* travel, *travel light!*

MESS CALL

Men eat at their seats. On some trains they file up to kitchen to be served; on others, food is brought to them. Meals are tops and plentiful. One reason why *your* home and *our* diners are rationed.

FIRST AID

In one of the washrooms, the Army Surgeon sets up a "field hospital" for minor accidents or ills. His prompt care of scratches and colds keeps our fighters among world's fittest.

G.H.Q. ON WHEELS

From these "headquarters," the Train Commander orders the time for reveille and taps... the posting of guards... all the details of this traveling Army camp, of which he alone knows the final destination.

RAILROAD LIAISON

A New York Central Passenger Agent acts as "Train Escort" to assist the Train Commander with transportation matters... procure extra supplies... arrange for stops... handle mail... and perform many other services en route.

MUSIC BY THE MILE

The soldier with a portable radio competes with the local "live talent." Barrack room ballads and current hits share honors with "Sweet Adeline" and other old close-harmony favorites by the company quartet.

PREPARING FOR TAPS

Men are usually allowed later hours en route than in camp. At the time set by the Train Commander, the Porter makes up the berths... as carefully as he would for the most generous traveler on a limited train.

V-MAIL

Soldiers long for letters, and write many to get answers. For secrecy's sake, none may be mailed en route... except through the Train Escort who posts them only at points permitted by the Train Commander.

39 MEN TO A CAR

Soldiers sleep two in a lower berth, one in an upper. Even with such full cars, today's military movement needs half of the Pullmans, a third of the coaches. One reason *you* may find train space hard to get.

SEEING AMERICA

Soldiers spend much time at car windows. They are moved an average of six times for special training . . . seeing the Hudson River and Great Lakes one trip, perhaps the Rockies or California next.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

DELCO
DELCO-REMY
ANDERSON, IND.

PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

Worth the Best of Care

The battery in your car is more than a matter of personal convenience. It is an essential part of the nation's essential transportation . . . the source of starting power that keeps you "mobile" in the home front offensive.

As such, your battery deserves the best of care. And that care is available to you through any of 34,000 Delco battery dealers, cooperating in a nationwide drive to conserve batteries now in use. See your Delco battery dealer at least once a month for a free check-up.

When you *MUST* replace . .

REPLACE WITH A DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for necessary replacements on cars of all makes and models—on trucks, buses and tractors.

BACK THE ATTACK ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ WITH WAR BONDS

Delco-Remy ★ *Wherever Wheels Turn or Propellers Spin*

even intimate why he wanted to go to the West Coast. He just did—that was all.

He sat studying Jim in silence, noting the bloodshot eyes, the graying hair, the evidences of strain in the face, the restlessness—in short, the great change which had taken place in the big fellow in the last few months.

"Jim," he said finally, "what's biting you?"

The big fellow shifted in his chair uncomfortably but said nothing.

Johnny removed his glasses and cleaned them energetically, turning a vague nearsighted glance on Jim. "The boys've been talking about you a good deal lately."

"When didn't they?"

"That's not what I mean."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Johnny evasively, sorry now he'd brought the matter up. After a moment, he took the plunge. "They say you're slipping. Ray Slavens told me you almost blew the big one just because you got sore at the sucker. Fine thing, getting sore at the sucker!"

"He was such a dumb quail. Anyway, I had my own troubles, and this guy wanted to be with me every minute. I couldn't shake the so-and-so off."

"It's your winning personality," Johnny flattered him.

"I got fed up. One night I told the guy to get out and leave me alone. Ray almost fainted. But the guy liked it."

Johnny looked at Jim for a long time in silence. He had always envied him and had always been puzzled by him. He just seemed to hypnotize people. There'd never been another con man like him. Some of his victims didn't even get sore at him after the touch. Several came back for more—believe it or not!

Jim sighed and ran his hand over his face wearily. "I was having trouble with Tony."

"How that little bum ever got such a hold over you I'll never know."

"She was no bum to me, Johnny. That's why I'm here in California. I'm going to lay back and relax."

Johnny smiled. "You're crazy. Okay, so you've got a hundred grand. It won't last very long, and you know it. A couple years in California and you'll be right back where you started."

"No. When I get rid of this wad, I'm done."

"What do you mean? A guy just can't stop living because he wants to."

Jim glanced up. His eyes were steady. "Why can't he?"

Johnny stared. "Come on, Jim. Cut it out. I know you better than that. It's that bourbon. You'll be seeing little men with long beards next."

Jim said nothing. After a time, he got up, went into the bathroom and slammed the door violently. The little lawyer lighted a cigarette and smoked slowly and thoughtfully.

"Lonesome, that's what he is," he told himself, between drags. "Lonesome—just like any plain chump."

Johnny smiled. In spite of himself, it pleased him to see the big fellow—for a change—reacting just like anybody else.

DOC was sitting in a booth waiting, when Pop walked into Maxie's Bar. Without a word, Pop sat down opposite him and ordered a glass of draught beer.

"Well?" Doc demanded, his eyes glittering eagerly.

"Hold your horses. I told you it was no use."

"He's here and I know it. All I want to know is: How do I find him?"

Pop got up deliberately and put a nickel in the battered old electric piano. It began to play a ten-year-old tune, honky-tonk style, grindingly discordant. He sat down.

"When you get excited, Doc, you talk too loud," said Pop mildly. "Tell me about the sucker."

Doc did so, omitting her name. Pop was silent for a long time. The piano stopped playing, and a drunk staggered over to start it again but couldn't get his nickel in the slot. Pop got up and helped him, then he sat down and lit his pipe.

"As a rule," said Pop, "a smart guy don't try to beat a woman. At least not with the old-line gags. Women are smarter than men and they yell louder."

"We'll put it up to Jim. He can handle it any way he likes."

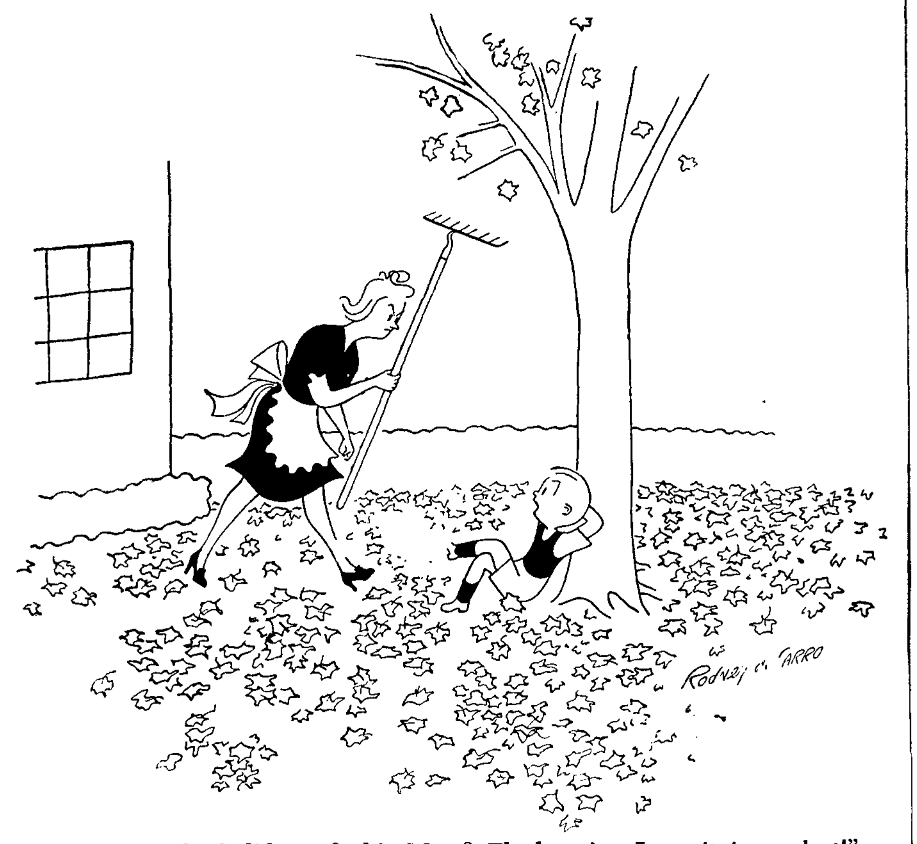
Pop considered. "Dig up five hundred, and I'll go to the top guy's mouthpiece for you."

"You're crazy," cried Doc. "We haven't got it. We haven't got fifty dollars."

"That's what I thought."

"All I want to know is: Where is he? Is that worth five hundred?"

"Yes. Because he's quit. He don't want



"Where the heck did you find it, Mom? The last time I saw it, it was lost!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT IS VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

. . . Speaking of Shell Production

The "Little Red Hen" is a mighty big contributor to the war effort. In fact, eggs and poultry occupy such a prominent place on the menu of our soldiers, sailors, Allies and home folks that America actually needs more egg shells than cannon shell.

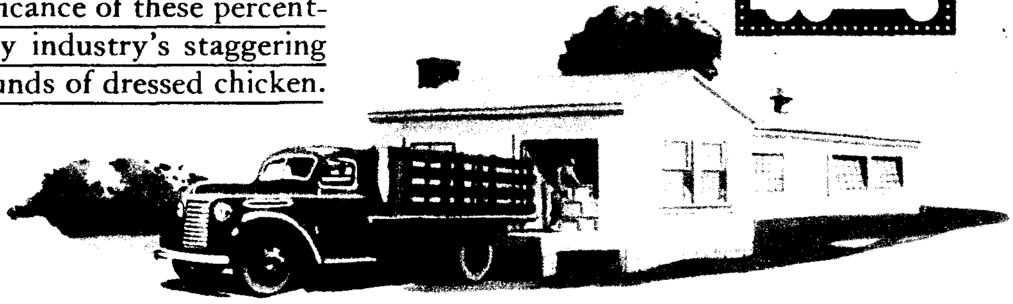
Nowhere are trucks more essential than in the poultry industry . . . to transport food, water and equipment on the farm . . . to carry poultry and eggs to market . . . to bring home feed and supplies in huge quantities.

More than 71% of our poultry and 65% of our eggs are transported by truck, according to figures from leading markets. The real significance of these percentages becomes apparent when compared with the poultry industry's staggering 1943 quotas of fifty seven billion eggs and four billion pounds of dressed chicken.

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "*Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time.*" Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged
U. S. TRUCK
CONSERVATION CORPS

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Seaforth Highlanders
(Full Dress)
Carnatic—Hindoostan—Cape of Good Hope, 1806—Kabul, 1878—Afghanistan, 1878, 80—Egypt, 1882—Armentieres, 1914—Cambrai, 1917, 18—Baghdad

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Grand Prize . . . Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for its Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

IF reconnaisance at your favorite Scotch Headquarters shows there is no Dewar's on hand, be patient. Reinforcements are on their way. And Dewar's quality will score another unconditional victory for your good taste—*and for your good judgment in waiting!*

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
JOHN DEWAR & SONS Ltd
PERTH

Victoria Vat
12
years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. *Six 9x12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 5, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp. 350 Fifth Ave., New York, 1, N.Y., Dept. C.*

***White Label** 8 years old*

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Schenley Import

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

no part of anything. Last thing of all he wants is to be buzzed by a broken-down con outfit."

"I was pretty big once."

"Once don't count."

Doc ran his hand nervously through his lank black hair. His face got very pale. An almost unbearable depression settled over him. He needed a whack of the stuff.

A sudden murderous impulse made him stiffen; he lightly touched the small automatic in his coat pocket. He glanced up. Pop was studying him.

"Don't do anything rash, Doc," said the old man, mildly.

"It's enough to make a man hang himself," Doc exclaimed.

There was a long pause. Doc put his hands on the table and stared at them. He felt like yelling with misery. Too many things had happened to him in the last few years. It seemed that life had but one purpose: To make a bum out of Walter Harris Bright, M.D.

Pop ordered another glass of beer. "Doc," he said, "tell me about that sucker again."

JIM felt restless and uneasy. He'd been sitting in the sun on the beach for nearly an hour and it was beginning to bother his eyes. Physically, he had improved. He had already lost nearly ten pounds and had acquired a sun tan. His eye was clearer, his step firmer; due not only to the sun and sea air, but also to the fact that he'd cut down his liquor consumption. He'd seen too many of the boys end up as dismal rummies, avoided by everybody. Feeling as he did, always either depressed, irritated or bored, it took a great effort of the will for him to stay away from the bottle.

"I'm not ready for that yet," he told himself, laughing harshly.

For months, Jim had humored himself, let things slide. Nothing interested him; he was absent-minded, apathetic, offhand with everybody. Now the time had come to do one of two things: Either he must call a halt and try to get himself in hand, or he must walk out into the ocean till his hat floated.

He sat staring at the curving crescent of beach, idly raking up small piles of sand and flattening them again, repeating this process over and over. Suddenly he became aware of what he was doing, laughed harshly, smashed his hand into the sand, then jumped up and started for the beach house.

"Me—playing in the sand," he jeered. "Too bad I didn't bring my little bucket and spade."

Why kid himself? He knew what he wanted: Tony! Pride was pride, but a guy could overdo it; no use cutting off your nose to spite your face. Tony had a mind of her own. But was that wrong? So had he and, on top of it, he'd had his way with women so long that he was spoiled. Tony wouldn't take it. And then—just at the wrong time—that actor friend of hers had to turn up.

"I'll show you," said Tony.

"I didn't know you went for 4-Fs," Jim sneered.

"I don't see any gun on your shoulder," Tony replied with a cutting laugh.

He slammed the door in her face—then waited for her to phone him. He waited for weeks. One day he ran into her. She was with her actor friend, a big effeminate-looking hamola with dyed blond hair. Tony looked the other way when he started to speak to her.

Telesfero, the Filipino houseboy, shut off the vacuum cleaner he was using as Jim entered the house. Jim was living under the name of Lloyd and gave out that he was an oilman. Telesfero, who had been a lowly bus boy three months before, was in awe of this big, husky, serious-looking man, who towered above him; he thought that he must be very powerful, very rich.

"Heard anything from Mr. Doyle?" asked Jim.

"No, sah," said Telesfero, his flat, brown face wrinkling into a sad grin.

"It's a wonder he couldn't hang around once in a while," Jim muttered to himself, as he crossed the living room and went into his bedroom.

Telesfero felt a slight tremor. He was very sensitive and knew that the boss was in bad humor. He bowed in Jim's direction, then hurried out into the kitchen with the vacuum cleaner.

Jim sat staring at the telephone on the night table for a long time. Then, hating himself for it but feeling a marked exhilaration, he put in a call for Miss Antonia Blackburn in Miami, Florida.

When Johnny came in toward evening, Jim was walking up and down the living room in blue denims and an old sweater, smoking a cigar.

"Hello, Jim," Johnny said, taking off his coat quickly and going to the improvised bar to mix himself a drink. "Boy, am I thirsty! Hot in the city."

"What do you go there for, then? Why don't you stay here where it's cool?"

Jim spoke peevishly, and Johnny turned to look at him. "If you want the truth, I get tired of those waves pounding away all day long. I get enough of them at night. They shake the joint."

Jim grunted. "Pour me one," he said.

"Besides," said Johnny, mixing the drinks, "I had some business to look after."

Jim turned away, making no comment. He wouldn't admit to himself that he'd been lonesome all afternoon and was sore at Johnny for staying away so long.

"What," said Johnny, "no ice? A fine place this is getting to be, with you practically on the wagon."

"Telesfero," called Jim in a loud voice.

Just as he called, the phone rang. Jim made a sudden move to answer it, then checked himself. Johnny glanced at him shrewdly, knowing something was up. They heard the murmur of Telesfero's high-pitched voice, as he answered the phone in the hall; then the little Filipino came in.

"On your call to Miami, sah. . . ."

Jim threw a quick look at Johnny, who turned away with a smile.

"Yeah?" Jim demanded.

"They cannot locate Miss Blackburn, sah."

Jim compressed his lips, then smiled slightly. "Cancel the call."

Telesfero bowed and went out.

THERE was a long silence. In the midst of it, Telesfero called them to dinner. Johnny ate with gusto, but Jim seemed to have no appetite at all.

When they were having their coffee, Johnny said, "I understand there are some beautiful suckers in this man's town at the present time."

Jim made no reply.

"I heard about a dame today with nearly two million," Johnny said. "A widow."

Jim got up, then he yawned and stretched.

"Think I'll listen to the news. Want to hear it, Johnny?"

Johnny said nothing, but gritted his teeth in irritation and stared angrily at the big fellow as he went back into the living room, then he poured himself a stiff drink of brandy. In the living room, the radio came on with a violent blaring, then a suave, patronizing voice began to give the war news. Johnny got up and went out onto the dining-room balcony for some fresh air. The sea was black as ink. Along the shore line, only a few dim lights showed. But toward the east, searchlights raked the darkness, moving slowly, crisscrossing, then going out one by one.

The little lawyer stood shaking his head in the darkness. A prize take just around the corner, and the best operator in the business—the one man for the job—had to get temperamental like a hammy motion-picture actor! A sucker like that wouldn't be around forever. Sooner or later, some wise boy would take her for a jolt—and spoil the play for everybody else. Now she was virgin territory.

The cool sea breeze slightly stirred the little lawyer's thinning hair. Eastward, the searchlights had been switched on again. But this time, Johnny didn't see them. He was painfully trying to make up his mind what to do. He'd got a letter from Ray Slavens, which he hadn't shown to Jim. Among other things, it stated that Jim's girl had gone West with Austen, the actor, and had got stranded in Phoenix. It would be a cinch to get her to come on to L. A. No matter what Jim said, she was strictly on the chisel.

But Johnny was leery. Tony might be a help and again she might not. It was possible she'd get Jim so upset that he'd never get himself straightened out again. On the other hand . . .

THE Biltmore lobby was jammed with people—soldiers and women everywhere, a wartime crowd. Johnny shoved his way through the press toward the elevators. He was forced to wait and, as he stood before the huge bronze elevator grilles, looking about him absent-mindedly at the busy, laughing crowd, he kept turning over and over in his mind the various approaches he had worked out during an almost sleepless night. Tony was a handful. Jim's experience had proved that. If Johnny took one false step, he might ruin everything. It wasn't that Tony was so smart; she wasn't. But she was abnormally headstrong and touchy, very easy to insult.

Johnny pushed his way into the elevator; a guy could wait around all night being polite. People were packed into it like chickens in a crate, and it smelled of perfume and liquor. Next to Johnny, a grinning infantry lieutenant was cuddling a little blonde.

Johnny smiled grimly to himself. Go to it, bud, he thought. You're sure entitled to it.

At Tony's door, Johnny knocked, then waited for a long time. He shifted from foot to foot. She knew he was on his way up. What was the idea? With an effort of the will, Johnny quelled his impatience. This thing was getting everybody jittery. If they weren't careful, pretty soon they'd all be as unstrung as Doc.

Finally the door was opened. There was Tony, her bushy dark red hair hanging to her shoulders, her greenish-blue eyes heavily rimmed with mascara, her high-cheekboned face a mask of indifference. She had hastily flung on a black velvet dressing gown, which she was holding about her carelessly.

"Hello," she said coldly.

Johnny compressed his lips, then forced a smile.

A fine greeting! He'd got her out of hock to the tune of three Cs, and she acted as if she wasn't sure whether she'd let him in or not.

"Hi, Tony."

He stepped in, and she shut the door. The place stank; clothes were scattered all around; there was an open box of chocolate creams on the table, and a few movie magazines.

"The place's a wreck," said Tony. "I hope you don't mind, Mr. Doyle." She smiled ironically—or at least it seemed so to Johnny. A very irritating broad.

He sat down. She lit a cigarette and flung herself on the couch. Johnny looked at her, without speaking. What a dish this wacky redheaded babe was! Not the kind, of course, you'd expect to get a guy like Jim behind the eight ball, but, nevertheless. . . .

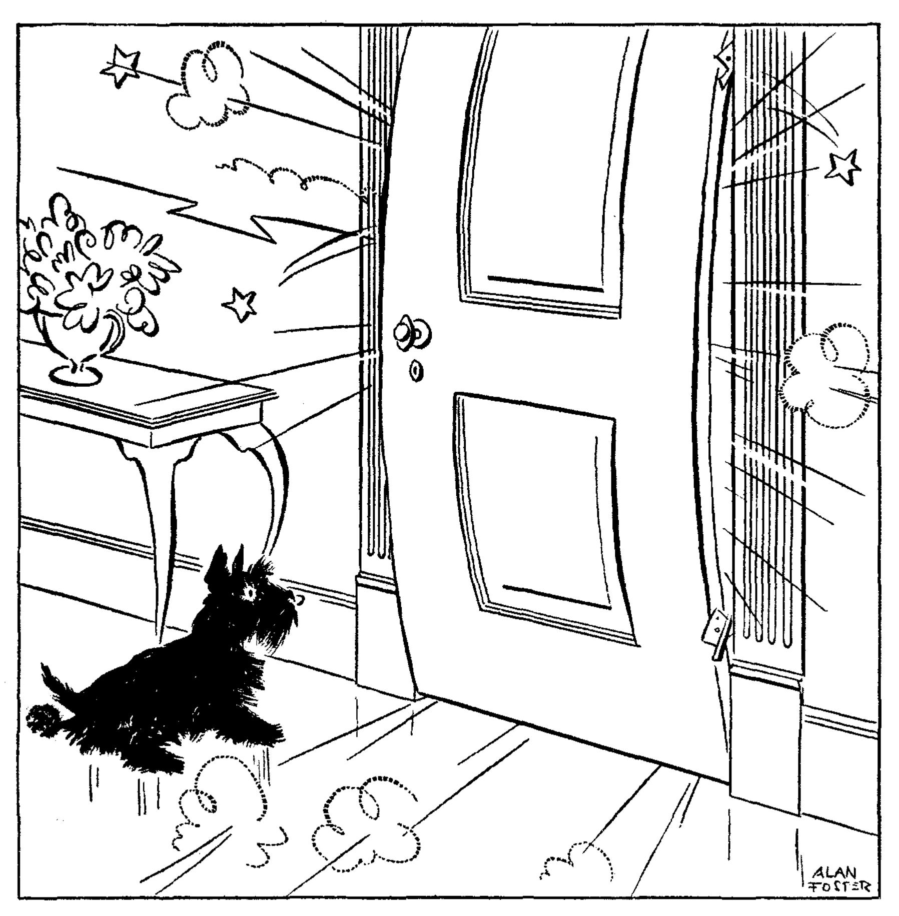
Johnny'd had a yen for her ever since the first time he'd seen her in the lobby of a Miami hotel. But the big fellow had beaten him to the punch—so, hands off. Johnny wasn't like some of Jim's other pals. Not that it was a matter of principle. He just wasn't going to let a broad break him up with the big fellow. Plenty of broads around—but only one Jim.

"How's my big boy?" asked Tony. "Too proud to come down himself, eh?"

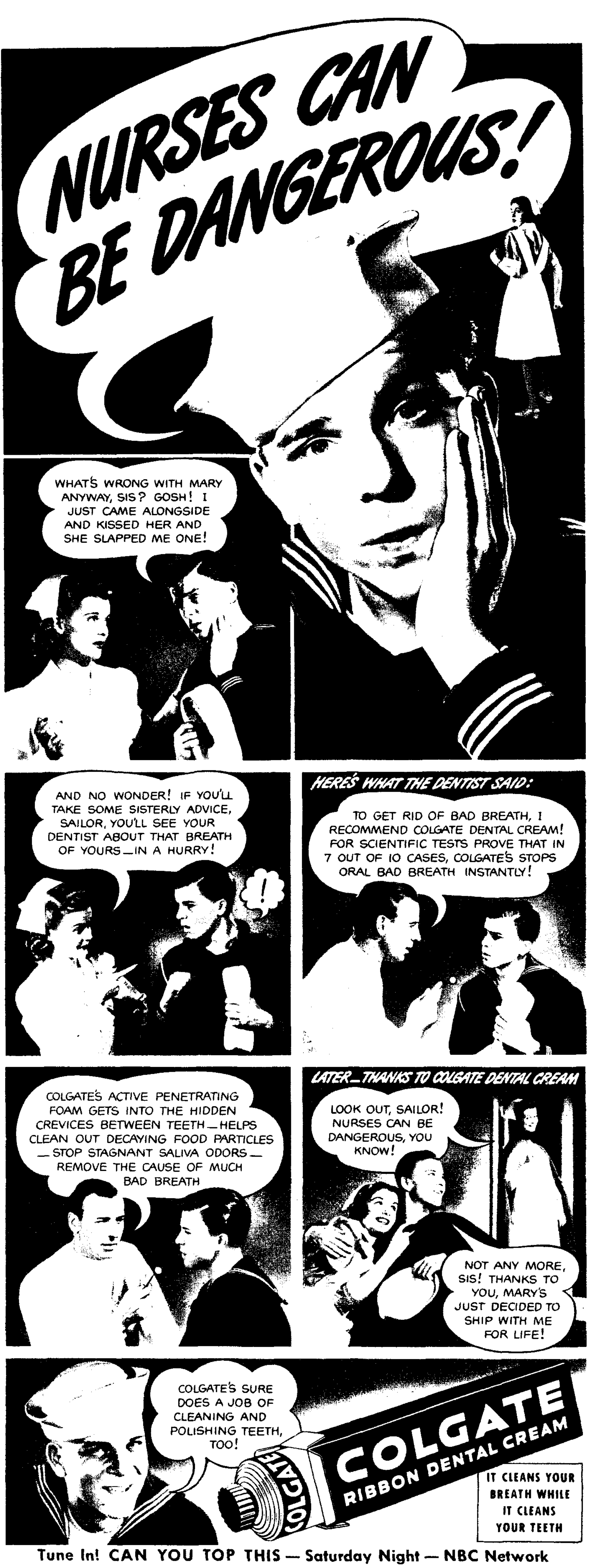
Johnny shook his head. "He doesn't

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER


ALAN FOSTER

COLLIER'S "Mr. Wallace must be rehearsing another radio address"


NURSES CAN BE DANGEROUS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARY ANYWAY, SIS? GOSH! I JUST CAME ALONGSIDE AND KISSED HER AND SHE SLAPPED ME ONE!
AND NO WONDER! IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, SAILOR, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT THAT BREATH OF YOURS—IN A HURRY!
!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID:
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
LOOK OUT, SAILOR! NURSES CAN BE DANGEROUS, YOU KNOW!
NOT ANY MORE, SIS! THANKS TO YOU, MARY'S JUST DECIDED TO SHIP WITH ME FOR LIFE!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

know a thing. Thinks you're in Florida."

"Now I'll tell one."

"Take it from me. It was my idea and—not that I want to be nasty about it—my dough."

Tony studied Johnny's face suspiciously. "I don't believe you," she said finally.

Johnny's irritation got the best of him for a moment. "The big fellow can get along without you. You know that."

Tony drew back sharply. "Maybe he can. But I don't want *you* to tell me."

"All right," said Johnny grudgingly. Who did she think she was, this dame—Lady Astor? "But you've sure got the wrong slant."

"What's your angle, then?" she demanded. "Are you an old friend of the family? Or do you go about helping poor, defenseless women?"

"I was figuring you might be a little help in the biggest thing that's been around since Ringling Brothers."

Tony sat up. "I'm listening," she said.

Johnny asked for a drink and she got a quart of Scotch out of her suitcase. After he'd taken a long pull he went over and sat on the couch with her and told her carefully and at great length as much as he wanted her to know about the business in hand. She listened attentively.

"Well?" said Johnny, finally, considering the question a mere formality.

Tony nodded without a word.

"How about lunch?" Johnny said.

"Let's have it here," said Tony, stretching lazily. "I don't feel like getting dressed."

Johnny called room service and ordered, then he crossed the room and sat on a straight chair a long way from Tony, who studied him for a moment, then burst out laughing.

JIM had been in swimming and was just putting on his clothes when he heard Johnny's car drive up. About time that little mick was showing! During Johnny's absence Jim had been getting more and more irritated with him. After all, the guy might hang around once in a while. It wasn't too much to expect. He walked over and hastily kicked the bedroom door shut. But almost immediately Johnny knocked on it.

"Jim."

"Yeah?" called Jim, sulkily, after a pause.

"Can I see you a minute?"

"What's the rush all of a sudden? You saw me this morning, didn't you?"

Johnny opened the door and came in. Jim was just pulling on a brown-and-white sweater. His arms and torso were tanned a deep brown and looked powerful.

"You're sure getting in shape, Jim," said Johnny. "Maybe you're right about this place. You look ten years younger already."

"I don't feel younger."

Johnny hesitated. He wasn't quite sure how to break the news. He was afraid he'd get Jim and Tony started off wrong.

Jim finally got the sweater on to suit him, then he turned and glanced at Johnny.

"Well? What are you staring at?"

"I ran into a friend of yours downtown."

"Yeah? I hope you didn't tell him where I am. I don't want to see anybody."

"Well," said Johnny, "I had a feeling you'd want to see this party." Jim opened his mouth to speak but Johnny beat him to it. "So I brought her along. I'll take her right away if you say so."

Jim grabbed Johnny by the arm and held him so tight it hurt. "Not Tony!"

Johnny nodded, wanting to break into song. A wide grin had spread over Jim's rather solemn face, making him look like a mischievous kid. Was he pleased! It was going to be all right—very all right.

"Where is she?" Jim demanded.

Johnny jerked his thumb toward the living room and Jim rushed out. Johnny followed leisurely and when he got there Jim was sitting in one of the big armchairs with Tony on his lap. They held a kiss so long that Johnny shook his head in admiration, then called:

"Break."

Jim looked at him, grinning. "When I want him he's never here—when I don't want him . . ."

"I was just getting around to that. Look, folks. I'm going to drive down to Santa Monica for dinner. May stay all night at the hotel. See you later."

"You don't need to overdo it," said Jim.

"Oh, I'll be back eventually. I'm figuring you and Tony have got a couple things to talk over. So get at it."

Jim and Tony exchanged a long look, then they both burst out laughing. Johnny laughed, too, but they ignored him. He stood for a moment watching them, then he turned and left the room, glad that everything had worked out so nicely, but feeling hollow and lonesome and envious of Jim. Just as he shut the front door Jim called:

" 'By, Johnny."

The little lawyer grimaced and didn't reply. He walked thoughtfully to his car, got in and drove off.

THE clock struck midnight hollowly and Tony started. She had been dozing on the big living-room divan, wrapped up in a heavy ulster of Jim's. It was a cool night, a strong wind was blowing, and a heavy surf was pounding at the beach and sending long shudders through the house. She got up on one elbow. Jim was putting more wood on the fire. The radio, turned way down, was playing dance music softly. The room looked wonderful lit only by the flickering flames on the hearth. Tony lay back with a sigh. Jim looked so big and powerful, silhouetted against the firelight.

"Hello," she called softly.

"Hello," said Jim, turning and smiling at her. "Nice tune." He jerked a thumb at the radio. "How about a dance?"

"Sorry to refuse. I think I'll lie this one out. Gee, I'm tired."

"Little girl, you've had a busy day."

"You can say that again. Say—Jim. What about the Filipino boy? Who am I supposed to be?"

"Why—Mrs. Lloyd. You just got in from Florida."

Tony burst out laughing.

There was a short silence, then Jim laughed, too; but he was forcing it. No use kidding himself. Tony was a very irritating girl.

"Yeah," he said, "you're Mrs. Lloyd."

There was a long silence.

"By the way," Jim said at last, "how did you happen to run into Johnny?"

Tony sat up on the divan and Jim came over and sat beside her.

"I was just going into the Biltmore. I looked up and there he was. Was I surprised!"

"Then what?"

"We had lunch together."

"Was it his idea for you to come out to the beach?"

"No," said Tony, shaking her head vigorously. "I asked him to bring me."

"What did he tell you about me?"

"Nothing much. Said you weren't feeling so good, and that you were practically on the wagon."

Jim hesitated for a long time, then he got up and lit a cigarette. "You know, Tony," he said, "you haven't even told me how you happened to be out in this neck of the woods. This is no third degree, but—"

"I was looking for you."

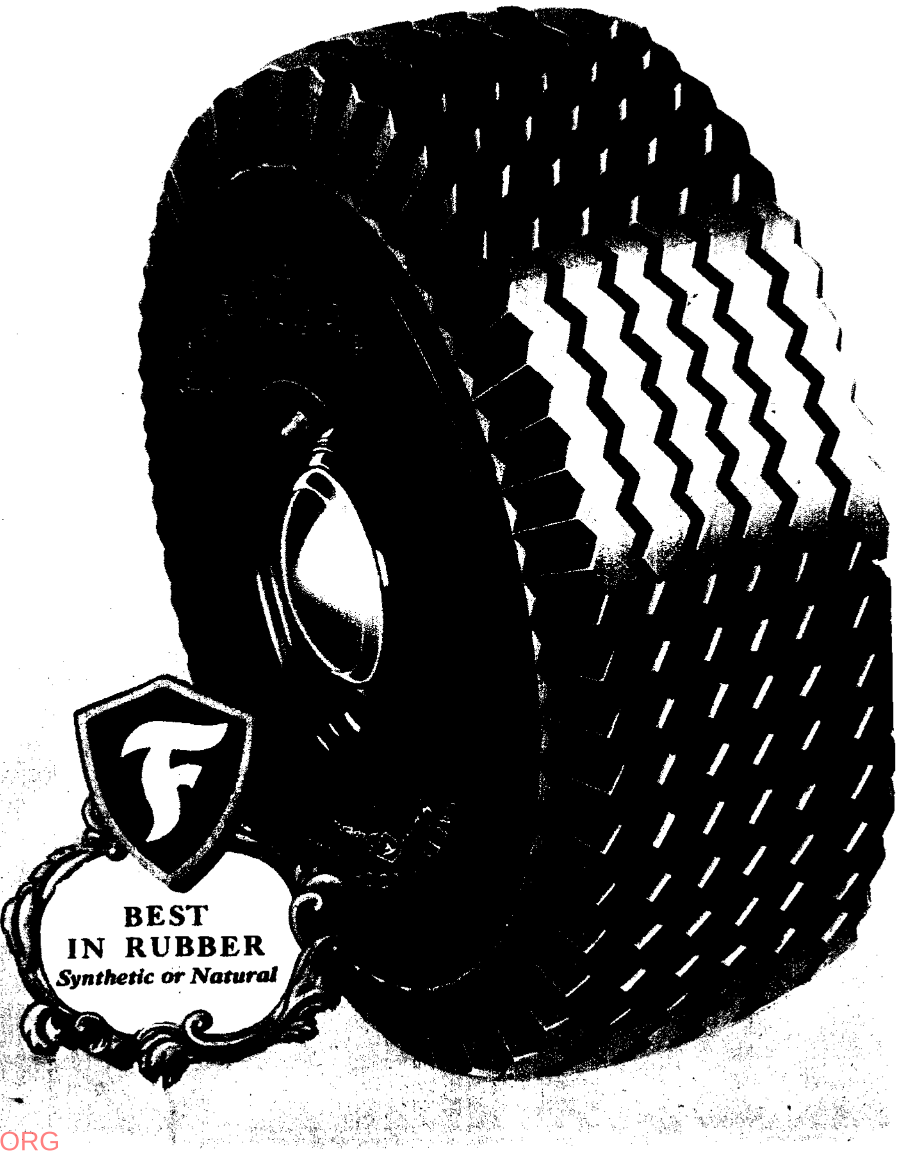
Jim was unable to resist the glow of pleasure this simple statement gave him. "How come?"

"That's obvious."

"What happened to whosis—the ham?"

For
GREATER
SAFETY
and LONGER MILEAG
Buy the New FIRESTONE
DeLuxe Champion
BUILT WITH AMERICAN-MADE SYNTHETIC RUBBER

A bad skid may put your car out of service for the duration. Have you tires recapped as soon as the treads wear smooth. Or, if your tires canno be recapped and if you are eligible to buy new tires, be sure to g Firestone DeLuxe Champions. The famous Gear-Grip Tread gives yo *extra* traction and *extra* protection against skidding. And the *extr* strength of the Safti-Lock Gum-Dipped Cord Body with Safti-Sure Construction enables you to have these tires recapped again and again



WINTER-SURE YOUR CAR at Firestone

THIS YEAR, more than ever before, it will pay you to Winter-Sure your car at Firestone. Have your tires, battery, spark plugs, brakes, lights and horn inspected. Have them repaired or replaced if necessary. Change to the correct grade of lubricants and put in Firestone Super Anti-Freeze. With slippery roads and more hours of darkness ahead... with no new cars being made... with a shortage of replacement parts and with many skilled repairmen gone into the armed forces, you must take steps NOW to stop trouble before trouble stops you!

Don't let the first cold snap catch you unprepared! Have your car Winter-Sured TODAY at Firestone. And protect yourself, as well as your car, against winter weather — see the complete line of driving gloves, robes, heaters, defrosters and other timely, high-quality products now on sale at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store.

HUNDREDS OF USEFUL PRODUCTS AT YOUR NEARBY FIRESTONE DEALER OR STORE

AUTO SUPPLIES
Tires . . . Batteries . . . Spark plugs . . . Auto heaters . . . Defrosters . . . Robes . . . Frost shields . . . Anti-Freeze . . . Seat covers.

HOME SUPPLIES
Record albums . . . Dinnerware . . . Enameled surface rugs . . . Stepladders . . . Housewares . . . Shower curtains.

RECREATION SUPPLIES
Golf accessories . . . Archery . . . Bowling shoes . . . Skis and toboggans . . . Ice skates . . . Footballs and equipment . . . Basketballs . . . Boxing gloves and striking bags.

CLOTHING
Raincoats . . . Jackets . . . Work clothing . . . Women's slack suits . . . Gloves.

PAINTS, WALLPAPER
and accessories.

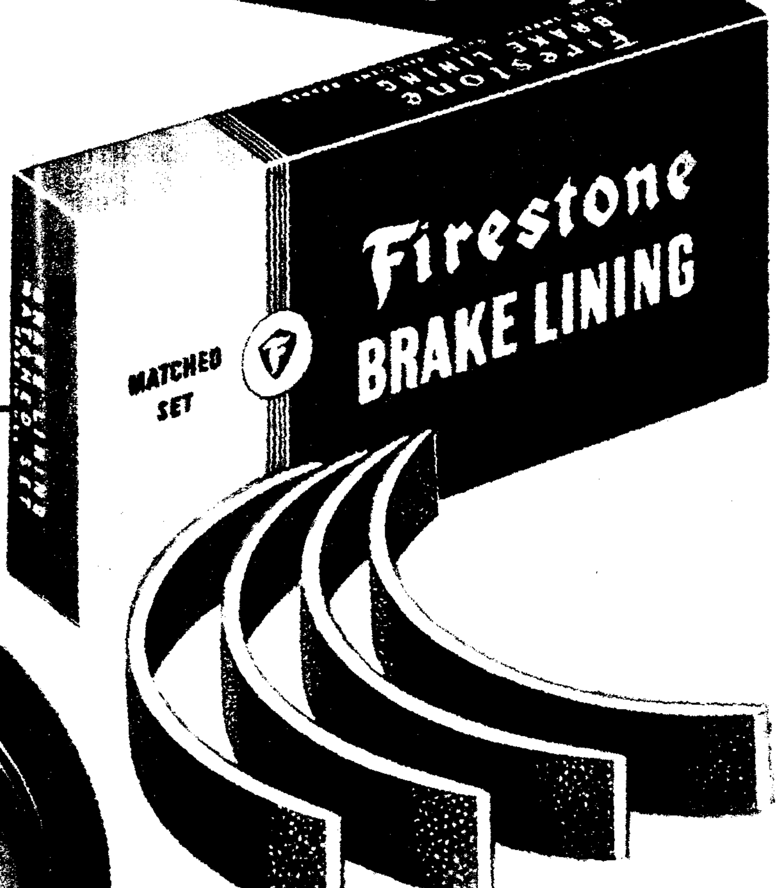
TOYS, BOOKS AND GAMES

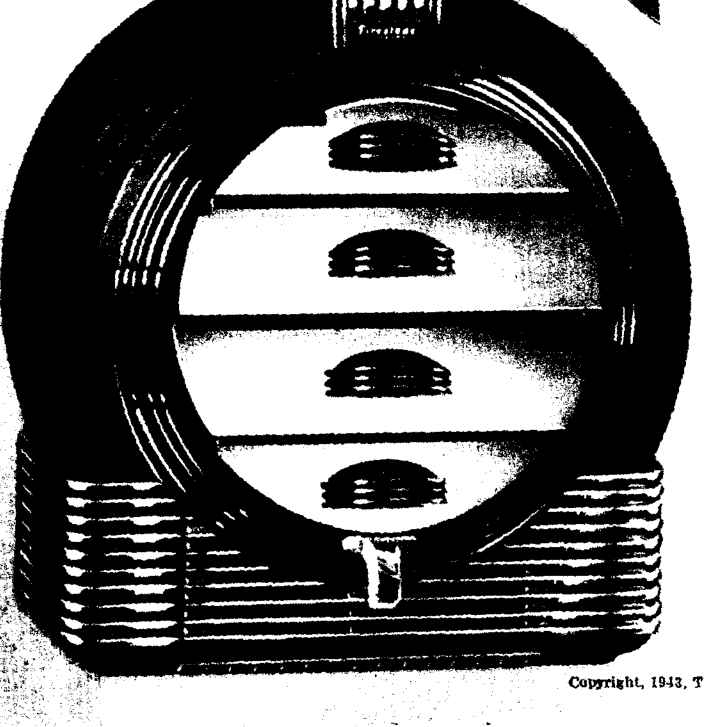
HARDWARE

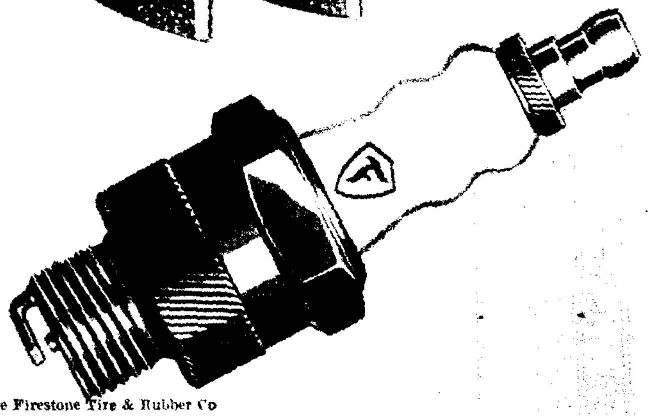
BICYCLES
and accessories . . . Coaster wagons . . . Baby walkers.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, Monday evenings, over N. B. C.

THE MARK OF QUALITY
SYMBOL OF SERVICE
Fiberglas Separators
Firestone
PERMALIFE







Copyright, 1943, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co

"THANKS, DARLING!
...FOR THE CRAZIEST LAUGH-RIOT THAT EVER HIT CAMP! AND EXACTLY WHAT THE GUYS ARE LOOKING FOR THESE DAYS! TELL MOM TO BE SURE TO SEND ONE TO BILL, TOO, AND GET HELEN TO SNAP ONE UP FOR HER SAILOR...BUT QUICK... BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE!
The Scrapbook of ARMY-NAVY HUMOR
84 ROLLICKING PAGES OF LAUGHS-JOKES CARTOONS
FREE!

MOTHERS! WIVES! SISTERS! SWEETHEARTS!

Here's just the book the Boys in the Service want most! The SCRAPBOOK OF ARMY-NAVY HUMOR! It's *by* them—*about* themselves! And it's FREE! 84 hilarious pages—brimful of laughs, cartoons and jokes! All new! Never published before! The *only* book of its kind! And it's offered FREE by Texcel Cellophane Tape (all out for the war these days) to help you remember to ask for this "tape of a thousand uses" when it is again available.

SUPPLY LIMITED! GET ONE FOR YOUR FIGHTING MAN! SEND COUPON TODAY!

Send coupon below or send penny postcard with your name and address to Texcel, P.O. Box 515, New York 1, N.Y. And for the sake of other fighting men, tell your friends, tell your clubs, tell your business and working associates about this free offer of a hilarious "package" of good fun for Our Boys. **SEND NO MONEY!**

TEXCEL C-O.
INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORP.
P. O. Box 515, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me the 84-page Scrapbook of Army-Navy Humor containing Special Reservation Form for additional free copies.

*My Name*____________________

*My Address*____________________

The Scrapbook of ARMY-NAVY HUMOR
TEXCEL
CELLOPHANE TAPE

Tony hesitated, lit a cigarette, then stalled around making herself more comfortable on the couch. "I guess I might as well tell you, Jim," she said. "I went broke in Florida. He paid my way out."

"He didn't come along by any chance—did he?"

"As far as Phoenix."

Jim shook his head in irritation. "How you could put up with that big fag—"

"I had to get here—that's all."

"Why?" asked Jim.

Tony smiled up at him. She looked beautiful, actually beautiful, Jim decided, in the firelight. She was very tired and this gave her a certain languor she didn't ordinarily possess, and there were faint blue shadows of fatigue under her eyes, softening her face and making her look younger, less self-assured.

Jim felt a sudden pang, and bent down toward her.

"*You* know why?" said Tony, softly and seductively. "I said I'd never chase you—not in a thousand years," she went on, reaching up and putting her arms around Jim's neck. "But here I am."

He was completely won over. All his suspicions had disappeared. He felt like the old Jim Farrar. Now things were on the proper footing.

"And am I glad to see you!" he said magnanimously.

JIM'S eyes had been bothering him a little lately, so Johnny drove. It was a moonless night, and the beach road which followed an eccentric course between the headlands on one side and the ocean on the other was dark as a pocket. The parking lights were hardly any help at all. If it hadn't been for the white line, driving would have been impossible.

"Darn the Japs!" said Johnny. "If this is a dimout, I want to see a blackout sometime."

"Look there," said Jim, jerking his thumb at the ocean.

Johnny took a quick glance, then swung the wheel over suddenly; he'd almost gone into the sand.

"Stop bothering me," he said peevishly. "You look at the wonders of nature; I'll drive."

A nervous, fidgety little man, the unremitting strain of the last few weeks had him badly on edge. The nearer the big deal moved toward its consummation the more jittery he became and it could still go wrong, damn it!

Johnny had given the meeting between Jim, Doc and the others a lot of thought. Doc's hotel room was impossible; Jim wouldn't be seen in a joint like that. A downtown bar was no good; some noisy member of the bunco squad might blunder in. He finally decided on a big cocktail bar at the beach, owned by an Irishman he'd made friends with and could trust; it had a private room, just right for his purpose. He and Jim were to meet the others there.

Johnny smiled to himself at his own astuteness. After a few days of Tony's company, Jim was ready to listen to reason. Apparently he'd forgotten all that nonsense about quitting the racket, spending what money he had, and then fluffing off. Silly idea, anyway. He only made one objection. "You know, Johnny," he said, "I've never tried to beat a woman yet."

"Yeah," said Johnny, "but this woman's got around two million dollars."

Later the lawyer had a little trouble with Tony.

"Look," she said, "this dame's loaded with money, and Jim's quite an operator. Suppose he marries her—then what?"

Johnny snorted. "He wouldn't marry a Rockefeller—that guy!"

"I don't know," said Tony dubiously. "It's worth a thought."

"Take my word for it," said Johnny, dismissing the subject with a decided gesture.

As Johnny drove up in front of the cocktail bar, which was known as the Ship and had a façade tricked out with portholes, ropes and anchors, he said, "They're a sad-looking lot, Jim. Windy and Shake are has-beens of the worst kind; and Doc's on the junk."

"I know them," said Jim impatiently. "None of them was ever too much."

Johnny glanced at Jim out of the corner of his eye. No doubt about it: Jim was at the top of his profession! He was the best. Still—there were a few other guys around who knew their business, too; but you'd never think so to hear Jim tell it. Johnny considered this a bad weakness. It was foolish and dangerous to underestimate everybody.

They got out of the car and went into the cocktail bar. It was Monday, an off night. There was nobody at the bar except a couple of lonesome-looking buck privates, drinking beer. The bartender grinned at Johnny.

"Them guys you're expecting are here," he said.

"Thanks," said Johnny, and went through the bar and out a door at the back, which led, by way of a passage resembling a ship's corridor, to an arched entryway, beyond which was a stateroom door. Jim followed him, calmly smoking a cigar.

Pop, Windy, Shake and Doc were sitting around a table, drinking beer. When Jim came in, they all got up but Doc, who sat staring—his face pale, his eyes glittering. Johnny groaned inwardly. Doc was loaded to the ears. Jim shook hands all around, smiling pleasantly, and exuding that good will which was his stock in trade. Johnny studied him covertly. It was amazing. Even Doc thawed a little and managed a smile which was almost good-natured.

Jim sat down and Johnny buzzed the waiter and ordered another round of beer for the four men and highballs for Jim and himself. Jim leaned his elbows on the table and talked calmly about Florida and how things had gone to hell since the Army took over. It was a dead spot now.

"I hear you done all right," said Windy so obsequiously that Doc threw him a sharp glance. Doc was used to being the big guy to Windy. At the moment he was less than nothing and it griped him.

"Pretty fair," said Jim, grinning. "Pretty fair."

JOHNNY glanced about him. They were all grinning in sympathy with Jim—all but Doc. He had tipped his chair back into the shadows, effacing himself, and he sat looking on enigmatically—like the skeleton at the feast.

"You like it out here, Mr. Farrar?" asked Shake politely.

"Yeah," said Jim. "It ought to be a great spot after the war."

The waiter came with the drinks, put them on the table, and went out.

Shake and Windy sipped their beer, smiling happily, basking in Jim's presence. To them it was too good to be true. But Doc, sitting back in the shadows, his hat pulled down almost to his nose, let his beer get flat as he studied Jim—a man he had always hated and envied. He noted the tanned, virile face; the steady, dark eyes; the curly dark hair, streaked with gray; the look of unshakable self-assurance. He took in the expensive clothes, the careful grooming, the air of money-in-the-bank.

Doc hated and envied Jim not only for his easy successes with both men and women, but for his health and strength, his essential normality. It was nauseating the way Windy and Shake were fawning on him. Doc wanted to jump up and say, "We don't need you as much as you think, you big louse! We've got a proposition to make. Take it or leave it!"

Shake began a long-winded story about a big take he'd made in the old days. When Shake once got off on one of those stories he was oblivious to those around him; he talked for his own benefit. Doc noticed the look of boredom and indifference which the big fellow made no attempt to hide. In fact, nobody listened to the story except Windy, who guffawed in the right places—thinking Shake must have been quite a guy in the old days.

Jim finally cut Shake off in the middle of his story with a curt but good-natured, "Yeah—I remember all about that. Now let's talk about Mrs. Halvorsen." He paused. "Johnny looked her up. She's got millions. In fact there's no doubt about anything at all except this: I operate alone without interference of any kind."

Pop took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to speak. "Naturally," he said.

"Wait a minute, Pop," Doc cut in. "You've got no say-so in this. You contacted Johnny, that's all. I promised you five hundred—and that's it. Mrs. Halvorsen belongs to us." He indicated Shake, Windy and himself. "We located her."

Johnny saw that Jim was getting annoyed. "What's your point, Doc?" he interposed hastily.

"I'm just settling Pop—that's all. So we'll know where we stand."

"I was figuring I ought to have a cut," said Pop, his heart sinking.

Jim glanced at him quickly. "I'll take care of you. Forget it."

POP smiled, but said nothing. His worries were over on that score. The big fellow was not given to idle talk. Pop couldn't resist throwing a triumphant glance in Doc's direction.

Doc boiled and tipping his chair forward got to his feet. "That means we don't owe you a thing, is that it, Pop?" he asked, his voice trembling slightly.

"How do you figure?" Johnny cut in.

"You keep out of this," said Doc. "Listen . . ."

Jim slapped his hand down on the table, and they all looked at him. "Wait a minute, you guys. Now look. Either you stop this penny-ante squabbling, or I'm out."

There was a long pause. Pop smiled to himself in grim satisfaction. Doc's face twitched violently and he got paler than ever, but he compressed his lips and said nothing. Windy and Shake held their breath, scared half out of their wits by this sudden, unfavorable turn.

"Pop gets his five hundred," said Jim. "Is that understood?"

Nobody said anything. Johnny glanced at Doc, who, after a long pause, nodded.

"All right," said Jim. "Now about the rest of the setup. You guys located the sucker. But I've got to finance the job, do all the work, and take the risks. I want two thirds. It's the only way I'll operate."

"That only leaves us a third between us," said Doc. "That's highway robbery."

"Wait a minute, Doc," said Shake. "A third of something is better than all of nothing. That's plain arithmetic."

"Suits me," Windy put in; but everybody ignored him.

"I got to think this over," said Doc.

Jim got up abruptly. "Take it or leave it right now," he said as he put on his hat. "It's all one to me. I won't starve."

Doc winced slightly but stubbornly held his ground. What a spot to be in! He didn't have a leg to stand on and knew it. And yet something inside him resisted. He'd been pretty big once, himself. He was no small-timer anybody could push around.

Jim turned and walked to the door. Johnny got up slowly and followed him. He wasn't worried because he could tell Jim was merely putting on an act—the clincher. The big fellow wasn't really annoyed at all. He was merely operating automatically, as he had done on their arrival with his good-will act.

Just as Jim started out the door, Doc called in a harsh voice, "All right, Farrar. That's it. But let me ask you a question?"

Jim turned. "Yeah?"

"How big do you figure the take will be?"

Without hesitation Jim said, "With that kind of money—a hundred Gs."

"Will you guarantee us thirty thousand dollars?"

"Yes," said Jim, "if I make the take."

"Okay," said Doc.

Jim said goodby to the others offhandedly and went out, followed by Johnny. When the door shut, Doc said, "He'll probably blow it. He can't hold onto money."

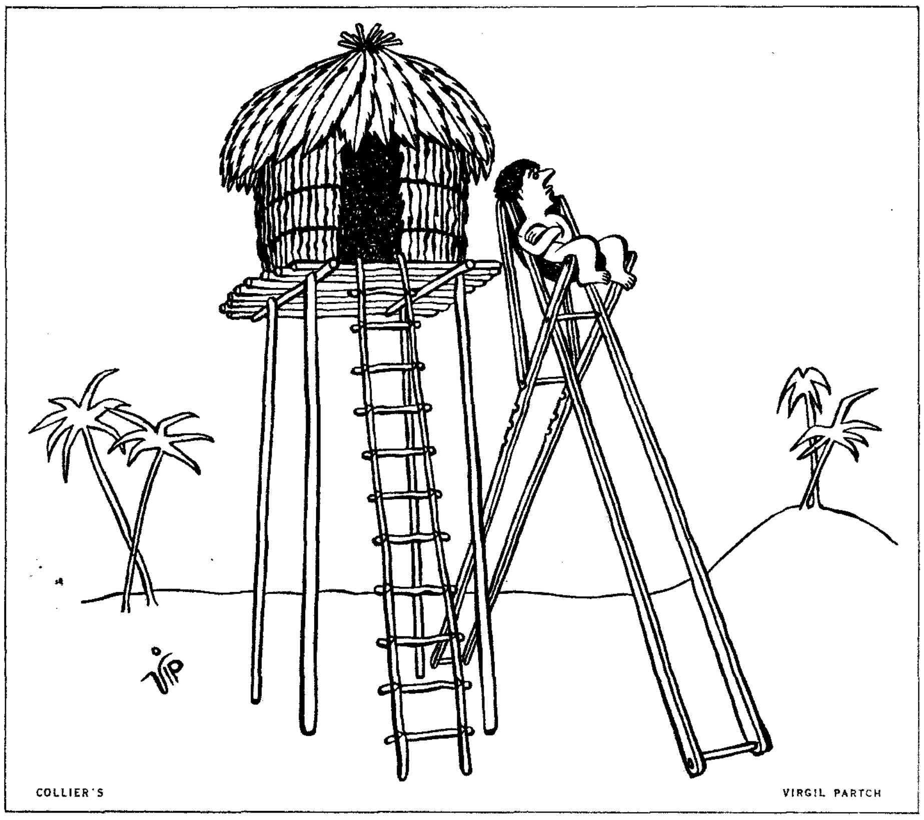
Pop glanced at Doc with a smile of amusement, but made no comment.

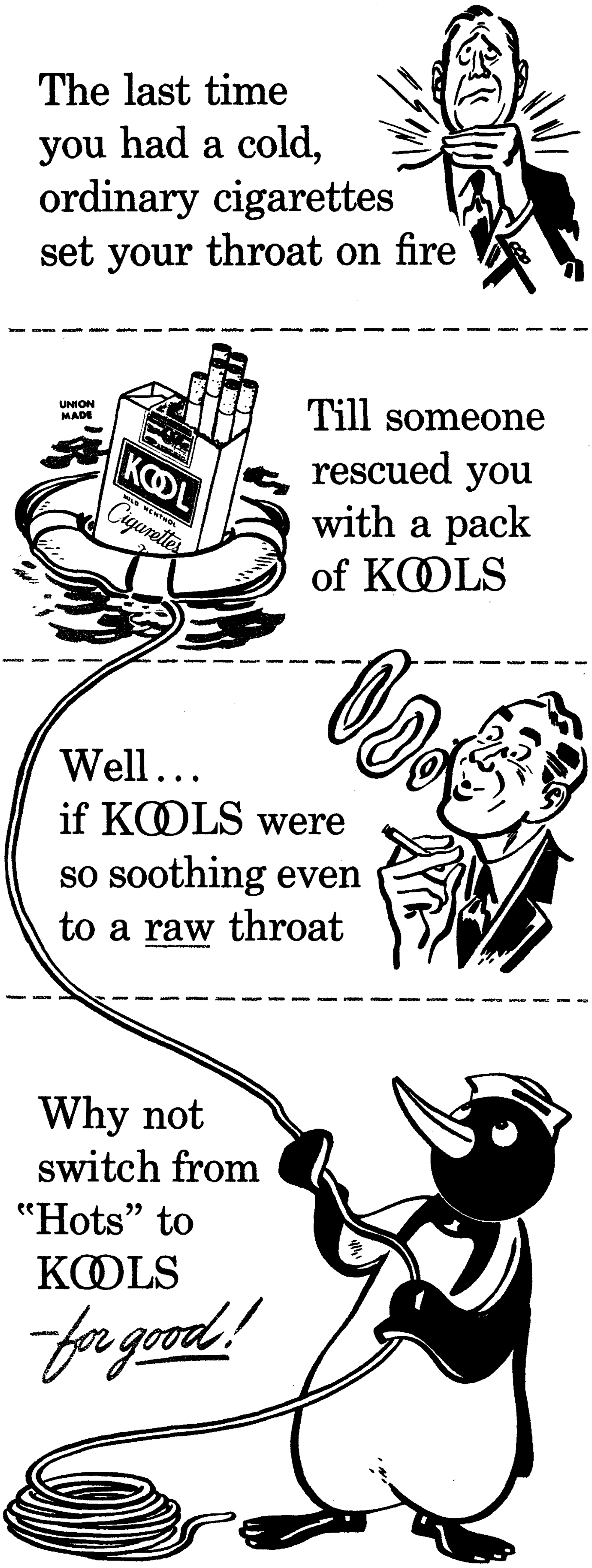
"Ten grand," cried Windy. "I get ten grand. I just figured it out."

"If and when," said Doc.

"Cut it out, Doc," Shake put in, "you know the big fellow don't blow them."

Doc sat down and drummed on the table. His ego had got a bad jarring. He was used to Windy and Shake, both inferiors, and to the riffraff he met in the





P.S. No. 9 ... 37
So...what about P.S. No. 9?

We know about the playing fields of Eton . . . but what about Public School No. 9? ☆ ☆ ☆ Skinny Wolenski sold papers after school . . . but found time to pitch on the ball team. A grenade he tossed square into a pillbox saved a day at Messina. ☆ ☆ ☆ Then take Fatty Foster . . . from swank Murray Hill. He was third-string center on the football squad, but a first-string bombardier . . . His sister, Mary Jane . . . is a prisoner in Japan . . . but some of the lads who made it from Bataan, have trouble with their voices when they talk of her job with the wounded. ☆ ☆ ☆ And smart aleck Manny Cohen . . . His score in a Grumman at Guadalcanal made good a lot of adolescent bragging. ☆ ☆ ☆ Tony Maurillo was the leader of our gang . . . and always managed to take the rap . . . what he took over the Ruhr from some "Mess-up one-o-nines" never changed the grin on his face . . . his chore at the tail gun-turret of a Fortress, got 'em back at the price of one life . . . instead of nine. ☆ ☆ ☆ Timid Arch Percival got the Navy Cross (posthumously we're sorry to say). It had to do with the blazing oil and a job of saving his crew. ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

So goes the record on . . . and on. For high traditions are life lines on which posterity's pattern is built . . . and America's part in this global crusade simply emphasizes once again, that our participation on the far-flung battle front is . . . "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

We're modestly proud, that at this moment, Hydraulic Systems and Electronic Units which are vital components of our Air Force planes, are being supplied in ever increasing numbers to our Government.

Randolph C. Walker
PRESIDENT

AAC
Products

AIRCRAFT ACCESSORIES CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

MANUFACTURERS OF
PRECISION AIRCRAFT EQUIPMENT
HYDRAULICS . . . . . . ELECTRONICS

BURBANK, CALIF. • KANSAS CITY, KANS. • NEW YORK, N. Y. • CABLE ADDRESS: AACPRO cheap bars he frequented. He was not in any way prepared for a clash with a man like Jim Farrar. It had been a physical shock, as if he'd been whipped. He felt exhausted and ashamed. He smiled ironically for the benefit of the others.

"Every time I see Jim Farrar I'm surprised how much bumpkin he's got in him."

Nobody said anything. They all knew Doc better than he realized.

ON THE way home Jim was silent for such a length of time that finally Johnny took his eyes off the white line long enough to throw him a glance of inquiry. The big fellow's face looked slack and sad in the dim light from the dash.

"The nerve of that coked-up excroaker," said Johnny, trying to draw Jim out.

"What a bunch!" said Jim, then lapsed into silence again.

Although Jim said nothing about it, the old disquiet had returned. The sight of those four has-beens, in that dismal back room, had driven all thoughts of Tony from his mind; he felt depressed and alone. No matter how you tried to gloss it over, fundamentally things were mighty ugly; a man had nothing to look forward to but decrepitude. Jim tried to picture himself as he would be at Pop's age; an old bore, probably buttonholing any guy in sight so he could talk about himself and what he used to be. His hair white, no teeth, no manhood, no nothing. What was the sense in hanging on? Jim had a sudden impulse to call the whole deal off. It was absurd, this rushing around, trying to make a fortune. In fact, didn't all activity seem futile? Everything led to old age and ultimately the grave. He groaned inwardly, hoping that Johnny would not notice his mood.

But when they got to the beach house, Tony had a fire going and the big room was so cheerful and Tony looked so good in a dark green hostess gown that Jim gradually recovered his spirits. She kissed him and said, "How about some scrambled eggs? Say the word—and I'll fix them with my own lily-white hands."

"Sounds fine," said Jim, hugging her. "Eh, Johnny?"

Johnny shrugged. "I think I'll drink my sustenance—if you don't mind."

Behind Jim's back he winked and nodded at Tony, who made a quick gesture with thumb and forefinger which said, "Nice work, kid."

While Tony was in the kitchen, Jim sat staring into the fire which was leaping on the hearth and giving off a fine, clean odor.

Johnny came over from the bar and stood beside him with a highball in his hand. "This should be a record one," he observed.

"Yeah," said Jim. "I'll really fix myself for life with this one. Only thing is—I don't like giving a woman the business."

Johnny snorted. "With her money, she can stand it."

CHARLEY EVANS, Doc's college friend and manager of the Marwood Arms, was very much taken with his new "guest," Mr. James Lloyd, the oilman from Houston, Texas. "He's got wealth written all over him," he told his sister who lived with him, "but he's so democratic. His business manager, a lawyer by the name of Riley, made all the arrangements for him and took our most expensive suite without a quibble. I expected to see some very snooty person—after all, most of our guests—and many of them very exclusive people—make their own arrangements.

"I was very surprised when Mr. Lloyd turned up. He's so friendly I felt at home with him right away. Every employee in the place thinks he's wonderful. He's a good tipper, of course, and that helps with the employees; but that's not everything by any means, as you know, darling. Remember the trouble I had with that Russian prince? He was a big tipper, but in spite of that, every employee in the place wanted to drop something on him. He was insufferable. So nasty—even to me. I'm glad he left. He'd eventually get arsenic in his soup. That crazy Italian chef—well. . . ."

His sister nodded to show that she was listening. Charley was always talking about his "guests"; especially the wealthy ones. She thought that her brother was a very nice man, but at times his snobbery jarred her sensibilities.

During Jim's first week at the Marwood he was seldom around the place. He left about ten in the morning and went to his beach house where he spent the day with Tony, lolling about in the sand. Johnny would turn up late in the afternoon and they'd all have dinner together. Jim usually got back to the Marwood early in the evening and went immediately to his suite. He was a slow and calculating operator. He knew it would be remarked that he was seldom around; and that was exactly what he wanted.

Johnny had moved to a Santa Monica hotel in spite of protests from both Jim and Tony. It looked better, he insisted.

"To whom?" Jim demanded, jeering at Johnny.

"To Telesfero—if nobody else," Johnny said and was howled at.

All the same, he had his reasons. Tony made him uneasy. She was just the kind of dame who would get herself into a jam out of boredom. She was on the chisel—true; but she was not smart and strong-willed enough to control her nature for any length of time—even to encompass an important end. She was a very casual babe, completely without scruples.

HE HAD a beef with Jim about leaving the beach house, and Jim, by some of his remarks, almost goaded him into stating his real reasons for leaving. At times Jim amazed him by his obtuseness. Johnny had never kidded himself about his personal appearance—he was far from handsome and admitted it. All the same, he'd never lacked for women. What made Jim so certain Tony wouldn't give him a tumble? Didn't he know that looks and size weren't everything? Hadn't he yet got wised up to the fact that to some women—especially women like Tony—a little homely man on the spot was better than three faraway Adonises?

Later, he had another beef, and a more serious one, with Jim. There was around seventy-five thousand dollars in cash hidden in the beach house, and Johnny was the only one who knew where it was with the exception of Jim. Johnny insisted that it be moved to a safety-deposit box. And when Jim demanded to know why, Johnny said, "In the first place: I know where it is. In the second place: Tony."

"You're not insinuating she'd jump with it, are you?"

"She's human."

"And so are you."

Johnny kept his temper with difficulty. "That's what I mean."

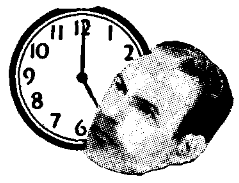
"That's not what you mean. You just don't want to be blamed in case it disappears."

"Right," said Johnny.

"It's not going to disappear." Jim studied Johnny for a moment, then said patiently, "I want it where I can get my hands on it. In this business you never know. I might have to lam quick. I shouldn't have to tell you this."

There was a certain coolness between them most of one afternoon due to the second beef. Johnny thought Jim was acting like a pigheaded fool; and Jim thought Johnny was acting like a petty-larceny jerk. Things were finally smoothed over, and they all had dinner together, Tony getting a little tight and amusing them by

SMOOTH SAILING WHEN YOU AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'!

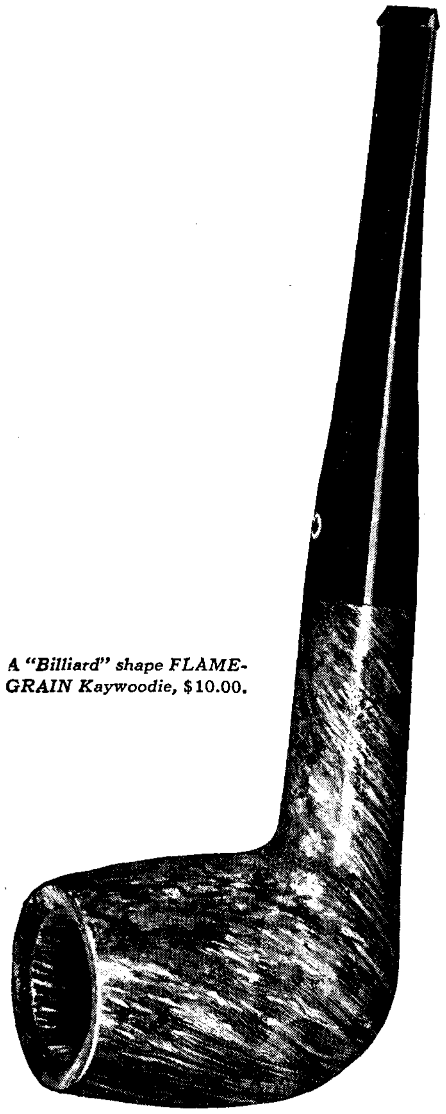


1. Smooth sailors don't just happen! They're *created* by those super-keen Gem Blades which prevent messy "5 o'clock Shadow". Gem's the blade that keeps you smoother *longer*—that keeps you face-neat far into the night.

2. Economical, too! Gem's sturdy, thicker steel takes a deep wedge-edge which gives more shaves per blade. And don't forget that Gems are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They must fit precisely, shave perfectly.

YOUR DEALER HAS AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF GEM BLADES!
GEM
SINGLEDGE
GEM BLADE
GEM

Your Gem Razor must last you for the duration; dry it carefully after each shave.



A *"Billiard" shape FLAME-GRAIN Kaywoodie,* $10.00.

"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

Put your tobacco in a Kaywoodie. When you do, you entrust it to a piece of briar so rare (brought from the Mediterranean, before the war) and so thoroughly prepared, that we believe there's no equal of it today, anywhere.

You hear men saying "I smoke a Kaywoodie" all over the world. Who are they, who say it? Men who know pipes best. Who've had all kinds.

A Kaywoodie is mellowed and seasoned beyond anything done to other pipes. And cured with tempering agents that permeate its Mediterranean briar. It yields the most delicious flavor, tempting and satisfying, that you ever enjoyed from a pipe.

Kaywoodie Co., New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

BUY
WAR
BONDS
KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

smoking a cigar and doing an exaggerated conga at the same time.

At the beginning of his second week at the Marwood, Jim decided it was time to show himself at dinner. He put on a tuxedo which had set him back two hundred dollars in Florida and went down to the bar at a quarter to eight. He made a fine appearance with his curly, graying hair carefully brushed, and his tanned face looking very dark above his immaculate white shirt front.

At a little after eight, he entered the dining room. André, the headwaiter, conducted him to the best available table. Jim had no sooner been seated than Charley Evans came over to him, beaming.

"Good evening, Mr. Lloyd," he said, bowing politely. "Happy to see you here. I think you'll find our cuisine above reproach—in spite of the trouble we're having due to the war. If not, please tell me."

"Thank you, Mr. Evans. Won't you sit down?"

Charley sat down quickly, smirking. "Just for a moment."

"I like the Marwood," said Jim. "Very comfortable. I've been so busy lately I haven't been able to see much of it. But things will slack off soon, then I'll be here more. I need a rest."

"We'll see that you get it."

Encouraged by Jim's polite interest, Evans chatted on. Jim thought the little manager was an eight-cylinder bore and a jerk, but you'd never have guessed it from his manner. Evans glowed with pleasure as he sat hobnobbing on an equal footing with this obviously rich and able man; so democratic, so easy to approach, so unlike many of his rich guests, who seemed to think that a hotel manager was a servant.

EVANS suddenly realized that he was taking up a lot of Jim's time and reluctantly got up. Just as he was saying good-by a tall woman in a white dinner gown was escorted to a near-by table by André who was all smiles and bows.

"Good evening, Mrs. Halvorsen," said Evans, bowing. "It's nice to see you."

"Good evening, Mr. Evans," said the woman, in a pleasant voice.

Jim paid no attention. Evans turned to him. "A charming woman, Mr. Lloyd. One of our most valued clients."

"Really," said Jim without turning.

Evans went over to Mrs. Halvorsen's table, a little annoyed by Mr. Lloyd's lack of interest in his pet guest.

Jim ordered, then sat smoking a cigarette and calmly looking about the dining room, which was gradually filling up. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Evans leave Mrs. Halvorsen's table. Little by little, he moved his chair so that without seeming to he could get a good look at his "sucker."

He was surprised. He'd heard only that she was a rich widow—forty. He'd expected her to be dowdy; or fat and kittenish; and an easy touch. She was neither fat, kittenish, nor dowdy. She was tall and slender, with a trim figure; her hair was dark and abundant, and she wore it up; her face was narrow, sensitive, and patrician-looking. She had fine dark eyes under arched black brows. She looked poised and self-assured. She was dressed simply and wore no jewelry except a wedding ring. Aside from a slightly worn look and a certain tiredness about the eyes, she might have been a woman of thirty, or less.

Jim was slightly annoyed. If he knew anything at all about people, she was going to be a problem. He'd expected something much easier. This would take careful and astute managing. He felt suddenly tired. Here he was on the same old merry-go-round again; the thing he'd run away from. Groaning inwardly, he saw the whole boring comedy, step by step: the approach, the build-up, the clincher, the take, the brush-off. It might be a matter of weeks—months, even; when all he wanted to do was lie in the sun and enjoy Tony's company. . . .

The next afternoon he ran into the manager in the lobby and stopped to talk with him. The manager commented on the coolness of the summer weather, and assured Jim that ordinarily California summers were not nearly so cool. "Not that they are ever hot, in the Midwestern sense," he added hastily. Then he said with an obsequious smile: "The charming lady I was telling you about—Mrs. Halvorsen—asked me who you were. She was surprised when I told her you were an oilman. She said you looked more like a doctor."

"A horse doctor?" Jim asked, playing it straight.

Evans was a little bewildered by this comment. "No. No," he said. "A real doctor—a scientist."

"She's a nice-looking woman," said Jim. "Seems to be. I didn't get a very good look at her."

He turned away as if to go to the elevator. Evans detained him.

"I hope you don't misunderstand my talking about Mrs. Halvorsen," he said, feeling that Jim was being somewhat offhand and wondering why. "She's one of my favorite people. I thought you'd be pleased to know she asked about you."

"Thanks—I am," said Jim.

"She's a very cultivated woman," said Evans. "Very wealthy."

"I'm sure she is," said Jim and, turning away again, went to the elevator.

Evans bit his lip in annoyance. He had wanted to arrange an introduction. He'd expected it to be easy, Mr. Lloyd had seemed so approachable; but in this matter, well—he felt a certain constraint in the oilman's attitude. "Oh, well—rich men," he soothed himself, "they have to be so careful. It's too bad. He's the most presentable and suitable man that's been here since Mrs. Halvorsen arrived. I do hope she doesn't get bored with the Marwood Arms—after all, it is a little quiet here; pretty staid." Being a worrier by nature, Evans felt somewhat upset—it was his business, as manager, to keep the Marwood Arms filled with rich and respectable people—Mrs. Halvorsen was both to a marked degree. Now if she were to get bored. . . .

The elevator door opened and Mrs. Halvorsen got out. Jim stood aside to let her pass. She was wearing a dark blue suit and a very attractive large hat. Her eyes rested on his face for a moment—her glance was pleasant, neither distant nor provocative, and yet there was a certain shyness about it that made it very attractive to Jim. He smiled in a friendly way, and bowed slightly as she passed; then he got into the elevator and went up to his room.

TWO days later Jim went into the bar at cocktail time. He was feeling a little weary. Tony had insisted on having a violent row with him over nothing; and then, just as he was on the point of telling her to shut her big mouth, she'd become very apologetic—almost groveling, in fact. "Well," Jim told himself, "at least she's not boring."

The bar was very restful, with its subdued air, and its scattering of polite people, talking in low voices. He sat at the bar, sipped a highball, and meditated.

In a moment, he heard a pleasant voice behind him and turned. It was Mrs. Halvorsen and she was accompanied by a tall man about fifty, very well dressed, and with a languid, well-satisfied air, which annoyed Jim. Mrs. Halvorsen's shy, pleasant glance rested on his face for a moment. He smiled.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening, Mr. Lloyd," she replied, and went on.

NEW WAY TO FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

Medical science has made important advances recently in fighting Athlete's Foot. It is now known that the fungus organisms which cause the disease cannot live under certain alkaline conditions . . . and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—causing danger of re-infection.

Based on new scientific knowledge, a new Mennen product—Quinsana Powder—is producing sensational results. Records kept of thousands of persons show that Athlete's Foot infection disappeared in practically all cases after only 30 days treatment with Quinsana. You can get Quinsana now in drug and dept. stores throughout the U. S.

2-WAY TREATMENT

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily to help prevent and relieve infection. Most common symptoms of Athlete's Foot are cracks and peeling between toes; mild infection may suddenly progress to more serious form.

2. Shake Quinsana into shoes every day to absorb moisture, thereby reducing chances of re-infection from this source. Being a powder, Quinsana is conveniently used in the shoes as well as on feet.

MENNEN
QUINSANA
QUINSANA
A MENNEN
PRODUCT

Only 50¢ for large pkg. of Quinsana. Use daily as a protective measure as well as for relief. It is also excellent for excessive perspiration and foot odor.

Pharmaceutical Division
The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

She and the man sat at a table some distance from the bar, and Jim couldn't observe them without craning his neck. He paid for his drink and went out. It was time he did something. This big guy with her looked like dough and also like a guy who'd been around.

Shortly before he went in to dinner, he managed to run into Evans as if it were an accident. He spoke to him in such a friendly way, that Mr. Evans responded, glowing, and asked him to dinner. Jim accepted.

Mrs. Halvorsen had dinner with the big guy, but Jim could see that she wasn't much interested in what he had to say. Her eyes kept wandering about the room. Finally she looked at him and he smiled and nodded. Evans smiled and nodded, too.

"Who's the man with Mrs. Halvorsen?" Jim asked.

"Mr. W. W. Manning," said Evans, promptly, "a big corporation lawyer—retired. He's been one of my valued clients for years."

"He looked familiar to me. But I guess I'm wrong."

"Would you like to meet him?"

"Yes," said Jim. "It's possible I've met him before. I'd just like to know."

When they'd finished dinner, they stopped at Mrs. Halvorsen's table. Evans introduced Jim to both Manning and Mrs. Halvorsen.

They talked for a moment, then Jim said he'd have to go, that he wanted to get a good night's sleep, as he was going to the beach for a swim. He glanced at Mrs. Halvorsen.

"It's nice at the beach now," he said, talking directly to her.

"I haven't been to the beach since I've been here—not to swim, that is."

"You can have my share of that," said Manning. "I don't trust the Pacific—it's grossly misnamed. Rip tides: I don't know what all."

You big cluck, Jim thought. It was obvious the lady wanted to go for a swim.

"Well, good night," said Jim. "It's nice to have seen you."

He smiled at Mrs. Halvorsen, who smiled, very friendly, but with a slight touch of disappointment—which Jim didn't miss.

As soon as Jim got to the lobby he shook off Evans by telling him he was going to take a walk before turning in. He went to a drugstore down the street and called Johnny on the pay phone, telling him what arrangements to make; Tony was to spend the whole day at Johnny's hotel or anywhere else she could think of; Johnny was to come to the beach house, and be the host.

"I'll do the rest," said Jim.

"Nice work," said Johnny.

That night Jim slept fitfully. His nerves were on edge, as they always were, at the beginning of a long process which led eventually to separating a sucker from his bank roll. At dawn he got up and looked out the window. Along the wide boulevard, tall palm trees stood rigid in the pale morning light. The air was crystal clear, promising a hot day; perfect for the beach.

"She likes me, that woman," he observed as he got back into bed. "Yep; I could see it in her eyes. But with her I've got to go slow—she's a new one on me!"

JIM called Mrs. Halvorsen at ten the next morning. He apologized for phoning so early but she said she'd been up for hours; her voice sounded very pleasant and friendly; Jim thought he noticed a faint note of eagerness even. He told her his business manager, Mr. Riley, had a beach house and he often went down for a swim. It was such a beautiful day, he said, he was wondering if she'd like to go along. They could be back at the Marwood for dinner—if she preferred.

"I'd like it very much," said Mrs. Halvorsen.

"Could you leave in an hour?" Jim asked politely.

"Half an hour, if that suits you better."

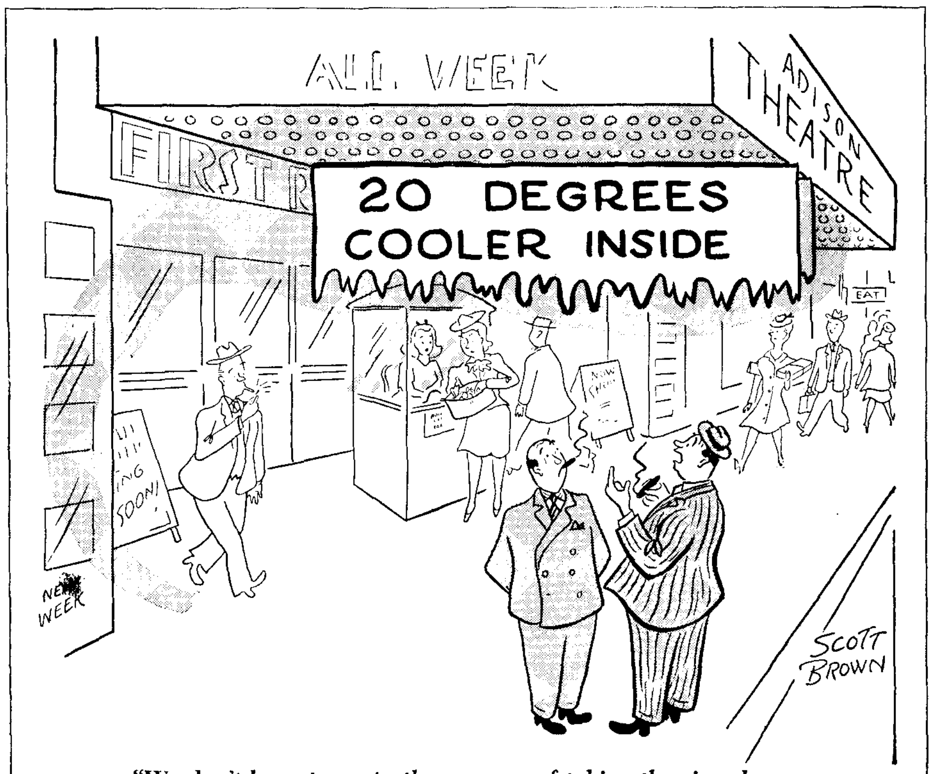
Forty-five minutes later they were in Jim's car on their way to La Junta Beach. Mrs. Halvorsen had on a navy blue sweater and a white coat and skirt, and seemed quite youthful, not only because of her slim figure, but also because of her expression—she looked eager, like a kid going to a picnic.

"A very nice-looking woman—and a lady," Jim told himself, glancing respectfully at Mrs. Halvorsen from time to time. "Not my type—but I'm a so-and-so if I can see why she's running around loose; even if she didn't have a plugged dime. With all that loot—well, the boys are sure missing a bet."

"I understand you're in the oil business," said Mrs. Halvorsen politely.

"More or less," said Jim.

"In Texas?"



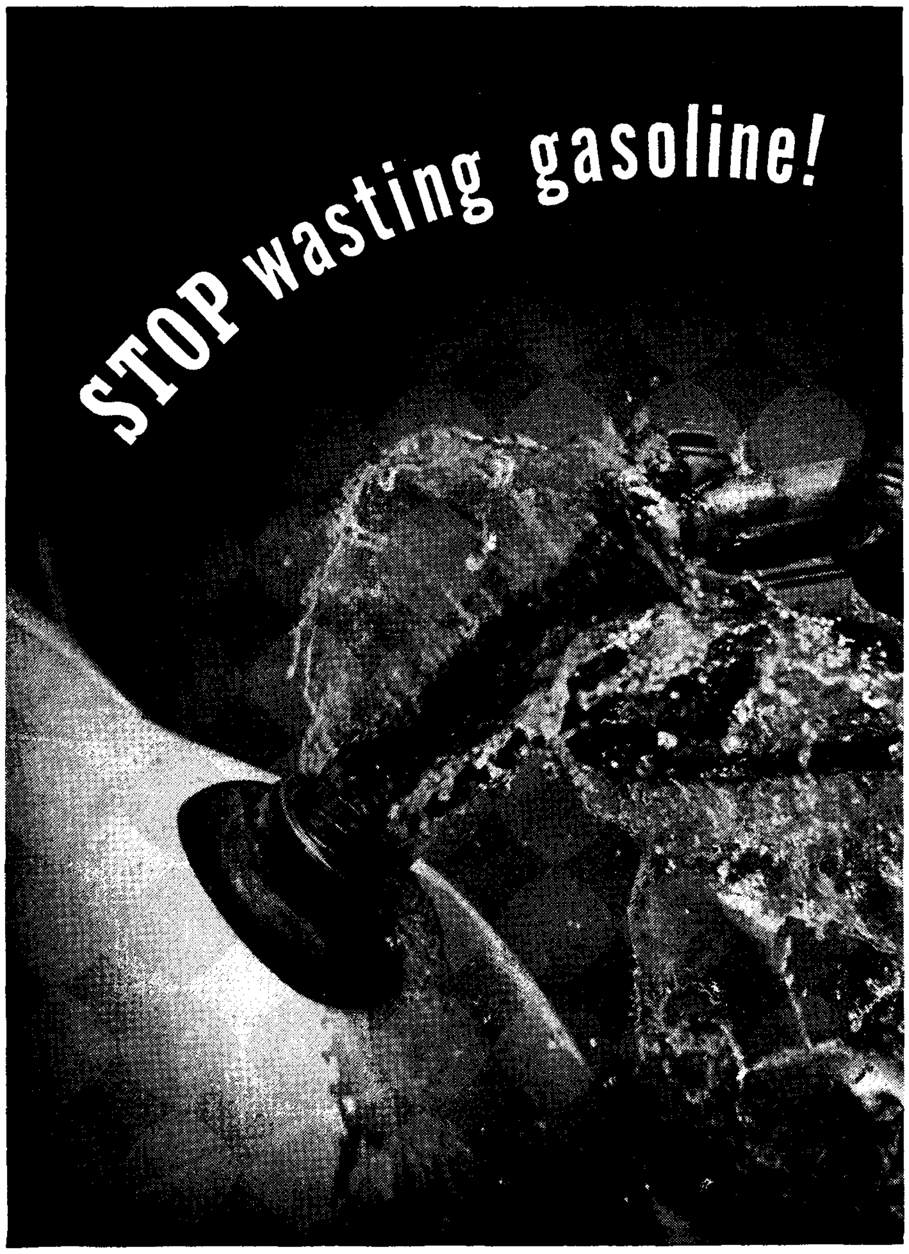
"We don't have to go to the expense of taking the sign down for the winter. I've just been to the fuel rationing office"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

brace yourself!
HICKOK

American pilots and paratroopers feel secure, for Hickok makes important parts of their parachutes. War work comes first with us . . . but civilians, too, can still enjoy the comfort and good looks of Hickok Braces. You'll like these Mello-Suedes . . . soft, flexible . . . in solid colors, with gold whip-stitch edge and leather ends. $1.50

HICKOK
Where War Work Comes First
BRACES · BELTS · JEWELRY



RING-FREE Motor Oil saves gasoline 2 ways

Carbon on pistons, rings, valves decreases motor efficiency—leads to loss of power—wastes gasoline. Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil *removes carbon* while you drive! That means better motor operation and substantial gasoline savings.

The 2nd thing RING-FREE does to save gasoline is *reduce friction fast!* Reducing motor friction releases more power to your car's rear wheels, and that really cuts gasoline waste. Here's proof: In scores of certified road tests, with various makes of owner-driven cars, an average gasoline saving of 1.3 miles per gallon was reported after crankcases had been drained and refilled with RING-FREE Motor Oil.

Let Macmillan RING-FREE help *you* save gasoline two ways. Let it make your car last longer, too, by removing carbon, reducing friction and giving more thorough motor lubrication.

GUARANTEE

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.

50 W. 50th, New York • 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 530 W. 6th, Los Angeles

Copyright 1943 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

SOLD BY INDEPENDENT DEALERS

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL
REDUCES WEAR BY REDUCING FRICTION
ONE U. S. QUART NET
.8327 IMPERIAL QUART NET
.946 LITER NET

Jim nodded.

"At one time my husband had quite a large interest in the Santa Ana field. It didn't pan out."

Jim glanced at her covertly and was reassured. She wasn't trying to pump him; she was just making conversation.

"We all lost a little in that field," he said, with just the right degree of carelessness. "As a matter of fact, I made most of my money in the oil-refining business. What I made there, I dropped in the fields. Now with the government taking it all—well, I'm lucky to eat." He turned and when their eyes met he laughed. She laughed also. "But I eat pretty well."

"The Marwood's rather nice, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Nice place."

"A little quiet for you, perhaps."

Jim glanced at her. There was a slight degree of irony in her smile.

"At times," he conceded.

"You mustn't misunderstand me, Mr. Lloyd. I'm not implying that you're fast. You just don't seem quite as—well, ossified as some of the men I've met there."

Jim laughed. He was genuinely amused. He hadn't heard the word "fast" used in that sense since he was a boy. In the old days his mother had always been condemning somebody as "fast."

"The Marwood's very respectable," said Jim, and then in an apparent burst of candor he went on: "Personally, I like to get drunk once in a while. Not too drunk and not too often. But don't tell on me. Mr. Evans wouldn't like it."

Mrs. Halvorsen had quite a laugh over this. It's not that funny, thought Jim. But he laughed, too—at length. By the time they got to the beach road, he had Mrs. Halvorsen gasping for breath with remarks which to him were only mildly funny; in fact, many of them were more than a little on the corny side. Well, Jim thought, maybe that's what living in Minneapolis does for you.

When they got to the beach house, Johnny was so punctilious that Jim was afraid he was overdoing it. As a matter of fact, Johnny, somewhat overwhelmed by Mrs. Halvorsen, was nervous. He envied Jim his ease of manner, his entire lack of self-consciousness. What a guy! Give him a week and he'd date up any dame in the country.

After a little conversation, Jim suggested that they go in swimming. Johnny was talking too much; and Jim was afraid he'd make a slip of some kind. From time to time he glanced at Mrs. Halvorsen. Her attitude reassured him; she seemed to accept everything without question, and to be completely at ease.

JOHNNY showed her to a bedroom, carrying her little beach bag for her—as obsequious as a redcap working for a big tip. "My wife's out of town, Mrs. Halvorsen," he said. "This is her room. Everything all right?"

"Perfect—thank you."

Johnny bowed slightly, shut the door, then hurried down to the locker room belowstairs, where Jim undressed for the beach. "You mean to tell me that dame's lonesome?" he demanded of Jim, who was leisurely taking off his clothes.

Jim nodded. "I'd say so."

"Why? I don't get it. Good-looking—and with all that dough. Has she got an air! Brother! She looks like a queen ought to look."

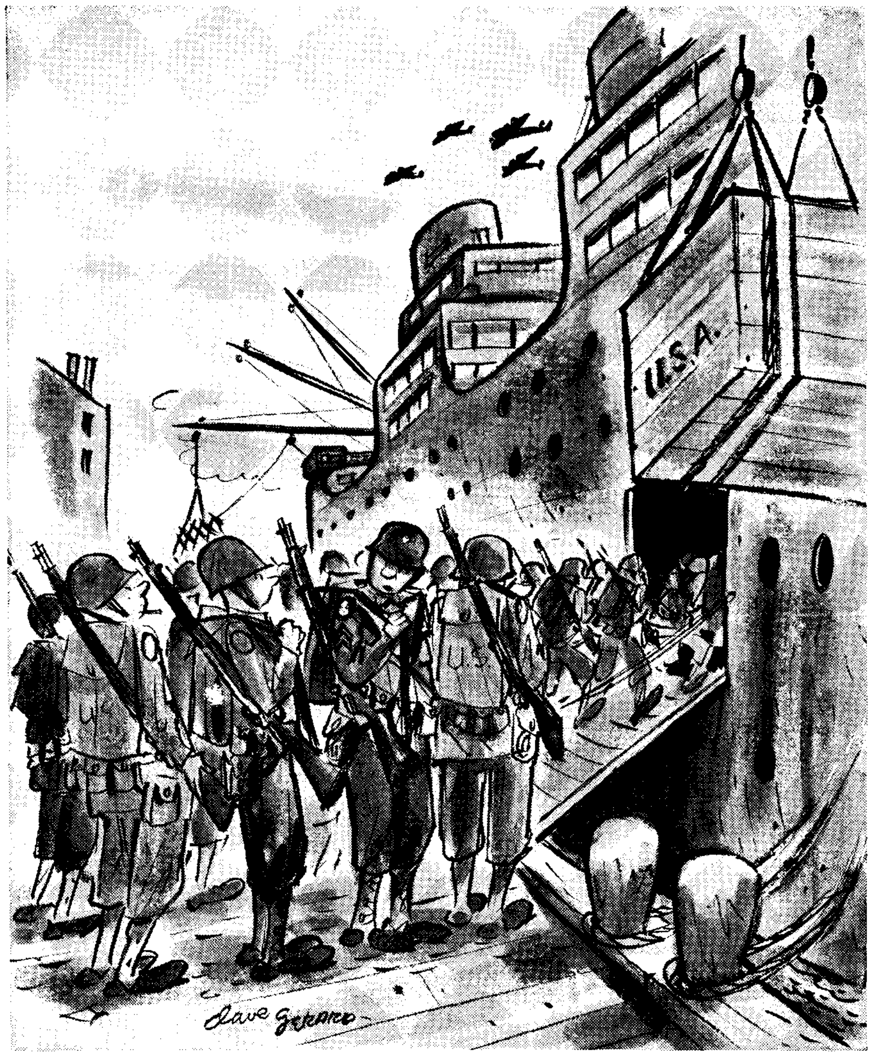
"Oh—don't overdo it."

"How did you make the connection? If you're not the damnedest guy!"

"Are you surprised? I've been doing all right for fifteen years or so."

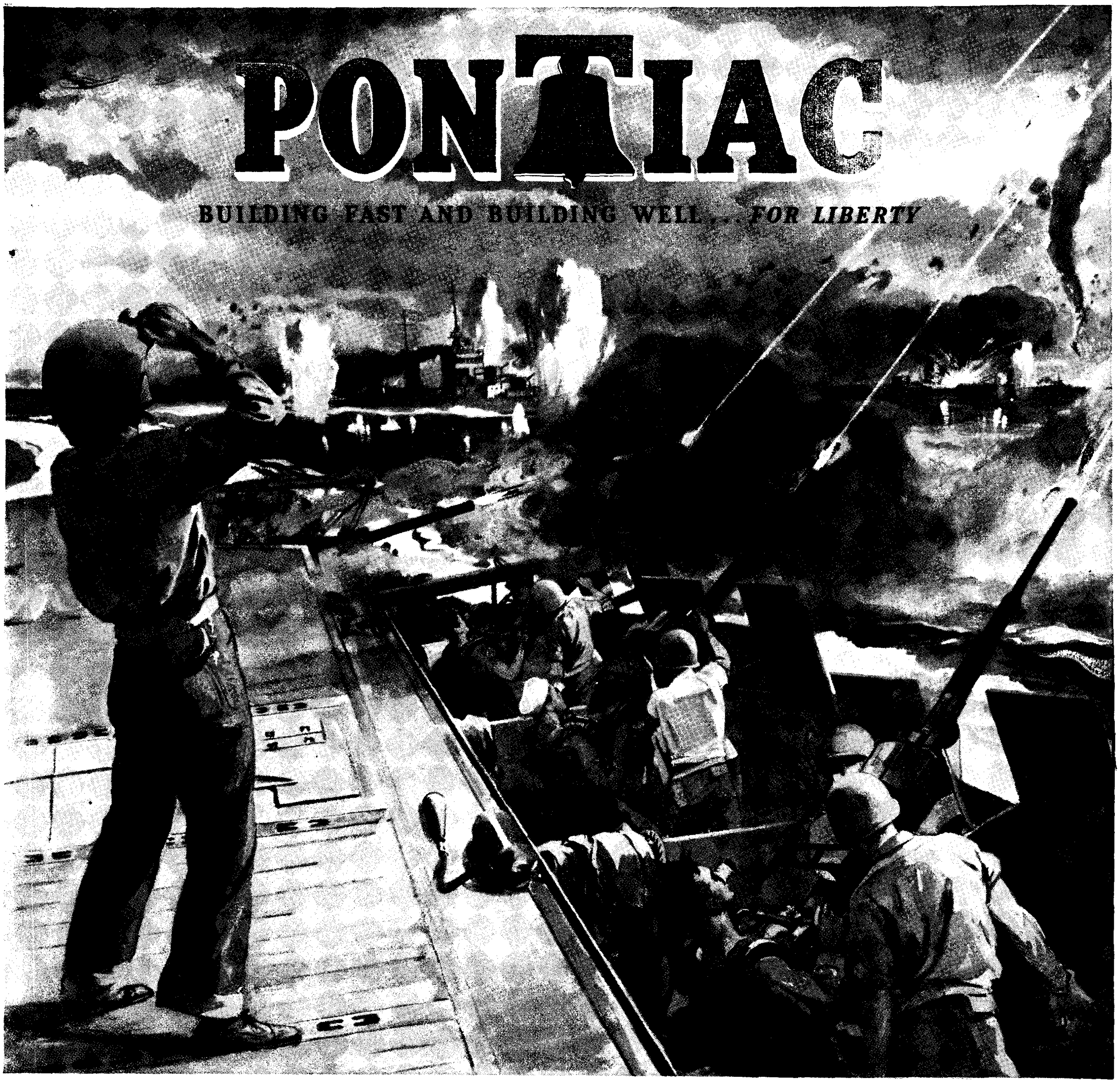
Johnny stared at Jim with awe and admiration. The big fellow was an irritating so-and-so, and at times seemed very obtuse and pigheaded, but he certainly knew how to deliver the goods. No wonder he was the top man.

(To be continued next week)



"This Army's making a wreck out of me! I learned French; used it about a month; then had to learn Italian; now German!"

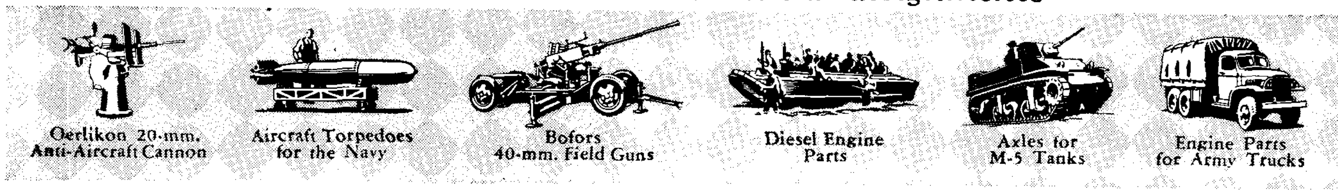
COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD


PONTIAC
BUILDING FAST AND BUILDING WELL . . . FOR LIBERTY

O **BLAST ENEMY PLANES** out of the skies was the purpose for which the Oerlikon 20 mm. anti-aircraft cannon was originally developed. Since then, it has shown such remarkable versatility in action that it is becoming one of the most widely used weapons in naval warfare. As an example, we have been informed by the Coast Guard that 20 mm. anti-aircraft guns of our manufacture recently helped the Coast Guard cutter "Spencer" sink a Nazi submarine. . . . The 20 mms. prevented Nazi crewmen from reaching the sub's heavy deck gun and helped to silence the light gun on the sub's bridge. After a few minutes of the "Spencer's" withering fire, the sub sank. "Hard-hitting and reliable" is a phrase frequently heard where authorities discuss Navy weapons. And the foregoing combat report indicates how well Pontiac-built guns conform to this high standard—the mass production of which was the first of our present six war assignments for both the Army and the Navy.

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Now at work on six different war assignments


Oerlikon 20-mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon
Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy
Bofors 40-mm. Field Guns
Diesel Engine Parts
Axles for M-5 Tanks
Engine Parts for Army Trucks

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—
KEEP AMERICA FREE!

"Don't trust to luck

with your car *this winter*...or you may be missing at your job!"

YOUR car is not as young as it was. Yet, old as it is, it's the key to your job . . . the job that pays you money and keeps you doing your part in winning the war. That's why you simply cannot trust to luck that your car will survive *this winter* without proper cold weather *preparation.*

Delay can be dangerous. Because cold weather often causes parts to fail, and replacements take time to get. Also, there are fewer mechanics available, so neglect now may cause you loss of valuable time from work later on. Street cars and buses are no solution. They can carry only one out of every five workers. That means 4 out of 5 *must* keep their cars running—or risk not getting to work at all!

Change *Now* to WINTER Oil and Gear Lubricant!

Have your service man prepare your car for winter now while he has the time, materials and help

YOUR Service Man, like everyone else, is short on manpower and materials. See him *ahead* of cold weather . . . while he has time to give you a faster, better, *complete* job. He knows how to keep your car running smoothly through bitterest weather, under today's driving conditions. Gas rationing is one problem. Another is the possibility your car may not be kept in a heated garage this winter. Both are added reasons why you should do EVERYTHING possible to get your car ready to withstand winter driving hazards. Your Service Man, like thousands of other experts, probably uses Alemite Products for lubrication. But whether he sells Alemite or some other quality lubricant, the important thing is to keep your car running this winter—and keep your job—*by seeing him regularly.*

Check electrical equipment . . . You'll need plenty of juice for cold starts and the extra winter load of lights, heater, defroster, etc. Step up ignition and generator . . . battery should be fully charged, leads cleaned or replaced.

Winterize cooling system . . . Have hose checked and tightened, radiator flushed, anti-freeze and rust inhibitor put in.

Adjust carburetor . . . Get maximum mileage from your gas and eliminate choking and needless drain on the battery.

Check your heater . . . See that it is serviced and in shape to deliver plenty of heat on winter days.

SEE YOUR SERVICE MAN *Every 30 Days*

Another Product of
STEWART WARNER

ALEMITE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LUBRICANTS • LUBRICATING EQUIPMENT • MOTOR OIL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

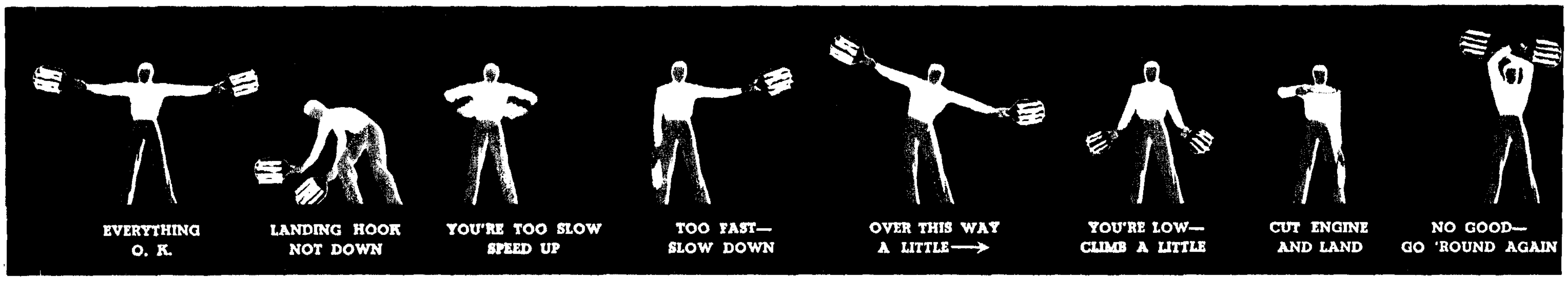
ARMY E NAVY

Joint Army-Navy "E" Award, earned by Stewart-Warner workers, Sept. 8, 1942. White Star for second award added May 15, 1943.

FLYCATCHER

By Frank D. Morris

Johnny Clarke used to be a flat-top pilot himself. But now he stands on the edge of the flight deck, mothering the Wildcats in. Being a pilot was a comparative cinch



EVERYTHING O. K.

LANDING HOOK NOT DOWN

YOU'RE TOO SLOW SPEED UP

TOO FAST— SLOW DOWN

OVER THIS WAY A LITTLE——>

YOU'RE LOW— CLIMB A LITTLE

CUT ENGINE AND LAND

NO GOOD— GO 'ROUND AGAIN

ABOARD a U. S. aircraft carrier:—Waving strips of red bunting at the oncoming Wildcat, Johnny Clarke looked like a toreador. His knees were bent in a half-crouch to brace himself against the stiff wind just as one of Spain's favorite bullfighters might pose before delivering his final, lethal blow.

Johnny held his ground until the charging Wildcat, its angry roar rising above the howl of the wind, was almost upon him.

Then, with a defiant gesture of his right hand, Johnny flung himself down on all fours just before the swooping wing skimmed over his head and pulled up. Another plane had landed safely on the carrier's flight deck.

Sprawled in the safety net below Signal Officer Johnny Clarke's platform were Larry Smith, his sketch pad and myself. We watched tensely as Johnny bullied and coaxed each of the Grumman F4F fighters aboard. The net, overhanging the side of the ship, was his last refuge. If an incoming pilot should lose control and his plane should head for the signal officer, a leap into the net would save Johnny's neck—maybe. The possibility of a crack-up with the engine and sundry plane parts showering down into the net was a constant threat, but at least the net offered some security.

"We're going to have wind trouble today," Lieutenant Clarke had called down to us as he took his position on the platform to guide the fighters in.

The carrier—brand-new and on her shakedown cruise prior to joining the fleet—was turning into the wind and churning through the water. The breeze seemed like a gale to us, but Clarke's instinctive feel of it told him the force of that headwind would hardly be enough to slow down the speedy Wildcats as they bucked it to come in for a landing. Moreover, he knew that most of the pilots were still green around the edges. None of them had ever brought a plane aboard this carrier before, and the psychological effect of a first landing would make each one jittery.

A flag was flying from the Air Control Station on the bridge, indicating that the carrier was not yet ready to take the planes on. Johnny watched Air Control for orders from his boss, Commander Wright, the carrier's air officer. Those orders arrived when the flag was replaced and over the bull-horn loud-speaker came a booming: "Land planes!"

Flagging Home the Boys

"Here we go, boys!" Johnny picked up his hand signal flags, aluminum grids shaped like table-tennis paddles and laced with red ribbons. The breeze had freshened now, and his white aviator's helmet and yellow jersey offered some protection against it as it swept unhampered down the flight deck, but from the way his clothes clung to his body, you were reminded of a man standing in a wind tunnel. A pair of leather gloves held the flags, and the rubber soles of white tennis shoes gave him a firmer footing on the smooth deck. Behind him a canvas-covered frame served both as a windscreen and a contrasting background, so that the incoming pilots could see him more readily, but Johnny didn't use the screen much; he was all over the place.

High above us, a dozen planes were circling the carrier in perfect formation. Flying at a lower level was a group of Wildcats, and, as Johnny took his post, we could see that one of these had broken formation and was passing us to port, flying low over the water. It banked around a corner and scurried for our stern like a greyhound chasing an elephant.

"Hook down—wheels down—flaps down!" That information came in a shout from Lashley, the signal officer's check-up man, who watches each plane as it comes in sight and announces whether it is ready to land. Let a pilot overlook one of those important hook, wheels or flap

COULDN'T YOU GO FOR ALL FIVE?

Now—if you smoke a pipe—apply that principle of many perfections blended—and you have delightful REVELATION mixture!

REVELATION gives you the *blended perfections* of 5 superb tobaccos—*cut 5 different ways.* The true flavor of each tobacco is *released*—to season and fortify the marvelous goodness of the others.

You actually *see* these 5 tobaccos when you open a pack of REVELATION. Cool-burning Burley . . . fruity Carolina . . . spicy Virginia . . . hickory cured Perique . . . Latakia, king of aromatic tobaccos!

FLAVOR MIRACLE—5 FINE TOBACCOS

Cut 5 different ways—for cool, clean smoking!

REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
BURLEY
LATAKIA
PERIQUE
VIRGINIA
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"
MADE IN U. S. A.
15¢
POCKET PACK

NO MORE TIN containers! Please remember—your new REVELATION package saves tin for planes, guns, tanks, etc.!

A Product of
PHILIP MORRIS

items, and Lashley passes the word along, so Johnny can wave him off.

The first plane had almost caught up with us when the signal officer started swinging his flags over his head. The Wildcat's engine suddenly increased its roar as if in protest and, nosing up, climbed over Johnny's head and out over the port side of the carrier.

"Too low," Johnny yelled down to us. "He'd never make it."

Then he turned to focus on another Wildcat snapping at our heels. That pilot also got a wave-off. His approach was too high. And of the first seven planes to make passes at the carrier, four were given the brush-off. Johnny wasn't taking any chances with the green pilots. He sent them swerving out to try again.

A plane approaching low is a signal officer's nightmare, as one pilot found out the hard way. He brought his torpedo plane in too low and, before he could gain altitude, it crashed into the edge of the stern ramp. The engine was torn loose and rolled up on deck; the rest of the plane broke in two and fell back over the fantail.

The crash sheared the fittings from the pilot's seat, and pilot and seat were catapulted forward onto the flight deck. The pilot landed with his legs pinned beneath the seat and, when the doctors reached him, they found both legs fractured.

A Look Before a Leap

The signal officer had leaped clear when he saw a crash was inevitable. That saved his skin.

Lieutenant George Friend, signal officer on a training carrier, wasn't so lucky when he faced a similar situation. A torpedo-plane pilot making a practice landing on the carrier lost control of his plane a few feet short of the carrier's stern. Waving his flags, Lieutenant Friend was trying to straighten the pilot out when the heavy plane careened down on him. The pilot was saved, but Signal Officer Friend was crushed to death.

Another signal officer, Lieutenant "Soupy" Campbell, had a close call on the Yorktown. A plane coming in low failed to respond to his frantic gestures with the signal flags. Campbell saw it was going to crash the deck exactly where he was standing so he turned quickly and dove toward the safety net. It was a prodigious dive—he cleared the outboard edge of the net and plunged into the sea. A destroyer astern fished him out.

"What's the number of that plane? Eight? He's too low. . . . Get up! Get up!" Johnny's red flags were waving the same command visually to the approaching pilot, who, however, wasn't doing a thing about it, so he too got an abrupt wave-off. As the Wildcat soared over our heads, Johnny growled, "That bird's trying to kill himself."

Several smooth landings followed, and Johnny and the rest of us breathed more freely. Then No. 12 came in high. He still had plenty of coal on when he swooshed over the fantail and got the signal officer's gesture to cut his engine. The fighter hit the deck violently and bounced high into the air, plopped down again—hard—and jerked to a stop. As hookmen from the flight-deck crew ran out to release the plane from the arresting gear, they saw the tail wheel was missing. The bronco landing had torn it loose.

The goggled pilot leaned from his cockpit to look dolefully back at it, while the hookmen rushed out a crash truck—a low platform on wheels. With the Wildcat's tail resting on the truck, the plane was taxied, but not until two other Wildcats making passes at the carrier had been waved off. Then normal traffic was resumed.

"When they come in too high and too fast like that, it usually means the pilot is afraid of spinning in, so he gives it more throttle than it actually needs." While waiting for a clear deck, Johnny was analyzing the last landing. "That kid's learned his lesson. He'll take it easier next time. Funny thing," he went on. "All these pilots have had an average of twelve hours in field-carrier landings, setting their planes down on a ground strip marked off to simulate a carrier flight deck. Then they had to make eight more landings on a small carrier to qualify for fleet duty. Now the flight deck of this carrier we're shaking down is larger than those small ones, but still the boys get the willies when they come in for their first landing.

"You tell them that landing on this deck under normal conditions is much easier than a field landing. Once the wheels have touched, there's no long run and no danger of a ground loop—the arresting gear takes care of both of those things. Actually, all a pilot has to remember are just three points: (1) To line up his plane with the center of the flight deck, (2) to approach at a constant altitude, and (3) to keep the plane at the proper altitude. This last means to hold the plane in the air in the same position it takes naturally when sitting on the ground. You know, a three-point landing."

There was nothing professional in Johnny's appearance as he delivered his lecture, unless you like your professors tall, dark and twenty-four. The wind whipped the helmet chin strap about his serious young face while he spoke:

"This whole procedure calls for understanding and teamwork between the pilot and the signal officer. There are about a dozen flag signals I give these kids to correct their mistakes in approach, and if they have confidence in my judgment, they can get down as easily as they can park a car."

Lieutenant Clarke spoke from experience. As signal officer, he had worked carrier landings for six months at San Diego, California, Glenview, Illinois, and at Quonset Point, Rhode Island. In addition, he had spent several months waving pilots on or off the flight deck of the U.S.S. Wolverine, an old Great Lakes side-wheeler the Navy had converted into a fresh-water training carrier. Shepherding planes aboard the Wolverine last winter while subarctic winds tore across Lake Michigan toughened him for his current job.

When the Japs Closed In

Furthermore, his experience in carrier landings isn't one-sided. He is a flier himself, of course—has been for nearly three years. Johnny flew for ten months with VB-2, a dive-bomber squadron attached to the Lexington, and that blue-and-white barred ribbon on his chest hints that he must have been an A-1 bomber pilot. The Navy Cross the ribbon represents was earned by Johnny in the Battle of the Coral Sea when he was flying on antisubmarine patrol. He was in the air when a flight of Jap dive bombers closed in on the Lexington and got in several hits. Then the Japs—the ones that had got through the antiaircraft—tried to sneak away by flying across the water.

Johnny went after one of them and got on his tail just as the Jap pilot spotted him. Frantically trying to escape, the Jap did a steep wingover, but Johnny climbed right up after him, firing all the while. Johnny's bullets weren't wasted. The Jap plane went over on its back and plunged into the sea.

On his way back to the carrier, three Mitsubishi fighters jumped him. Johnny gave one of them a machine-gun burst, and that was enough to discourage the others. After making a few weak passes, they gave up.

When Johnny approached the Lex, the dirty yellow color of her wake told him her fuel tanks had been ruptured. He landed on the flight deck that was listing to port, and below it a hot gasoline fire was raging. Nevertheless, Johnny got his bomber refueled the second time. The carrier was all ablaze and listing badly, so he headed for the Yorktown and landed aboard.

"And the old York certainly looked good to me then," Johnny told us. "That Coral Sea is a pretty poor substitute for a flight deck."

The parade of fighters coming aboard was interrupted now by several scout bombers coming in from a patrol. Johnny had little trouble with them. Their landings were as graceful as the contour of their sloping, round-edged wings, and in no time at all they had left the deck clear for the arrival of the remaining Wildcats.

Number 8 was coming in for another try. But he still was too low, and the signal officer gave him the brush-off. As the Wildcat climbed over our heads, the pilot looked down wearily with what you could see of his goggled and helmeted face. But Johnny didn't notice; he was too busy working the next plane, Number 11, in. Eleven made a perfect landing, taxied up to a forward elevator and disappeared below decks.

Johnny kept us busy taking notes. "Remember Six—he was high all the way in. . . . Seven overshot. That's the second time for him. . . . Four made a long, diving approach. Remind me to tell him about that later. . . . Here's Eight again. Looks better this time."

Just then a phone call came through from Air Control: "Plane Eight has radioed in that it is carrying heavy photographic equipment."

That message was punctuated by the bounce of Eight's landing wheels on the flight deck. He'd made it on his third try!

More than half the planes had been taken aboard when the flag whipped out again at Air Control, and time out was taken while the carrier changed course. There would be no more landings until we headed into the wind again.

Johnny joined us in the net and gave us a few more reasons why signal officers get gray hair prematurely. He told us about the Wasp's trip early last year ferrying planes to Malta to bolster its air defense. The carrier's orders were to steam within flying range of the island, launch the planes and return west. Belly tanks were carried by the short-range fighters to provide them with enough gas for the flight.

The launchings were proceeding smoothly until a Spitfire, in taking off, snagged its belly tank on the ramp, ripping the tank off. The pilot, a boy in his late teens, realized he didn't have enough fuel left to reach Malta, so while the other fighters were taking off, he circled the carrier, then signaled for a landing.

Landing on a Prayer

There was only one hitch—the Spitfire, a shore-based, fast-landing plane, had no arresting equipment. The Wasp's skipper, however, decided to chance it and, when the deck was clear, Signal Officer Dave McCampbell started to wave the Spitfire in. Hundreds of men aboard the Wasp gaped as the speedy fighter zoomed in over the fantail and settled.

When its wheels touched wood, it was traveling at close to a hundred miles an hour. Whooshing up the flight deck, past the startled carrier crew, there was an ominous odor of burning rubber as the pilot applied his landing-wheel brakes. The Wasp people still believe that what happened next was strictly a miracle. Gradually the plane lost forward speed, and when it finally stopped rolling, it was just a few feet short of the bow.

It was time now for Johnny to climb out of the net. The other flag had gone up again at Air Control, the signal for him to get back to work. The carrier had turned into the wind again and, with her increased speed, a smart breeze was whipping across the flight deck. Behind us, a destroyer plunged in our wake, the rescue craft assigned to pick up unlucky pilots.

Fortunately the destroyer didn't have to make any pickups today. As the rest of the Wildcats came aboard, there were good landings, fair landings and some outright bad ones. But Johnny got them all down safely with no crack-ups to plane or pilot. The last to land did promise trouble. It swooped so low that Johnny had to flatten himself out on the deck planking, and the plane bounced and swayed like a mustang before it lost forward motion.

"All fighter pilots who just landed aboard report to Number Two ready room." Johnny was picking himself up when the words boomed from the bull horn.

"That means I've got to do a little lecturing to the boys now," he reported. "Let's have those notes please. Hmmmm—four, six, seven, twelve. Well, on the whole, they weren't *too* bad for beginners. But wait until they have to make night landings, or when the ship is galloping around in a heavy sea, or when they try to set down planes half shot away by Zeros. Then they'll realize how tough a carrier landing can be. See you later."

THE END

Lieut. Johnny Clarke. He teaches the carrier brood of ducklings how to come home to roost—in one piece. With two ribboned bats, he's magic on deck

TruVal
TruVal SHIRTS
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS!
$1.53
& $1.95
(WHITES SLIGHTLY HIGHER)

Whatever your duty on the Home Front, TruVal helps you do it in comfort *and style!* The lively new Fall patterns offer you a variety wide enough to please your fancy. The tailoring is true to the TruVal tradition of quality and taste. *And the values are amazing nowadays!*

TruVal's smart sportswear and expertly tailored pajamas from $2.00 up. At one department store and selected men's shops in your town.

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 5th Ave., New York.

ZIPPO is in the WAR!

Sorry, you can't buy your favorite windproof, trouble-proof lighter until the needs of war have all been filled—so keep yours in good repair.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTERS have been drafted by our Government to fight on all battle fronts abroad, from Europe to the South Pacific.

This sure-lighting ZIPPO is serving your boys well on sea and land—where its windproof flame is filling many needs beyond lighting pipe and fag.

You can get ZIPPO Hard Flints 4 for 10¢ (they give a big spark, wear long and fit most any lighter) and ZIPPO Long Lasting Fluid (gives a sure light—and never gums up the works).

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. C, BRADFORD, PA.

For best results demand **ZIPPO** *accessories from your Dealer.*

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

HEALTH ADVICE FOR THE COMING WINTER

Don't Drift Into a Vitamin Deficiency!

Winter is the danger season . . . when many ailments strike hardest . . . when your body is an easy victim. And there is further danger this year — the serious shortage of doctors. Common sense says *protect* yourself from A B_1 D vitamin deficiency. Start *now* to improve body-resistance...help lessen risk of common winter illness. Take GROVE'S A B_1 D Vitamins! Vital vitamins A and D to maintain body-resistance, sound bones and teeth; *plus* a *health-bonus* of vitamin B_1 to help guard against dietary nervous disorders, loss of appetite, lowered vitality. Full daily protective requirements in one tiny capsule . . . costs less than 1½c a day in economical $1.00 bottle! Over two weeks' supply, only 25c. Quality, potency *guaranteed*. Start your protection-program *now* with GROVE'S A B_1 D VITAMINS!

GROVE'S A B_1 D Vitamins

DISTRIBUTED BY MAKERS OF GROVE'S COLD TABLETS

GROVE'S Vitamins A B_1 D Potency Guaranteed OVER 100 DAYS SUPPLY $1.00

LESS THAN 1½¢ A DAY!

Crusader

Continued from page 16

then he turned one ear back and played with the bit on his tongue, feeling it on the bars of his mouth. I did not want to touch him with my heels, so I just tightened my calves on him and slacked the reins.

He began to walk . . . beautifully, like a dancer, like a cat on hot bricks. Looking over his shoulder I could watch his white hoofs come down; they hardly touched the ground before he picked them up again, and he had a long free stride. I pushed him a little and he broke into a trot; from that into a flying trot. Tightening the reins I touched him with my heels and he trippled, moving first both near legs and then both off, with the whole of him balanced under me. Slacking the reins I let him out into a canter and bent him this way and that—a circle, a figure eight. He changed legs without any hesitation and seemed to be enjoying himself.

Then—by now we were on a nice piece of veld where there were no loose stones or rocks—I let him out. He broke from a canter into full gallop with one bound and progressed in what seemed to be a series of tremendous leaps hitting the ground and raising himself over it as if he took pleasure in his strength; and yet as soon as I started to pull him up he stopped dead. I drooped the reins on his withers, letting go of them entirely, and he never moved. He was, I think, the most superbly trained horse I had ever ridden.

I turned him and cantered him back to the groom and Joan. She didn't seem to have moved and only said "Oh!" again as I threw my leg over his neck and dismounted. I remember feeling I should do something about Joan; she was very upset by the horse—nervously. She was very white and a bit trembly. If she had been a man I'd have said: Come on in and have a drink. But you couldn't say that to a little girl, so I took her by the hand and said, "Nice, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's nice," she said. "He's . . . he's beautiful!"

Get her into the house, I thought—give her a glass of milk and something to eat, and then drive her back in the Cape cart. It would give me an excuse to see Muriel, too. We might have a game of tennis or a swim, and she might ask me to stay to supper. Almost have to, as a matter of fact.

I had never known Jack French, her husband. He had been killed by a lion before I took over the mine, and she had carried on after his death with the farm. As a matter of fact I, or rather my boys, were her main market for mealie meal—she had her own mill, a little one—and meat. So our relations were pretty close, but still had not reached the point of closeness that I desired. I wanted to marry her and she knew I did, but I think we both felt that there was plenty of time.

I GAVE Joan her milk and she gulped it down and held out the glass for more. Then she sat, not drinking, but just holding the full glass in her right hand and sucking the index finger of her left.

I don't remember if Joan ate well when we had lunch—probably not. Anyway, afterward I made her lie down and rest. At first she wouldn't and I only persuaded her to by saying she could come over and see Crusader whenever she wanted to; and then, later in the afternoon, I drove her back to the farm.

Muriel, as usual, was charming; thanked me for bringing Joan back and said:

"Dick, I really don't know what to do with Joan. She's horse mad."

"Might be worse," I said. "She could be boy mad, or crazy to go in the pictures or something. Horses have never hurt anyone yet, except when they bet on them."

Muriel smiled at me the way women do when they know something that men can't understand. But when she smiled I really didn't mind if she did know more than I did about some things. She was a truly lovely woman, her fair hair was really honey colored and she had very light brown eyes, almost topaz, flecked with little lights. They reminded me of Danzig Goldwasser, that liqueur which is golden brown and has specks of gold leaf floating in it; I had told her so once and it had made her laugh. She had pretty laughter like that of a girl. At that time it had been hard to make her laugh, what with her husband's tragic death and the fact that she had a child to bring up, and the farm—it was a big one—her only asset. The gold mine, by the way, was on her property, and my house only a couple of miles from the homestead.

This afternoon, the one I am speaking about and that I remember so clearly, Muriel looked even prettier than usual. We played a couple of sets of tennis and bathed in the dam—Joan could swim like a fish—and I stayed to dinner. It was just one of those very pleasant afternoons and evenings I had spent there.

THE next few weeks were passed in work, going to see Muriel and Joan, and in Joan drifting over to my place to see Crusader. I don't know that I thought of it consciously, but I think I felt something odd about the relationship between the child and the stallion. He was, as I have said, a very small horse and Joan a long-legged, active child. But even taking these facts into consideration it was extraordinary the way he would let her mount him and ride him bareback without even a rein in his mouth. She would guide him by leaning forward and covering his eye with her hand—the near eye if she wanted him to turn to the off side and vice versa. She talked to him all the time whether she was on his back or not, and he seemed to answer her. Puffing and blowing, stamping his feet and neighing shrilly the trumpet blast of a stallion when he saw her coming. The girl and the horse were friends.

As far as I was concerned Crusader was a very good horse and a very comfortable ride. A bit fidgety to mount, but that was all. At least it was all until one day when he played up badly and I lost my temper with him and thrashed him with a sjambok. This was inexcusable even though I had been working all night the night before and was tired. It was the end of things, too, as far as the horse was concerned. Twice after that, he charged me, his mouth open, his forelegs raised to chop me; and I could only mount him if he was blindfolded and two boys held him. I still kept him because I hate to be beaten, but no amount of gentleness on my part now could make up for the indignity he had suffered. It went on like this for another month or so and then one day I went too near him and he picked me up with his teeth and shook me the way a terrier shakes a rat. He would have killed me if Sixpence had not beaten him off.

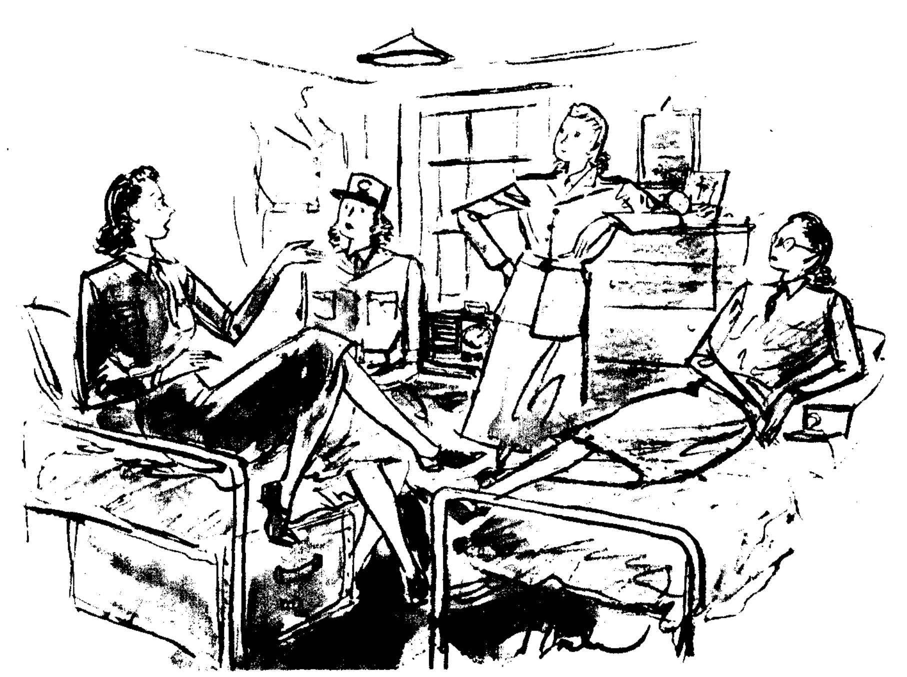
Now I was really afraid of him and he knew it. I had lost the battle and he had won it. He knew this, too. He was turning into a man-killer. It was not only me; he had savaged Sixpence, too, taking a piece out of his arm. It seemed a terrible thing to do but I decided to put a bullet through Crusader.

Oddly enough, the next day was mail day and a friend of mine, Bill Saunders, wrote from Bechuanaland to ask if I had heard of a small chestnut stallion, a man-killer, up my way. He had heard indirectly that he had been sent up to Rhodesia after having killed two men, both of whom had won races on him. So that was it. If anyone hit him he killed them. Now why should the horse dealer have sent him up to me and not said anything about it? Then I remembered: Long ago—ten years at least—the dealer had had a row with me, saying I had done him out of a job he wanted. He had been mining then and accused me of sending a bad report to the company about him. The thing had blown over, and later I had bought some horses from him. But evidently he had not forgotten his old grudge.

Next morning I had just finished breakfast and was pouring myself out a stiff whisky and soda before I went out to shoot Crusader—it's not easy to bring yourself to shoot a horse or a dog—when Joan burst in. She looked wildly about the room.

"You can't," she said at once. "You can't!"

"Can't what?" How the devil had the



"It'll be the same as last time. Soon as they get us shipped out of the country, they'll slap prohibition over on us"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 7 of a series, Air Forces.

Won't you help him?

This pilot is one of millions of men in the armed forces who need equipment that only *your* dollars can buy. Not just a few dollars now and then—but *regularly—every dollar you can possibly invest in War Bonds from now till Victory!*

Over the interphone comes the bombardier's voice, "Bombs away!" Some day, some pilot will hear these words as the war's last bomb goes down. He will bring his crew home to their happiest landing—in a world where all men may look to the skies, not in fear of death, but in thankfulness for freedom.

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

HAPPY LANDING

CAPTAIN TED WEAVER, *pilot of the Transcontinental and Western Airlines sent us this little poem recently—about his favorite Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco:*

When you've flown through heavy weather
for a thousand miles or more,
And your lips are dry as leather
and you're weary to the core,
There is nothing quite so restful
as a pleasant pipe or two,
Filled with Edgeworth—rich and zestful,
from that famous pack of blue.

Yes, good tobacco means a lot
to us who fly the planes,
And aromatic Edgeworth's got
a flavor that explains
Why members of our transport crews
and many of my friends,
Are Edgeworth fans who *always* choose
that fragrant blend of blends!

Now Sold in a
SEAL-PAK POUCH

Edgeworth
READY-RUBBED
America's Finest
Pipe Tobacco

1. Twice as protective —keeps tobacco fresh.
2. Will not crush in pocket.
3. No pocket bulge—form-fitting.
4. Folds smaller as contents used.
5. Easier to fill pipe—no waste.

THANK YOU, Captain Weaver, of T.W.A. You have expressed in poetry what many thousands of smokers all over the world feel about Edgeworth—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 210 22nd Street, Richmond, Virginia.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

child heard? I had not even told Sixpence.

"You can't kill him," she said. "You shan't, either." She stood straight as an arrow, her eyes flashing. She was trembling like a leaf.

"He's dangerous," I said.

"Only to you, because you hit him."

"He's killed two men," I said, "and I'm going to shoot him." I expected her to cry. Her eyes were wide, bright with tears, and her lower lip trembled. Instead she picked up the coffeepot, threw it at me and ran straight for the stables. Wiping the coffee out of my eyes I followed her. By the time I had got onto the stoep she had reached Crusader's box and opened the door.

The horse was screaming with excitement as he saw her. When she got him outside, instead of galloping off, he stood. With a flying jump she was across his back, her left hand on his mane. She wriggled forward and got her right leg over him. Then she slapped him with her open hand and they were off, tearing across the veld, her yellow hair flying behind her all mixed up with Crusader's mane as she leaned over his neck.

This was a fine mess. . . . Muriel's kid having stolen my man-killing horse. And how had she known I was going to shoot him? Why, the rifle was out on a chair. I got up to put it back in the rack and decided to go over and square things with Muriel, if I could.

Of course Muriel knew why I'd come. "I suppose it's the horse," she said.

I said yes, and that if Joan wanted him she'd better keep him if she, Muriel, thought it was safe.

"He's safe enough with her," Muriel said, "and I told her she could keep him if you agreed"—she had known that I'd agree to anything if she asked me to—"but that she must look after him herself," Muriel went on. "I don't want any of my boys hurt." So the matter was settled pretty easily.

Muriel called the houseboy to bring tea, and while we drank it she told me about what had happened. It seems that Joan had jumped up in the middle of her breakfast and had said, "Something is wrong with Crusader—I know it." Leaving everything she had run out; she must have run and trotted the whole two miles to my place. The next thing Muriel had known was the thunder of Crusader's hoofs as he came dashing into the yard, and the yells of the boys who had scattered in front of him. Joan had taken him straight to the old dairy, where there was a good stall for him, had watered and fed him and bedded him down with veld hay before she came into the house. She had said practically nothing to her mother except, "He's mine now and I'm going to keep him." Then she had burst into tears and had been sick.

"I've never seen anyone so upset," Muriel said.

WE HAD another cup of tea and we both agreed it was all most extraordinary but that with a girl as high-strung as Joan there was very little to do about it. She might have become seriously ill if the horse was shot.

I left Muriel a little later and in the course of the next few weeks everything went well, from what I heard. Joan avoided me, which I was sorry about as we had been good friends; it appeared she spent all the time she wasn't in the house either in the stable with Crusader or out on the veld with him riding him or just walking, with the horse following her like a dog.

Muriel was quite pleased about it because she said he was better than a dog as a protection. He would let no one come near the child and on one occasion killed a big ringals—a South African cobra—that she had disturbed.

And then it happened. Suddenly, the way things do happen. On the mine we worked a couple of hundred boys, Mashonas, and we never had any trouble from them. Not that we expected it, either. We thought of them as the Matabele who had first conquered and then enslaved them did—*as dogs.* Workers who, if they were inclined at times to be sullen, were also spiritless. Anyway, the first thing I knew was my houseboy John, who was a Zulu, waking me in the night, saying:

"Master, the Mashonas are up. They are killing the white people."

"Bailey!" I said. He was my assistant and had a small shanty near the boys' compound.

"He is dead, *Baas.* His house is burned."

"Where are they now?" I asked. By this time I had on my trousers.

"They've gone to the big house."

GONE to Muriel's house! Why in God's name they left me I never found out. Perhaps because they thought a woman and child easier to kill; perhaps they wanted a white woman, which was not a pleasant thought. John, without a word from me, had brought a rifle and bandolier into the room.

"What boys have we got who'll fight?" I asked.

"Sixpence," John said. "He is saddling the horses for us."

"For us?"

"Ja, Baas. I knew the *baas* would ride to the missus, and Sixpence and I ride with him." John was a good horseman. *"Baas,* can we have guns?"

"Can you use them?" It is illegal to arm natives but this was no moment to worry about the letter of the law.

"Ja, we can use them." How they had learned I never found out, but a minute later we were out and mounted—a little commando, as the Boers would call it—and galloping toward Muriel's place. There were fires burning there already. I prayed it was only the outbuildings. As we got closer I heard rifle fire from the house. At least, the Mashonas had not caught them asleep. Muriel had some good boys, and both she and Joan were good shots. As we got nearer we could see the Mashonas dancing about and yelling blue murder in the light of the burning buildings.

Shouting as loud as we could, we charged. I was a bit ahead with Sixpence on my left and John on my right. With the reins looped over my arm I fired two shots into the brown mass and saw one Mashona throw up his hand—he had an assegai in it—and fall.

Then we were through. It was my intention to charge back again. There were fewer Mashonas than I had thought there would be. Either they had divided into several parties or some of them had no stomach for this kind of thing. But I had hardly swung my horse round when Sixpence shouted:

"Look! Crusader!"

And there he was. The dairy was alight but he must have kicked down the door. The red horse in the red light of the fire, his mane and tail flowing, was into the Mashonas like a great dog, kicking, savaging with his forelegs, biting and screaming as he cleared the road to the house. He was making no effort to bolt but was literally attacking the Mashonas who were running from him as if he were the devil himself, which is what he looked like.

As he got to the stoep, Joan and her mother ran out. The child held Crusader's forelock in her hand while her mother mounted, and then jumped up behind her. Crusader wheeled in a rear. I was afraid they'd fall, but Muriel held onto his mane; and still squealing with rage Crusader broke through the last small group left near the house. We fired a volley at them and, turning, followed Crusader and the women. As we galloped I could hear Sixpence swearing to himself: *The horse is a devil . . . the horse is a devil.* Fortunately it was nearly daylight or we should have lost them.

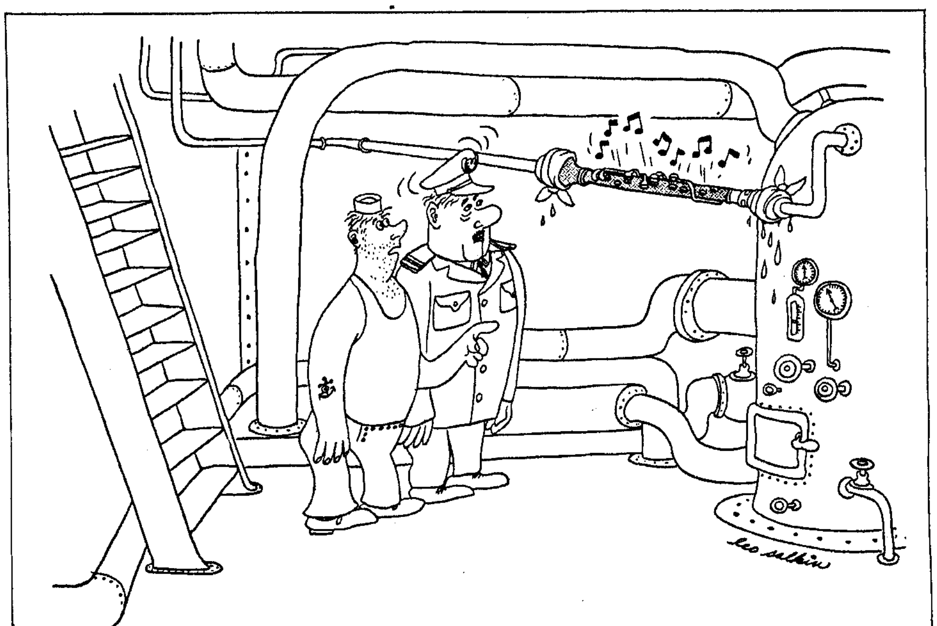
"So it was you," Muriel said when we caught up with them. "I thought it was them. . . . I thought they'd got hold of horses and were following us."

LEAVING Joan and her mother at the salt pan where the white people had made a *laager,* I joined the other men who went out to put the rebellion down. And it was only when I got back that I heard the rest of the story.

Like me they had been warned by their house servants and were ready, but though they had killed and wounded quite a few of the Mashonas they thought they could not hold out much longer, till Joan had called to Crusader and he had kicked himself loose. My coming had helped them, but even without us I think they would have got away.

This is the story of Crusader. Explain it if you can. I can't, nor can Muriel. Muriel King she is now. Joan is a big girl who promises to be as pretty as her mother. And Crusader is an old horse and the father of most of the good horses near Gwelo. They're all small chestnut horses with a white blaze and a snip on the nose. "Crusaders" they call them round here. And another funny thing: after the battle Crusader was as quiet as a lamb. Perhaps he knew he didn't have to fight any more and that no one would ever hit him again.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Purely an emergency measure, sir. We're out of pipe!" LEO SALKIN

By all means, let 'em eat cake . . . . and candy, too

Nature has her own way of telling us that there is energy in sweets. Today, corn syrup, rich in dextrose, is playing a more important role than ever before in supplying active America with the sugar that gives power to the body and keeps wits sharp.

Candy is part of the field ration and sweets are served generously to our armed forces everywhere. Sweets served in war plants have greatly stepped up human energy and production.

Tremendous quantities of corn syrup are used to make icings, cookies, cakes, candies and pies so temptingly good—and good for you.

Immense amounts of corn syrup for the army as well as for civilian consumption are produced by the Home of Budweiser. Our Corn Products Division—working entirely apart from the brewery—grew out of the experience that developed from years of laboratory research. The quest for better methods and facilities for brewing the world's most popular beer never ceases.

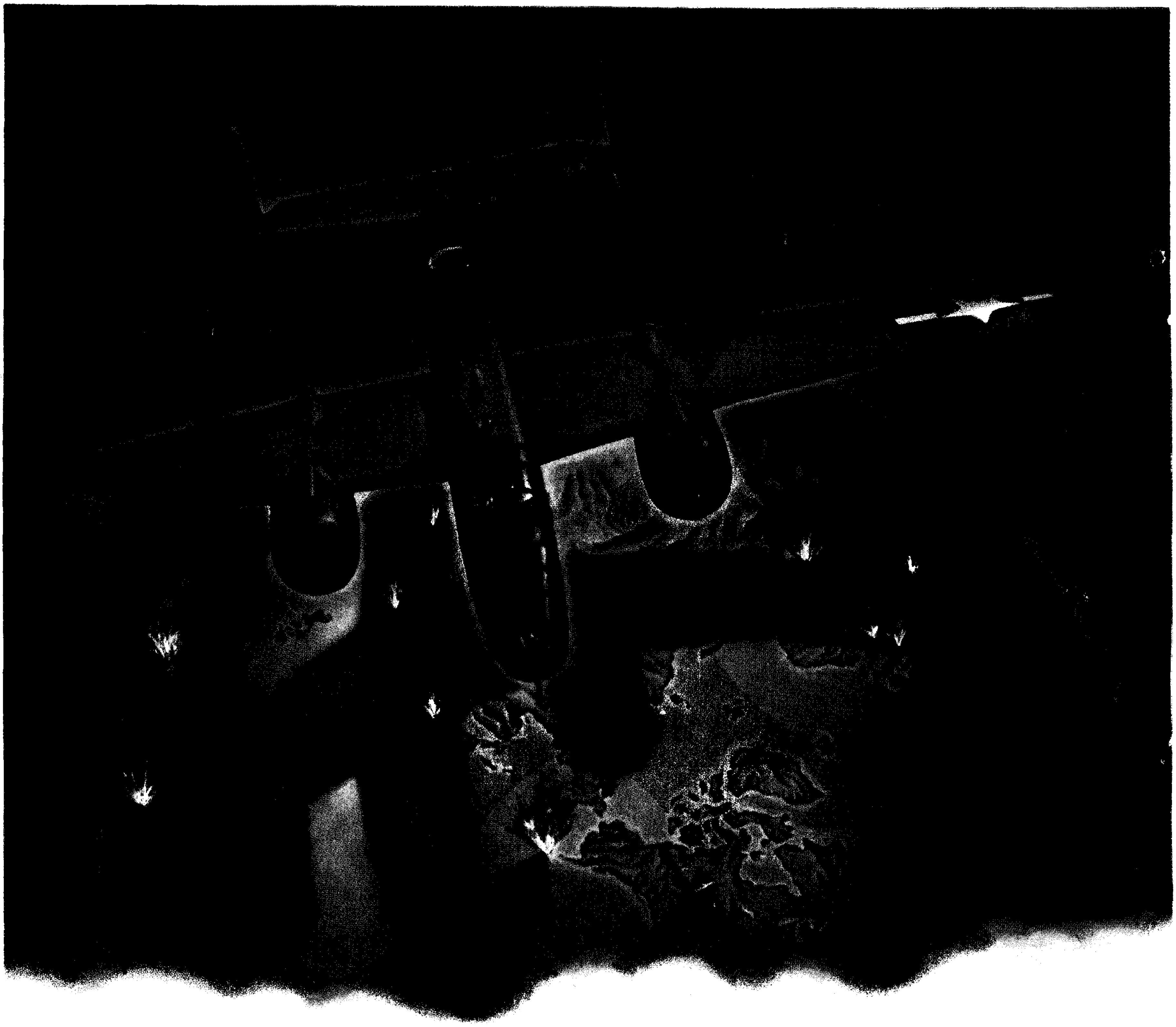
Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

© 1943

ANHEUSER-BUSCH SAINT LOUIS



Where there's a fight there's a Mitchell

On every battlefront of this global war—in heat or cold, sunshine or fog—you will find a B-25 Mitchell bomber. The belligerent Billy Mitchells care little whether they pick a fight with the enemy or step in to finish one.

Mitchells have won their spurs in the South Pacific…in the Aleutians…in North Africa…the Mediterranean…over Europe.

They have left behind them chaos and ruin for the enemy. With altitude bombing, low-level bombing, torpedo launching, strafing attacks, these tough, versatile wheelhorses of the Air Forces always have new tricks to throw at the enemy—because the men and women at North American are determined to keep the fighting Mitchells ready to strike ever harder blows each time.

Good as was yesterday's Mitchell, today's is more deadly; fast as was yesterday's production, today's is faster—as North American Aviation sets the pace.

The quicker the pace, say the men and women of North American, the sooner the victory.

North American Aviation, Inc., designers and builders of the B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan trainer and the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber). Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace!*

Feather Merchant

Continued from page 27

The train brakes slightly, whistling for a crossing in Connecticut. The page opened at random in front of Simonds, reads: ". . . its soul, honor . . ."

YOU see Arthur Simonds again at the indoctrination school for reserve officers. The school is located at one of the old Eastern universities known as Ivy colleges. Most of the students and many of the townspeople do not like the idea of the Navy being there; it is a reminder of harsh reality, something the semicloistered walls of the university have more or less unconsciously tried to shield its students from.

The men are crowded in, four to a room, and they are marched to and from class, and at night the doors of their halls are locked on them. Most of them resent this, the younger ones less than the older men, for it seems a curious way to treat lawyers, editors and college professors.

The three other student officers rooming with Arthur Simonds are Ensign Thomas Woodward, who has tried for the last three years to get into West Point or Annapolis but could never quite make it, returning each year to a military college; Elmer Getchell, a lieutenant (jg), who is a few years older than Simonds, and used to help his father run a large dairy farm in upstate New York; and Stanley Amberson, a full lieutenant, who used to be the dean of men at a Middle Western college. At thirty-eight, Lieutenant Amberson is the oldest of them.

All of them but Ensign Woodward are married. The picture of his girl is pasted into the top of his foot locker because the room they are in is too crowded to find another place for it, even if he wanted to expose it to the public view. The memories of the other men's wives are now strongly with them, too.

They are seated in the crowded room one night between the double-decker beds shoved against either of the longer walls, and the older men are not above a bit of grousing. They have closed the books on navigation and leaned back in the straight uncomfortable chairs. All of them but Ensign Woodward, who is still bent over his book. He is reading in a bad light.

They have something to talk about tonight, because one of the men in the next room has been taken off to naval hospital with something resembling a breakdown. He was subject to claustrophobia, it seems, and the crowded room had not been good for him.

Stanley Amberson, the dean, says: "They should have known better—that that would happen when they crowd people in the way they have here. Now, back at my school, we go out of our way to give the undergraduates plenty of space in their living quarters."

"They're in a hurry now," Elmer Getchell says. "And they haven't cleared the undergraduates out of the colleges yet. They have to crowd us into what they have."

"It would be easier," Arthur Simonds says, "if we were nearer to the war. We could stand anything, then. But we're still too far away from it here; all over the country we're too far away from it."

"I think you have something there," Stanley Amberson says.

"I am glad you agree with me, Dean," Arthur Simonds says with elusive mockery.

Looking out the leaded windows they can see the undergraduates still free to move about, their comings and goings not gainsaid. It is about nine-thirty and those students who have food concessions are moving about from window to window of the first floors of the dormitories, selling sandwiches and bottles of milk from baskets they carry. One of them comes toward the hall the naval officers are quartered in. There have been orders for all civilians to stay away from this hall, and guards from each training battalion are on duty twenty-four hours a day.

The weather is still mild and the undergraduate selling the food is wearing the shorts and quarter-sleeved shirt that they wear at that school when playing squash or tennis. Before strangers, he manages, with almost incredible skill, to maintain an attitude of dignity and even aloofness, as much as to say that even if he is working his way through college, what a college it is; and how superior even those of its students who are sellers of sandwiches!

It is while the undergraduate is standing on the plinth or ledge that runs around the lower part of the building, and holding onto his basket of sandwiches with one hand and to the window of the four officers with the other, that one of the guards comes around the corner and arrests him, leaving Arthur Simonds with a bottle of milk in his hand and Elmer Getchell with a sandwich, not yet paid for.

"Now what do you suppose that was for?" Stanley Amberson asks.

They discover that they have started to laugh but that the laughter does not get very far. The undergraduate had been discomfited, his precarious dignity outraged, but they do not laugh long.

"C'est la guerre," Elmer Getchell says. His accent is bad and the words, coming from him, seem a little ridiculous. But they recognize the curious truth at last. It is the war, now brought to their window sill. Even the sandwich seller, with his ridiculous dignity, with the assumed stupidity of the undergraduate, cannot break its remotest law.

YOU see Arthur Simonds, the feather merchant, next at a base on the South Atlantic coast of the United States. He has not only finished his indoctrination course at the Ivy college, but he has also finished the course at the sub chaser school in Miami, and has received orders to report to a ship.

It is a small city he reports at, small considering the size of the base. At the Yard there, he goes immediately to the boat he has been assigned to. It is moored alone to a dock and the paint on it is not in too good shape so that the number is partly obliterated, and there is evidence of either a collision or an explosion near the stern.

Its commander, a full lieutenant, is sitting at a desk when Arthur Simonds presents himself and asks permission to come aboard. The commander's name is Lieutenant James Martin, and in spite of the thin, weary face and heavy mustache, Simonds can see that the lieutenant is younger than himself.

Lieutenant Martin tells him to sit down, and after the amenities, Simonds asks when they are to leave port.

"Why, we were ordered to sail this morning," the lieutenant says, more in weariness than in anger or anything else. "Not only are we shorthanded, but with the screw of the boat in the condition it is, we can make just two and one half knots."

"But couldn't you tell them anything? I mean—"

"I told them everything. Finally I called the admiral of the district long-distance and he gave me six days to get the screw fixed. If they start work today they can have it fixed in six days, but they haven't started yet."

In the late afternoon, Arthur Simonds sits in the chartroom and reads a newspaper. In it he sees that Henry Holiday has just been appointed to a postwar planning committee, which is going to see to it that the world after the war will be quite a wonderful place to live in. This is very discouraging to Arthur Simonds because he knows Henry Holiday, as the Holidays have a large summer place in the town Arthur Simonds teaches in, just north of Boston.

Henry Holiday is a successful artist, that is, he is a painter who married a woman with a lot of money. When a competition was held to see who would paint the curtain for the local summer theater, Henry Holiday saw to it that the announcement of the contest was delayed accidentally until a week before its closing date. Meanwhile, he was painting rapidly, so that when the closing date came, only Henry Holiday had an example ready and he won the contest quite easily.

Then there was the children's book about American heroes that Henry Holiday illustrated. When it was published, people in the town became curious and even somewhat alarmed about Henry Holiday, because all the illustrations in the book looked like Henry Holiday. Daniel Webster looked like Henry Holiday; George Washington looked like Henry Holiday; even Abe Lincoln looked like Henry Holiday.

There were a lot of other things Arthur Simonds knew about Henry Holiday, so that now he cannot help but be dismayed that Henry Holiday is going to be one of those who are making the order for the new world Arthur Simonds and perhaps even Lieutenant Martin think they are fighting for. So that now Arthur Simonds thinks of the difference between Henry Holiday and Lieutenant Martin, and it is a very disturbing difference indeed. So that sitting there in the hot chartroom, his first responsibility not yet five hours old, the memory of the fixed and arrogant eyes of the crew in his mind when he gave them his first order, Arthur Simonds, the feather merchant, does not feel at all proud. . . .

And now you see him with his ship at sea, patrolling the very blue water of the Caribbean, fabled, as you know, in song and story. The ship is one of those you have heard about unofficially, where the discipline, in those things which are unimportant, has been relaxed. The crew has monkeys, parrots and a fox terrier as pets, the uniform of the day is a pair of shorts, and you can distinguish the officers from the crew only by the uniform caps they wear and the Navy automatics that are at their hips when the combat stations are manned.

THAT first time Arthur Simonds stands at a combat station he is standing behind the crew of the forward gun, watching them work, wondering if the teamwork he has tried to perfect in them will stand up now under pressure, recalling again the theory of composing a gun crew which they had been taught at school; how the hot-shell man who *took* the fired shell cases out of the breech should be short, nimble and not too imaginative; how the man who *called* the range should preferably come from Ohio because somehow the voice of an Ohioan *called* numbers more clearly.

They work smoothly and even easily now, and in spite of the tension in himself, Simonds feels, like something seen a long way off, or remembered over a long distance in time, a curious pride in them, actually a pride in workmanship at the thing he has helped to fashion.

But all he says is, "Be sure and keep those loose shells cleared away," to the hot-shell man, although all of them know that they will probably not get to fire

How this 2-layer Fabric *protects* health

The fabric of Duofold Underwear is made in two thin layers, with air-space between.

The inner layer, next the skin, is all cotton. The outer layer contains wool blended with other fibres. You get the *warmth* of the wool, but *not the itch!*

Duofold is not heavy or bulky, yet it *keeps resistance* up . . . colds *down!*

Duofold is considered a *vocational* need . . . especially valuable to war workers, army officers, outdoor workers, and civilian defense volunteers. It's in greater demand than ever, so *preserve* what you have.

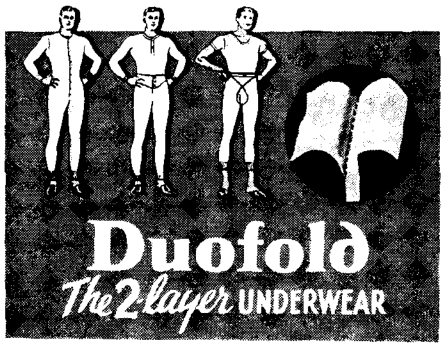
Give DUOFOLD Good Care

Wool requires care in laundering. Wash and rinse in warm (not hot) water. Do not use washboard. After washing, while damp, lay flat and stretch to proper shape. Hang out to dry where it will *not* freeze. Do not use a *hot* iron.

YOUR DEALER IS DOING HIS BEST

We are producing underwear for our Armed Forces, and as much Duofold for civilians as conditions permit. The demand for Duofold is unusually heavy. If your dealer may not have the style or size you want, please don't blame him.

DUOFOLD, INC. • MOHAWK, N.Y.



Magic...? Or Logic?

Pressure of 1700 tons changes the basic materials of natural wood—cellulose and lignin—into perhaps one of the most versatile materials serving America's war industries today. This material is Masonite Presdwood.**

NO MAGIC. But much logic! Simply, it is this: Wood's strength comes from its lignin-locked cellulose fiber. But in the tree the fiber is in parallel layers, making for uneven strength. Interlace the fiber at all angles, lock it together with pressure in its own cement-like lignin, and the product will be strong in every direction!

The Masonite process starts by exploding hardwoods and softwoods, leaving the cellulose undamaged and the lignin intact. The resultant fibrous mixtures, of varying degrees of plasticity, are then reassembled . . . far stronger than wood . . . subjected to different heats and pressures . . . thus producing Masonite Presdwoods.

These hardboards are easily worked. They can be bent and accurately machined on wood-working tools to almost any shape or contour. Their glass-like smooth surfaces provide for perfect painting with regular paints, baked enamel finishes or lacquers.

Masonite ligno-cellulose hardboards serve in more than 500 war uses, releasing for vital purposes rubber, steel, aluminum, and other strategic materials. If you need an outstanding product for war production to replace those on the critical list, write today. Masonite Corporation, 111 W. Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. "Masonite" identifies all products marketed by the Masonite Corp.
COPYRIGHT 1943, MASONITE CORPORATION

MASONITE PRESDWOODS

THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

enough rounds to make the used shells a problem under their feet.

"Take it easy," he adds.

The first-class gunner's mate turns to him with a thin, friendly smile and says, "Take it easy yourself, sir," so that Arthur Simonds is able to smile, too, even now.

He sees the first shot fall short of the dark line ahead, already fading on the sight, and he hears the gun captain spot up a thousand feet, so that Simonds thinks it is too much until he sees the second shot drop just beyond the dark line, and he remembers the lessons of the gunnery class: to spot boldly. On two shots the gun captain has straddled the sub, now almost out of sight. The gun captain comes down two hundred feet on his third spot and they see the splash in the white welter where the sub has disappeared from view. "No change, no change," the gun captain calls, but the fourth shot is as accurate and futile as the third.

Then they are racing toward the patch of foam and the suspense is unbearable in all of the gun crew because they cannot fire now, but must wait for the ashcans to go over, and these are handled by other men. It is a good minute before the first ones go up against the glare of midday, and they hear the heavy crunch-crunch behind and below them. Then the quick doubling back and the pattern of explosions forming like a web or a pattern of casting nets. Sweat blinds Arthur Simonds, and aft they can hear someone yell, "Oil!" so that standing on the gun, they can see the first iridescence floating and coloring in the sun.

So now it is over, Arthur Simonds realizes, and he thinks that he should have been afraid, that he should have thought of his family, that he should have been angry or heroic, but he has only thought of keeping the gun crews working.

But they are all feeling good now, and when they make port at a Southern base, late that afternoon, most of them get shore leave. Arthur Simonds finds that, with Lieutenant Martin, they have been asked to a dinner party. It is a big stone house to which they have been asked, built for safety and coolness a long time ago by Spaniards in that place of heat and hurricanes.

There are a lot of other Navy people there, including officers whose families are in the West or North, and wives whose husbands are at sea. The exact wine is served with every course, so that between the wine and the adrenalin left in his blood by the excitement of the day, Arthur Simonds is feeling very good by the time they all go out into the formal garden of the place.

HIS partner at dinner is a slight but shapely blond girl whose husband, an ensign, is on patrol off Cuba. She has been very polite if somewhat preoccupied at dinner, and Arthur Simonds supposes that this is probably a good thing, although he can wish she seemed a little more aware—as were the others there—of what he and Lieutenant Martin had done that afternoon.

It is all very clear to him, though, he tells himself: She wants to do nothing that could be construed as even the most tentative kind of unfaithfulness. With effort, Arthur Simonds considers, he could aid her in her resolve. So that he walks quietly by her side in the dark and light reaches of the garden until, as they move past a mass of small flowers, they are enveloped in the most heady sweetness of odor he has ever known. It is night-blooming jasmine, which he has never smelled before; nor does he know what it is, or that its incredible fragrance has made history and changed people's lives.

In the dimness, in the dark web of the scent, he turns to the girl near him, but without violence or lack of grace, she manages to stay quite apart from him. Seeing his tense, stricken face in the dimness, she can say: "Please. I know how it is in these times, but—"

Nodding, Arthur Simonds says, thickly: "I know. Tomorrow you will seem very admirable to me, or your character will. But not now—"

"Yes," she says. "We become very tired of ourselves so often in these days."

"Yes," Arthur Simonds says, turning away, remembering his wife, "I am very tired of myself right now."

AND now you see the feather merchant, Arthur Simonds, and possibly for the last time. In the spring heat of the Caribbean, with mists blurring the long horizon, they have taken Lieutenant Martin, with a machine-gun bullet in his right lung, and laid him in the scant shade of the funnel, so that Arthur Simonds is now in command of the ship.

It is a very bad time to be in command of this particular ship, because she has just run into a nest of three submarines, and a torpedo from one of them has blown part of the stern off and bent the propeller shaft so that its speed is reduced. The subs are surfaced and the five-inch gun at the ship's bow has blown the top out of the conning tower of one of them, but all three of the subs are moving and the first of them has started to shell what is now Arthur Simonds' ship at almost point-blank range. His own guns are replying, and he sees that the sub with the broken conning tower seems to have lost speed, and he sees that two of his men at the forward gun turret have dropped to the deck under the clang of bullets against the steel.

If they can keep the guns working on the undamaged subs, there may be a chance, he knows, and quite automatically he knows what he and his ship have to do, although the reason seems obscure. No one is watching him, although he thinks, rather curiously, of Henry Holiday and the picture of Abe Lincoln that looked like Henry Holiday, and he knows that he and his ship are doing what they are doing not because the world that will be formed again after this will be like Henry Holiday; he knows, with great clarity, that people almost always stop the Henry Holidays in time.

So you see Arthur Simonds now, for possibly the last time, with his men dying about him and his commander almost dead, a broken ship under him and its guns sounding at its tormentors.

Arthur Simonds himself moves to the controls and bears down on the damaged sub ahead of him. His ship seems to him to move very slowly, even slower than it does, but the sub cannot move fast, either, and he knows that they will meet. He feels but somehow does not hear the crash and shudder of a solid shell hit beneath him. What will happen after he rams the sub, he does not know, although almost twenty minutes ago Lieutenant Martin radioed for planes from Guantanamo, and they should be here soon. Perhaps they will come in time, he thinks. But he does not know.

The gray wreck of the broken conning tower is close now, and he sees men scrambling overside from the boardwalk of the sub's deck. He knows neither satisfaction, anger nor fear. He is making the indicated movements of the work in the given situation. He does not think of his family now, or of Henry Holiday, or even of the planes, finally. In a moment, his ship will crash and perhaps be welded helpless to the sub—an easy prey for the other two. Perhaps the planes will arrive in time to pick them out of the water, if nothing else. Arthur Simonds does not know. The moment in space-time when they will crash is almost at hand. He is a feather merchant doing his job, and thus you see him, possibly for the last time.

THE END

"Time out" at Fort Sheridan, Illinois

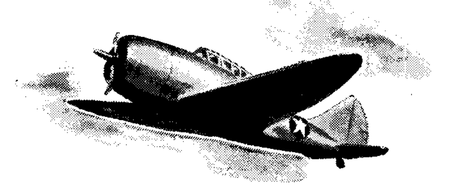
Wherever they may pause . . . on the long, tough road that stretches on ahead . . . it's up to us to be on hand . . . .

We can do it, if we send "snapshots from home"—the boys themselves say these homey little pictures mean more than almost anything else we can send.

It's hard to get film now. The Army and Navy require so much that Kodak Film is rationed to dealers. That makes it doubly important to use what film you get for the really worthwhile job. Include snapshots in your letters—make them a "visit home." This may seem too simple, but the boys don't think so . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Visit him in SNAPSHOTS

Kodak



FIRST COUSIN TO A PURSUIT SHIP

JOHNSON
SEA HORSE
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

Casual comparison reveals lots of relationship between the sparkling motors of the finest airplanes and a Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motor.

Both, of course, are products of modern metallurgy. Fact is, Johnson used aluminum to revolutionize small motor design way back in the days when intrepid fliers were barnstorming in crates. Stainless steel, chrome, molybdenum and nickel alloys and other fine metals followed—until Sea-Horses were composed almost entirely of the materials *most urgently* needed in the Nation's program of war plane construction.

The Sea-Horse, being a little fellow, doesn't roar. It purrs. But its purr results from the same characteristics that distinguish airplane motors—sheer quality, high relation of power to pounds, ruggedness out of all proportion to weight, and smooth, DEPENDable operation.

Today's Sea-Horses are all for the armed services. Tomorrow's Sea-Horses, built out of twenty years' experience, will be revelations in performance.

ARMY E NAVY

JOHNSON MOTORS
WAUKEGAN, ILL.

JOHNSON SEA·HORSES
for DEPENDABILITY

DO YOUR DUTY • • BUY WAR BONDS

Reading from Left to Right

Continued from page 20

not in the regular Army yet. They have regular Army officers over them, but the cadets wear a cute Robin Hood kind of uniform, green—and from what I've heard, the people in that town where Knapp is have become allergic to green—"

"Oh, dear," said Margaret, disappointed. Claire sat down on the lowest step and slipped her moccasins off. She rested her pink-socked feet on the cool sidewalk and looked at them and thought.

"Maybe," said Margaret, "if they didn't know it was for a national magazine—if they thought it was just some campus pictures for our yearbook—and the yearbook could use some good pictures—then they might be all right—they wouldn't mind that."

"Mind it!" Claire turned her face up to Margaret and her expression was one of high and unaccountable pleasure. "They'd hate it. They'd simply hate it."

"Well—"

"And," said Claire, more and more pleased, "I could call up Uncle Howard and if he said they had to come, they'd have to come. He won't live long, my uncle won't, but he certainly knows how to handle those merry men of his. When he has his hand on them."

"Come on." Margaret got up abruptly. "Call him up from my office and see what he says."

CLAIRE put her moccasins back on and followed Margaret into the small office.

"Oh, hello, kid," said Uncle Howard from the flying school fifty miles away. "What do *you* want?"

She told him.

"Oh, Lord," said Major Weston. "They're restless this week—this sunshine after a long spell of rain. Of course, we're always glad to co-operate with a magazine like NOW, but—"

"That's another thing," said Claire. "Don't you think, if your little pets knew they were being photographed for a national weekly, they'd feel in honor bound to lend a few characteristic touches—like standing on their heads or something?"

"There you are," said Uncle Howard with decision. "They're a splendid outfit—they don't come any better than my boys, but—"

"Yeah," said Claire. "And we have an idea. We wouldn't have to mention the fact that the photographers were from NOW—we really need some pictures for our yearbook and you could say—"

"Yearbook!" Uncle Howard couldn't believe it. He snorted. He laughed. He roared. "Kid," he said when he could speak, "they'd be fit to be tied—they'd never get over it—being photographed for a girls' yearbook—"

"You could make it an order," said Claire.

"But that's a little—say now!" Claire understood the gratification that came into her uncle's voice. He had been dealing with these half-funny men for some months and there were, no doubt, several scores to be evened up. "Say now," he repeated musingly, "I think you've got something there—"

"There's one named Underwood or Underhill." It didn't matter which it was. "He's passable-looking and ought to take a good picture, and those friends of his, Foster and Morehouse—"

"Nope. Rick Underhill's grounded this week—and also confined to quarters."

"Of course," said Claire. "He would be. This thing could be kind of, well, discipline, couldn't it?"

"Kind of," chortled Uncle Howard. He liked the idea. And in a minute he was saying yes, yes, he guessed he could find six cadets who would be so mad at being photographed for a girls' book that they'd be licked for once, and if she was sure she wanted that lunatic, Rick Underhill—

"Don't get me wrong," said Claire. "There isn't anyone in the world I want less—only I have to think of the pictorial effect."

"Oh, sure," said Uncle Howard. She gazed into the mouthpiece of the telephone to catch the expression on her uncle's face. What she saw exasperated her. She might have skipped Rick Underhill, even if he was the tallest, with the whitest teeth and the most health. . . .

It was really too bad that she couldn't tell Uncle Howard about that business ten days ago. But she couldn't.

Her father, Uncle Howard's brother, had stopped at school for her and she had gone with him to Knapp Institute, fifty miles away. Uncle Howard had detailed Underhill and Morehouse to show her around while he talked to her father. She had not known what Underhill meant when he said accusingly, "Pied Piper!" until she looked behind her. Trailing them across the parade ground were four or five grinning cadets. Then they were all in the amusement hut across the road from the flying school. Except for them the hut was deserted because it was Wednesday night, and she danced with all of them.

It was wonderful. At first. They could all dance. But—this was when she began to remember things she had heard about them—they paid no attention to her when she said she guessed she'd sit for a while. They said, "Don't be silly. We have until nine o'clock," and passed her from one to the other and she really was tired and getting pretty mad. Mistakenly, she appealed to the tallest, this Underhill, when it was his turn to grab her and he said, "You bet, baby. It'll be just you and me," and he held her tight, much too tight, and brushed the others off until, by sheer force, she got herself loose. Then of course one of the others grabbed her.

And there was this big ape, this Rick Underhill, earnestly and systematically breaking chairs in a corner of the hut! With the soft-drink attendant watching him in boredom. "He'll pay for them, sister," said the attendant wearily, as though he had been through this before. "He says you won't dance with him."

CLAIRE pulled herself away from Foster. "All right," she said to Rick, her hands on her hips, her eyes blazing, "I'll dance with you—once—to save the chairs—if you can remember that I don't like being strangled!"

He had remembered, and held her nicely and Foster yelled above the juke box, "You watch out for Rosamund, Blondie. She'll bite you!" The other cadets had thought this was excruciating. And Rick had danced her right out the door. This was the part she almost choked on. She, who had been kissed on the North Star, on the Dog Star, and on Sagittarius, fell for the old one about looking up at a star, and he had kissed her. He had hurt her mouth. As though he thought she liked it, he had said, "When can I see you again?"

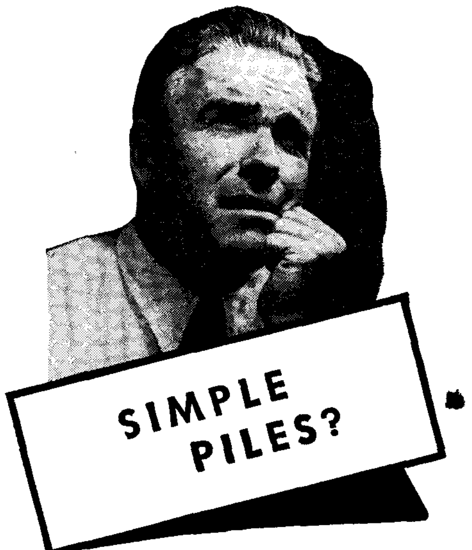
"*Again!*" she had screamed softly. "I'm not that crazy, thank you!"

"I'll call you," he had said; "I'll call you every day till you make a date with me."

That was ten days ago. He had not called her. . . .

"You're my favorite uncle," she said into the telephone. "I'll take good care of your merry men. Just impress on them that we're used to only the finest flower of American chivalry here at Holcroft."

Major Weston grunted, both because he was Claire's only uncle and because he re-


SIMPLE PILES?

There's a simple way to relieve the distressing, itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones*—made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. Millions of these soothing rectal cones have been sold . . . because they relieve pain—help guard against infection and promote healing. If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

Sold with this guarantee . . .

Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE
RECTAL CONES Norwich
®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
By the Makers of "Unguentine"

IN THE PACIFIC
his job will be easier if you back him up with war bonds. ★

in **St. Louis**
your job will be easier after a good night's rest at..

HOTEL **Lennox**

DOWNTOWN LOCATION . . . NOISE-PROOFED ROOMS . . . FROM $3.00

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1943. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and treasurer are: Publisher, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jerome Ellison, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Md.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Alvin Untermyer, Irwin Untermyer and Samuel Untermyer, 2d, executors of the Estate of Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—— (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. *Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d* day of September, 1943. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

sented the implication that his boys were less than chivalrous. What he said of them himself was his own affair. . . .

Early Saturday afternoon six girls in six colored sweaters and skirts, in six pairs of moccasins, stood on the wooden platform outside the tiny railroad station on the branch line that served Holcroft College for Women. There were six different shades of hair, from Claire's butterscotch (combed long today) through the browns to the blacks, and six pairs of clear eyes, judicious and unexcited. They had had dates before, dozens of them, and they would see.

THE train with its three high, ancient coaches steamed into the station. Standing a little straighter, watching the train with interest but not eagerness, the girls waited. Rick Underhill was the first one off. He was followed by five healthy cadets.

"Well, well, well," said Rick happily, walking up to Claire. She looked with instant suspicion on his happiness. "I hoped," he said, "that this was your idea. Major Weston's compliments to the women of Holcroft—but he didn't mention any names."

"Why should he?" said Claire. "Hello." She said hello to Jimmy Morehouse and to Don Foster, coolly, and smiled at the ones she didn't know. She said Joan Jeffries and Barbara Shattuck and all the names down the line. Rick said all the visitors' names, and clear Holcroft eyes became less judicious and more approving.

"Make your selections," said Rick to the other cadets. "You know mine."

"Oh," said Claire, "are you in charge?"

"Certainly. How do we get to where we're going?"

"We walk to the campus." Clever Uncle Howard. He did know about men—putting the craziest one in charge so he wouldn't have time to think of crazy things to do—

"Fall in," said Rick.

For all their dislike of their task, there were several unfortunate clashes of choice, but everyone was soon satisfied and they started, Joanie and Don at the head of the line. The stationmaster and the girl at the candy counter appeared in the doorway of the station and cheered.

"This is cute," said Claire, icily. She and Rick brought up the rear. "I didn't know we were going to have a parade."

"You leave everything to me, baby. I'll see they don't louse it up."

"It'll be a nice surprise if they don't," said Claire but not out loud.

The townspeople heard the tramp of feet and rushed to their front doors. There was some applause and a great many wisecracks. It was fun, or could have been, reflected Claire, if she had not been stuck with a big ape who was all swelled up with his new authority. She marched, stepping on Saralee's heels and saying "Excuse me" blandly, worrying a little about the photographers from NOW who might get so absorbed in taking pictures that they'd give the whole show away. But Margaret had said she'd take care of that.

"They all have their girdles on," said Rick, "and you must be sure to tell us if we get too much lipstick on."

"Oh," said Claire in embarrassment—anyone who knew her would have looked with distrust at the embarrassment—"I didn't think you boys were that kind."

"Hey!" Rick turned on her in indignation. "Can't you take a joke? I thought you were pretty sharp the other night."

"What night?"

He grinned down at her.

"Okay. The reason I didn't call you—"

"It won't take long," said Claire, "to get what pictures we want and then I understand Uncle Howard said you were to go straight back to camp."

"Not till eight o'clock. The reason I didn't call you is this: I can fly planes. I'm good—"

"Naturally," murmured Claire.

"I can fly 'em through croquet hoops. But the other stuff, meteorology, aerodynamics, navigation—I got kind of careless about those. And I've been pushing the brain, because it dawned on me, exactly ten days ago" *(Why, that means me. . . .* Claire marched), "that what the Army needs is not a lot of flying fools but men who know their stuff, who can get where they're sent and mend a plane on the hop if they have to—"

"I should think," said Claire wittily, "that that Rosamund of yours—"

"Ah, yes. Rosamund." No mistaking the melting fondness in his voice.

"And I suppose," she said, "that you were grounded this week for studying."

"Oh, that." They marched. "I just came in kind of low one night and a couple of screwballs on the field thought it was smart to throw themselves flat."

"I see," said Claire.

"I might get some fairly good marks"—in anybody else that new note could have been humility—"something to be proud of—or at least, I mean, that you wouldn't be ashamed of."

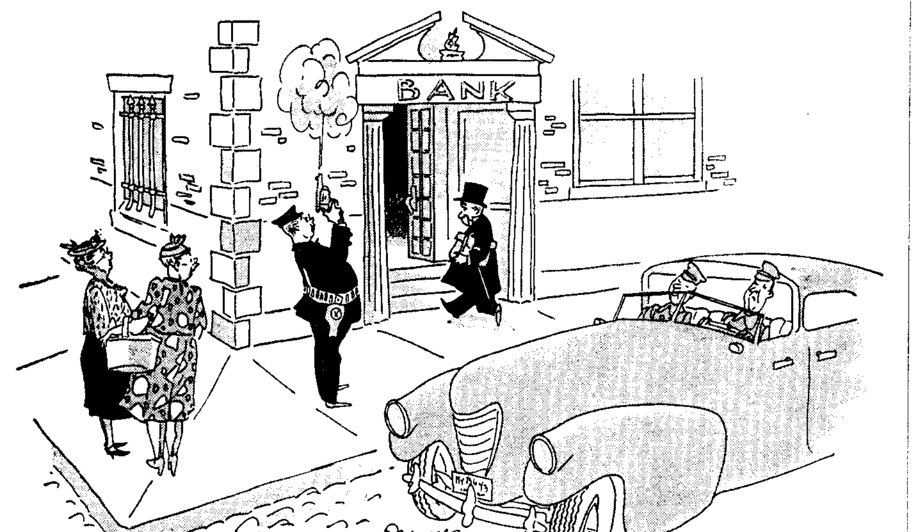
THEY marched on. "Look," said Rick, "are you going to have to take these snapshots?"

Claire blinked. "Oh, no—we've got a couple of photographers lined up."

"Good. Because I think you and I will look pretty together—I mean as though it was a real date."

"That's the idea, of course," said Claire.

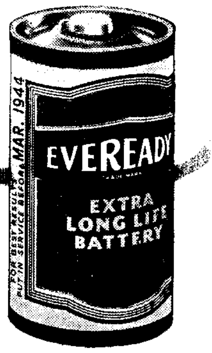
It might have been this that caused him to burst into song, the Bombardiers' Song, and the cadets turned their green-capped



"He greets the president every morning with a 21-gun salute"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

BUY WAR BONDS



LIGHTER MOMENTS with Fresh Eveready Batteries

TIMBER!

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

The armed forces are taking most of the "Eveready" flashlight batteries; most of the rest are going to the essential war industries. So please don't blame your dealer if he's out of them most of the time!

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

★

A Pipe worth waiting for!

Your dealer may be out of Smokemasters temporarily...Wartime conditions, supplying the armed forces, and increased public demand account for this.

But if you wait till he is again supplied, we know your patience will be rewarded. For Smokemaster, with its patented pipe-cleaner feature that side-tracks moisture, offers so much more in genuine smoking enjoyment...No wet heel, no soggy smoking passage, no drawing through rank, tongue-biting moisture. Mellow, sweet and friendly, Smokemaster is a pipe you'll treasure for years.

In many handsome shapes

Custom-made Smokemaster $1.50

Smokemaster . . . $1.00

At leading dealers

Pat. No. 2,166,537

One of the $1.50 Custom-made Smokemasters

Briarcraft, Inc., 347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Briarcraft Smokemaster

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vigor?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

FEET HURT, BURN?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion, fatigue. Soothing, refreshing. *Send it to boys in service.* 35¢.

Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

OTIS

MODERN UNDERWEAR

Buy quality. Make every garment last. Our production for the Army and Navy comes first.

Trade Mark

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth Street
New York

BUY WAR BONDS

heads in resentment. It was no time for singing. But Rick persisted, and they took it up one by one, and then the girls, all of them in step, their voices rising in the warm sunshine, their heads up. It was fun. Claire had this wonderful feeling that soldiers singing always gave her, tears without sadness.

The two photographers, stocky men who had seen everything, were waiting on the steps of the administration building, their cameras hanging loosely from their hands, their eyes half closed against the smoke of their dangling cigarettes. Claire saw with relief that the cases, with NOW printed all over them, were not in sight. Everything, if they hurried, was going to be all right.

There were little things, of course. The cadets, their chins down hard on their green collars, stared balefully at the photographers and did as they were told, putting their arms around the girls too tightly *in their indignation, until* Rick said, "Hey!" Then they stopped. And they spelled their names correctly for the photographers—with Rick listening and alert.

THEY lay on the damp spring grass of the campus gazing adoringly at their "dates" who sat on benches, and in between pictures, while the photographers squinted around for good backgrounds, they made faces.

They piled into taxis—at NOW's expense—and rode around to the spots where Holcroft girls had their dates, the girls sitting on the cadets' laps like so many untended packages. Not that the girls minded. They raised their eyebrows and winked at one another and did their part—with charm.

In Dal's Gay Nineties' Bar the one called Mac had to push his hair down on his forehead, a Victorian smirk on his face, his hand heavily on his girl's shoulder. Rick caught it just in time and stopped it.

On their way to the last spot Claire sat on Rick's lap in the taxi, gazing out the window. She knew his eyes were on her face. She did not feel like an untended package. The way he held her made her feel valuable. Everything was different. She had begun by disliking him. Some people said it always began that way. She had thought he was a funnyman, a wild, undisciplined goon. He wasn't. She would have said, at first, that he could not shoulder responsibility. And he could. He handled the five injured, restless cadets as later on he would handle the men under him, and if they didn't like it, it was just too bad and they could take it up with him when the task at hand was finished. . . .

He pulled her hair gently and she smiled out the window, afraid if she turned to him that her smile would not be as cool as she wanted it to be. . . .

The Federal dining room, where Holcroft had most of its dates, because it was big and had a juke box and was not expensive, was the last spot. The thing was almost over and the cadets, with some generosity, allowed themselves to become aware of the steady stream of charm that had been flowing their way. Grandly they accorded the girls a dance apiece while the photographers fussed around under Rick's direction.

And when one of the photographers, the stickier one, thought it would be picturesque to have Claire sitting at a table with Rick and two other cadets, it was Rick who was not submissive. "Nope," he said, "just Claire and me."

"Okay." The photographer added without enthusiasm, "But she's definitely a pin-up girl. She's pretty enough for three."

"Sure," said Rick, "but do I look like the type that would let a couple of other guys horn in on my date?"

He smiled at Claire, his blue eyes shooting sparks. She folded her arms over her sweetly racing heart. She knew that when she had a real date with Rick she wouldn't want a couple of other guys around, either.

And while Rick and Claire smiled at each other, bemused, Don Foster drawled, "Pin-up girl? Don't tell me the fair Rosamund is to be washed out!"

Claire's smile died. For the past two hours she had forgotten that there was a Rosamund. Rick, his back to her, was saying something to Don. And Don was grinning. Not pugnacious. Just grinning.

The photographers said, "Well, that's the story."

It was all over and the cadets had been restrained from lousing up the pictures.

Claire said, "Thank you very much," brightly, as though there was nothing on her mind but pictures, and someone said, "Let's go to Jerry's."

"What's Jerry's?" asked the cadets.

"The place the dean said there weren't to be any pictures of. It's a dive."

"Hooray!"

"Us too?" asked the photographers thirstily.

"You bet," the girls said, and waited while the photographers threw their stuff into a taxi and told the driver to meet them at Jerry's.

This time they fell easily into line. This time they sang the one about coming in on a wing and a prayer. Claire marched beside Rick. This time, underneath the wonderful feeling, there was a lump. Some day Rick might have to come in on a wing and a prayer, and if the wing didn't hold, it wouldn't be his fault, but if the prayer gave way, it might be because he hadn't practiced enough. She knew so little about him, hardly anything except that he was from Wyoming, that his eyes shot sparks, that he could shoulder responsibility, and that there was some kind of a girl named Rosamund . . .

Jerry, looking as glad as his rock-bound face could look, started drawing beers as soon as they tramped into the dark, damp, malty room. They pushed tables together so they could all sit and sing and drink beer, and Claire, her shoulder close to Rick's, smiled around at him, not knowing that her smile was wistful.

"I hope," he said in her ear, "that the pictures turn out. I want everything perfect for your little memory book."

She thought: In a minute I'll tell them, and looked about the table where green gabardine arms fell easily and nicely around soft, bright sweaters. Clear eyes above the sweaters were dreamy, because it was a lovely day and the cadets were photogenic and the charm was working. Jerry slid beers along the scarred tables and they began to sing. In a minute Claire would tell them.

The photographers gulped their beer, looked at the electric clock on the wall and sprang to their feet. "We'll just have time to make the five-twenty!"

They said, "So long," and ran to the waiting taxi, and Rick, his glass halfway to his mouth, watched them go.

"The five-twenty," said Rick. "Where do they have to go?"

Claire clapped her hands and laughed. "I was just going to tell you," she cried. "Those men are from NOW. We're going to be plastered all over every newsstand in the country in a few—"

She stopped, her mouth open. The cadets had risen as though they had received an order. Some of them were pale. All of them were stunned.

"You mean," said Rick, standing, "that we're going to be in a national magazine with *Holcroft* girls, labeled and everything!"

"Why—yes—"

"Which way's the railroad station?" he demanded of Jerry. Jerry thumbed.

"Come on," yelled Rick.

All the pent-up resentment of the afternoon in their pounding heels, the cadets double-timed out the door and up the street.

THE girls had risen, too, speechless with amazement. *Holcroft* girls—as though they were the scum of the earth.

"They wouldn't dare," said Claire, staring through the open door. And then, "Yes they would! Girls—*they're going to ruin those pictures!* Come on! Through the alley!"

They ran like deer through the alley, across streets, through a back yard, up a cindery path to the railroad station.

"Quick," said Claire to Martin, the stationmaster, "lock both doors."

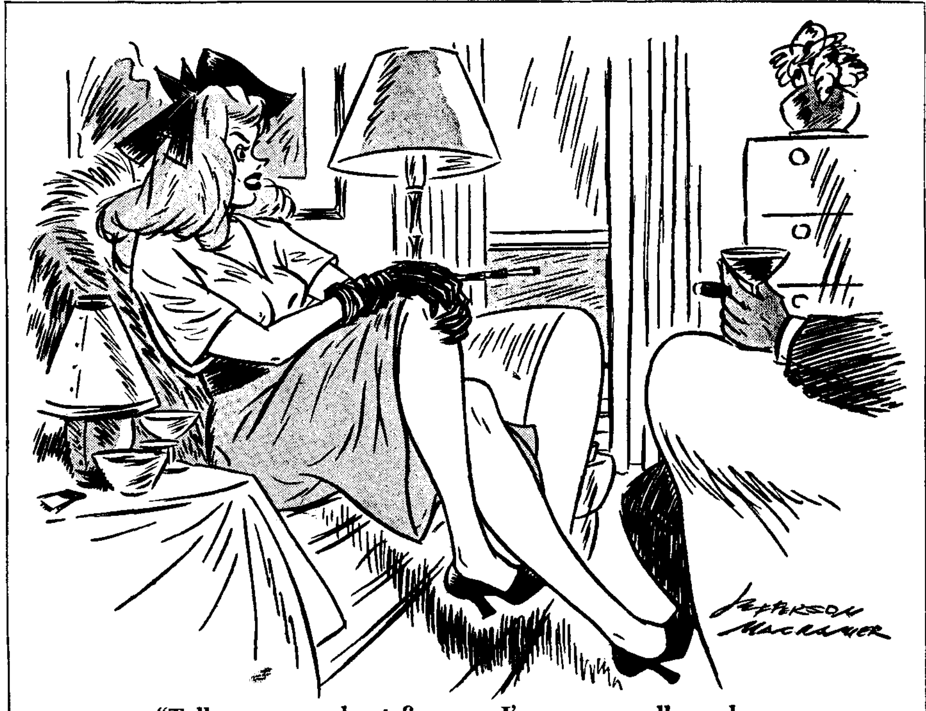
"I will not. This here place is for the public."

"Hurry! Some soldiers are coming in here to get at those cameras!"

The photographers rose from the bench. "These! I guess not!"

But their belligerence died instantly. They had been with the cadets all afternoon and there was every possibility. They sprang each to a door. They drew the bolts and old Martin shouted, "It's against the law!" The girls were jumping up and down with excitement.

"It's sabotage," said Claire, shaking



"Tell me more about finance. I've never really understood it, except that I like it and know that it's useful"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • INVEST IN THE BEST

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
NEW YORK
CHICAGO

STAGE DOOR
CAN EN

Let's shorten the war

...and save 100,000 lives a month and $300,000,000 a day!

Every 24 hours your country has to dip into the till for another 300 million dollars to prosecute the war. Every month the war is prolonged it is estimated about 100,000 more lives will be lost. ★ We're all in this war together. ★ Let's *redouble* our war effort. ★ Let's *buy* those extra Bonds we've been thinking of buying...*make* that appointment at the blood bank...Let's do our own job, and then help out on farms, in factories... wherever we can. ★ And let's do it *cheerfully!*

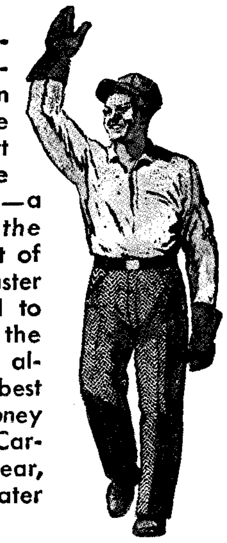
OUR DUTY as we see it is to give America the best clothes we possibly can. For the better the clothes, the longer they'll last. This means less spending, less chance that inflation will get a hold on the nation.

YOUR DUTY is to *buy only what you need.* Be content with less. And when you do buy, buy the best, because only the best will last longest.

Now, more than ever,
a small thing to look for,
a big thing to find

BUY WAR BONDS...$87.50 BUYS A DEPTH BOMB

RAILROAD MEN
SWEAR by the WEAR of
Carhartt
Master Cloth Overalls



● From gandy dancer to locomotive engineer, railroad men the country over have been buying Carhartt work clothes for more than fifty years—a *great tribute to the* better wear and fit of these sanforized Master Cloth overalls—and to the traditions of the Carhartt family for always building the best work garments money can buy. Ask for Carhartt's and get top wear, better fit and greater working comfort.

THE CARHARTT OVERALL COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

●

On sale at your local dealer's.

Carhartt
UNION MADE WORK CLOTHES
50 Years a Friend to Organized Labor

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, *in just a day or so, may easily make you* feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get **Cystex** from your druggist today **for only 35c.**

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

IT'S RUN-DOWN SHOES THAT MAKE WALKING HARD WORK. INSURE LONG WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS

SUPREX
ASK FOR
HOOD
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

Martin's sleeve. "Those pictures are for the government—practically—and a bunch of maniacs think they can spoil them!"

The maniacs could be heard, their feet thudding on the cement walk. The door was rattled strongly from without, and then kicked.

"You open this door," yelled Rick, peering through barred windows.

"Don't be silly," yelled Claire.

The girls squeezed one another. The photographers crouched behind the candy counter with their cameras, pleading to know *why*. Nobody knew. Feet thudded around the station. Without conviction the other door, the one onto the tracks, was rattled. Claire ran to the dusty barred windows on this side. The six cadets were in a huddle. Then they ran down the platform, waving two trackmen aside, and returned almost instantly with an empty baggage truck. This they backed away from the door and rushed. The door was solid and only trembled.

"You crazy half-wits!" screamed Claire. "What kind of soldiers are you? You're supposed to protect this country and all you know how to do is wreck it!"

There was no answer except another crash against the door.

"Listen," exclaimed Claire, "the train!"

The photographers moaned. "We've got to be on that train. You kids can damn well call off those tin soldiers of yours."

"How?" asked Claire sensibly.

The girls and the agitated stationmaster and the photographers crowded to the windows to look without hope at the train and the six powerful busy cadets outside. The train steamed in. A lieutenant descended. The lieutenant was followed by the angel Gabriel, Lafayette and General MacArthur, all combined in the very military person of Uncle Howard.

"O-o-o-oh," wailed Claire in ecstasy.

The cadets faced their commanding officer. They dropped their hands from the handle of the truck and stood at attention. He was talking to them in barks, and his eye was ice cold. Claire slid the bolt and opened the door.

"Just keep them there a minute, Uncle Howard." To the photographers she said, "Step on it." They nursed their cameras in their arms and stepped on it.

"Please, sir," said Rick.

"Silence," said Uncle Howard. He looked at Claire. "Lieutenant Bancroft and I had to make a trip up the line and it occurred to us that it might be a good thing to drop off here. I see that it was."

"Well, of course," Claire floundered, snatching for the necessary loyalty, "it was in fun, kind of." She glared at Rick. "It's all right now."

"Please, sir," said Rick.

MAJOR WESTON, deaf, surveyed his cadets. They swallowed and looked back at him with a kind of wild-dog devotion. The major's cold eye rested on the truck and on the new splinters in the door.

"All right, Underhill," he said.

"Well, you see, sir, two of these guys are engaged to Vassar girls, Mac here is trying to get engaged to a girl at Smith, and the other two have been going steady for years—and that yearbook stuff, that would have been all right. Nobody's apt to see a Holcroft yearbook." Something like hissing came from the six girls gathered on the platform. "But NOW—that's different, sir. Everybody'll see those pictures, and I guess you'll understand, sir, that being photographed for a girls' yearbook didn't sound so good, and when they all had to break dates, they thought up some sharp excuses, like having to go on a cross-country flight, and exams, and," lamely, "things like that."

The major regarded his merry men with deep affection and malice. "You mean you'll all be in wrong with your regular girls?"

"That's it, sir. All of us, with our arms around these dames—"

"Dear, dear," said the major amiably.

Claire moved close to Rick. "Are you engaged too?" she asked.

"He's at attention, Claire," said her uncle. "He can't answer your question. Whatever it was."

"You could excuse him, couldn't you?"

Uncle Howard coughed. "Dismissed, Underhill—for five minutes. Not the rest of you!"

Rick walked three steps away and looked at Claire the way any man would look at a girl for whom he had worked hard at a hated task—only to find she had put one over on him.

"Are you engaged, Rick?" she asked.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't be?"

She wrung her hands. "And of course your girl *will* be furious—your arm around me—and telling her a lie. She'll never forgive you—"

"Naturally not."

THE thing she had been waiting for all her life had happened to her. And she had lost.

"I can't bear it," she said. "I really can't. Come on—"

She seized his hand and pulled him toward the train.

"Hey!" he said.

"Hurry. Maybe we can get the photographers to throw out those with your arm around me."

Uncle Howard did not stop them.

The photographers were not in the last coach.

"They'll be in the next one—there are only two." With bent head she pulled Rick along.

"Just a minute." He swung her around. She looked at him through swimming eyes. "You're not *crying*, are you?" he said.

"D-don't you see? It's all my fault. Your whole life will be ruined—and then you won't care—you'll be reckless when you get into the flying corps—"

"You mean you *want* me to be engaged to someone else?"

"I want you to b-be happy. You've got to be happy. That's all I care about—and it seems s-so s-s-silly—I never thought much about other people's happiness—except my parents and my kid sister and maybe Uncle Howard—"

"Darling," said Rick.

"Oh, no," said Claire, tears streaming down her face, "you're engaged—that Rosamund—"

"Why, baby!" He grinned wickedly. Now they were even. "You don't have to be jealous of a horse! My Rosamund's the sweetest little palamino that ever—"

"Oh, Ricky!"

He pulled her close. "I only said: Why shouldn't I be engaged?" His eyes shot a whole bonfire of sparks. "And I'd love to be!"

"Ricky, darling—"

The passengers in the train craned their necks. Rick and Claire thought they were alone. She turned her face away and murmured through her tears, "You're so rough, darling. You hurt my mouth the other night—"

"Oh, darling. I didn't mean to—"

"I know you didn't, darling—"

This time he was very gentle.

There was a white flash and reluctantly they looked up. They smiled at the photographer, the stockier one.

"This'll kill 'em," said the photographer. "It's got everything—the old heart throb, the uniform, and tears, even."

Rick looked longingly at the camera.

"No!" said Claire. "I'll get Uncle Howard to write to those other girls—he'll fix things up."

"It would have been nice," said Rick regretfully, "if we could have fixed things up ourselves."

The train jolted. They had to run and jump.

THE END

A·1

SAUCE

WE ARE DOING OUR BEST

Due to Army and Navy use of vital ingredients, it's harder nowadays to get A·1 Sauce at grocery stores and restaurants.

BUT! . . . It's worth waiting for. Be patient. Keep asking for it. We are doing our best to keep you supplied. ***Send for free recipe booklet.***

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. • Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

You Can't Always Buy

Wedgewood
PANETELAS

Our production is limited and we satisfy the demand of the boys in service, first.

BUT if your cigar store happens to have them . . . and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find a new smoking thrill in WEDGEWOOD.

A GOOD **5c** CIGAR

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA., PA.

3 LETTERS THIS WEEK, DAD!
You Were a Genius to Send Him a Conklin

Longer Letters More Often Flow from the Conklin

Many a fighting lad is making home-folks happy these days because with his *Conklin* he can write anywhere, anytime, so easily and quickly. Make your own writing great fun. Get a *Conklin* today. Priced amazingly low for big-name dependability.

Conklin The Pen with the "Cushion" Point

HAVE THE
Shine
OF YOUR
Life!

THE Whittemore name has been a guarantee of finest quality for 102 years. Today, while huge quantities of Whittemore shoe dressings are going to the armed forces, we are also making the largest possible amount of polishes and dressings for civilian use. And now, as always, Whittemore's highest quality standards are being rigidly maintained.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

YOU LIFE
TO
By

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Telephones Day-After-Tomorrow

Once in a while, it does us good to stretch our imaginations to the limit and live for a moment in a world of wildest dreams come true. But when sound engineering principles already in use are combined with such dreams, we escape from pure fantasy and come face to face with the reality of day-after-tomorrow. Here's the kind of telephone you may be using:

The instrument (made of plastics, of course) will have, instead of a dial, a small keyboard like a one-octave piano, bearing the numbers and letters needed for making calls. You will simply press the keys lightly, one after another, to ring any party within range.

Nor will you have to look up the number first in a bulky telephone book. Its contents will be contained in the base of your instrument, recorded on microfilm. By turning a knob you can bring any name and number into view beneath a lens and hold it there for reference while dialing the call.

It is even likely that day-after-tomorrow's telephone will not be connected to the terminal box at all. It could work by short-distance radio without cord connection, and you will be able to move it around the house as you like.

There is nothing fantastic about this. The elements of such telephones are all in existence.

Gas Turbines Coming

A new age of transportation is coming up, built around the smooth power flow of the gas turbine. Today's cars, planes, locomotives are all driven by reciprocating engines, which vibrate severely no matter how well engineered. The turbine, with its much higher fuel efficiency and its steady torque on propeller or driving wheel, promises new highs in riding comfort and ease of control.

Greatest advantages of the turbine drive will be economy and vibrationless operation, together with great savings in weight of power plant. These things hold much promise for large commercial planes of the future and even for the automobile, which will thus become more flexible and cheaper to run. Railroad locomotives will also use powerful steam turbines to haul high-speed trains without the pounding that develops from heavy reciprocating parts.

The problem of the gas-driven turbine has been attacked for years but never properly solved, because thin turbine blades could not stand the intense heat of combustion. But the exhaust-driven supercharger for fighter planes has finally shown the way; new alloys have been developed for it that can stand red heat without softening. War necessity promises to release the gas-turbine principle for universal use once the final research work has been done.

Sandless Glass

For thirty centuries glass has been made mostly of sand, with other chemicals added for special purposes. Today some of the finest optical and ophthalmic glass has no sand at all, yet is superior to anything else now obtainable. At present it is manufactured only in small quantities for military purposes. Its most important new property is the power to bend light rays sharply with almost no separation of the colors of the spectrum. This is an achievement sought since the days of Newton but never attained except in the lens of the eye.

Sandless glass will be used after the war in bifocal glasses, where its power to form an image without the usual color fringes will bring new comfort to old eyes. More important, it will bring new refinement to precision optical instruments such as microscopes and high-grade cameras. Present-day instruments require expensive groups of lenses of flint and crown glass to correct for chromatic aberration. Sandless glass will do the same job with fewer lense elements, thus greatly increasing optical efficiency. The result will be sharper, more vivid photographs from medium-priced cameras and clearer fields of vision for the scientist at his microscope.

Eggs are likely to be pasteurized in the future, as milk is now. Heating them to 124.5 degrees Fahrenheit will not coagulate them but will preserve them for a long time without cold storage.

Hot-and-Cold Death for Moths

Fur coats will have a new lease on life in future, when periodic trips to a new kind of cleaning establishment shock the hardiest moth to death with alternate freezing and thawing. The garments will be hung in a room and subjected to "shock cycles" that will not only kill the moths themselves but do away with their eggs, all in a few hours' time. Seasonal cold storage will then be unnecessary.

Your furs—and such woolens as are not chemically moth-protected—will be "shocked" three or four times a year and run no further risk of damage.

Large refrigerated compartments will be provided, to which garments can be sent just as to an ordinary cleaner's. Locked in these compartments, the goods will suddenly be subjected to subzero cold, then quickly returned to a temperature of about 50 degrees. The cycle will be repeated several times. Each warming-up will hatch out moth eggs that survived the previous freezings, and the subsequent cold snap will kill the larvae.

The shock-cycle method will improve on the simple cold-storage system by destroying the eggs as well as the moths. The furs themselves will not be harmed by the rapid changes in "climate."

Brass bands in the future may be found only in museums. Bugles and trumpets made of plastic are already so successful in the Armed Forces that brass will probably yield to plastic for all instruments in tomorrow's band. The tone will be improved and no time will be needed for "warming up." ★★★

EBERHARD FABER U.S.A. 482 - No2
MONGOL

EVER GIVE A SECOND THOUGHT TO PENCILS?

Your Stationer can
show you why
it's worthwhile

Remember how as a school kid you moistened the lead to make your pencil write blacker? In those days a pencil was just a pencil. Some folks still feel that way.

Today there's a special pencil to suit everybody and every purpose. Finding the right one to suit *you* is just a matter of asking your Stationer. He can give you a lot of helpful information . . . for instance:

If frequent pencil sharpening interrupts and disturbs you, the extra wear in a No. 482 MONGOL will save your time and temper.

If you want stronger pencil points, MONGOL'S wood-clinched Complastic lead is what you're looking for.

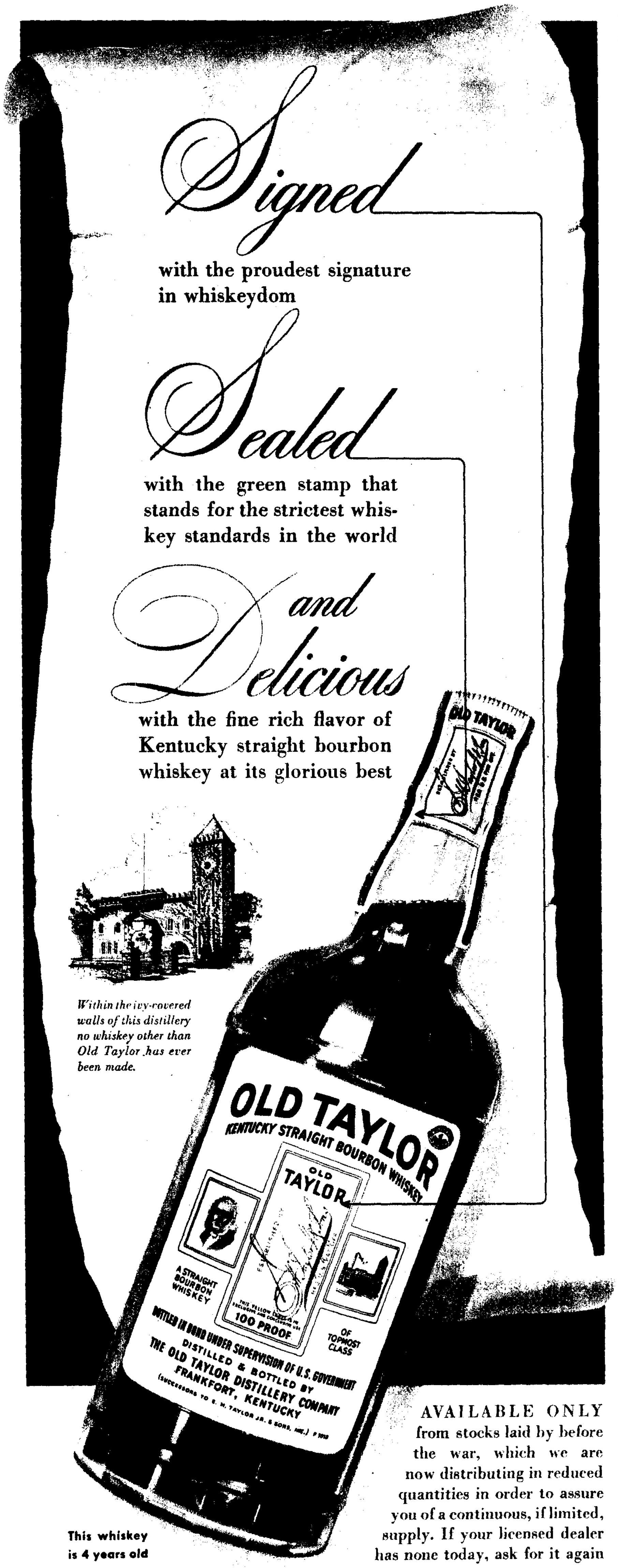
If you take stenographic notes, the correct MONGOL pencil may improve your speed and accuracy.

If you are a writer or reporter, there is a special degree of lead that you will find more adaptable to your work than any other.

Visit your Stationer and bring yourself up to date on pencils. Let him show you the MONGOL pencil that exactly fits your "writing personality".

Talk to an EXPERT—
your STATIONER

EBERHARD
NEW YORK FABER TORONTO
Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849



Signed with the proudest signature in whiskeydom

Sealed with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world

and Delicious with the fine rich flavor of Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey at its glorious best

Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

This whiskey is 4 years old

AVAILABLE ONLY from stocks laid by before the war, which we are now distributing in reduced quantities in order to assure you of a continuous, if limited, supply. If your licensed dealer has none today, ask for it again later on.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Baseball's "Billy the Kid"

Continued from page 21

lost ball games. In July, Branch Rickey removed him, sent him back to Rochester and the Red Wings. Finally, in mid-season of '32, he was transferred to Columbus in the American Association.

Young Bill, worshiping from afar, welcomed the shift. Pop would be home now; Bill, Jr., would be able to watch him run a baseball club. But old Billy knew the chutes were greased. The Columbus team was a bedraggled outfit.

Mrs. Southworth fell ill. Distracted by worry, the little manager drowned his fears in forgetfulness. At the end of that season, he was dropped from the Cardinal chain. Mrs. Southworth passed away. In desperation, he'd taken the Giant coaching job, only to quarrel with Bill Terry. Now he was back home in Columbus, out of baseball.

When and where he vowed to give up his habit of drinking occasionally is his own secret.

Years later, a newspaperman approached him. "I'd like to write a real story about you," he said, "but I can't."

"Why not?" asked Billy.

"Well, I can't tell the whole truth."

The veteran ballplayer pondered. "If it'll help any other man," he finally declared, "the truth's good enough for me. And you can say that the happiest day of my life will be the tenth anniversary of my going dry."

During his job-hunting days in the spring of 1933, Billy's sole joy was in working out with young Bill, teaching him pointers about big-league baseball. He soon found work; friends and a special providence always take care of old ballplayers. He sold cottonseed oil for a Columbus distributor.

Twice each month he'd visit the office to collect commissions. Through a wicket he met the friendly eyes of a bookkeeper whose name, he learned, was Mabel Stiemen. She was attractive; he was obviously lonely. Soon she felt more than sympathy for this man who was conquering himself the hard way, discovering that an unimaginably rich life can begin at 40. One January day in '34, they were married.

A Chance to Make a Comeback

For a year, Billy turned his back on baseball. Another spring season was about to start when Joe Carr, founder of the National Football League, visited the Southworths.

Carr called on Branch Rickey in St. Louis a few days later. "Why don't you give Billy Southworth another chance?" he asked.

"He's not my kind of team leader," Rickey replied.

"I tell you he's a new man," Carr insisted. "He's mastered himself. I saw how he's bringing up that kid of his. Any man who is a devoted father can work wonders with young ballplayers."

Rickey came to a quick decision: "I'll take your word, Joe. But he'll have to begin at the bottom."

White-haired Charlie Kelchner was in charge of the Cardinal camp at Asheville, N. C. Mill and farm hands from the South, city-bred boys from the North were gathered there to learn the baseball trade.

Kelchner reported to Branch Rickey later that March: "Southworth treats the rookies as if they were his own sons. He's getting results."

Rickey forthwith appointed Billy manager of the Asheville club.

In the Carolina town where the mountains dwindle away to the horizon, Billy found happiness that year. A girl baby, Carole, was born to Mabel; and he created a sprightly team, a team he still regards as his greatest triumph. It was tough, but Billy stuck to it.

In '36, he was promoted to the Memphis Chicks, where he had a fine record on the field and off. By '37, he'd evolved into a successful baseball businessman. He developed and sold Coaker Triplett, Alton Benton, Carl Doyle and Hugh Casey—and the Chick profits touched $100,000. By '39, the cycle was nearly complete. He was back in Rochester, managing the Red Wings once again.

The Wings visited Newark in June, 1940. After the game, Billy found a message under the door of his hotel room. "Call Mr. Breadon at once," he read. The owner of the Cardinal chain, Sam Breadon, was registered at a New York hotel. Billy's hands trembled as he phoned his employer. Ray Blades had been fired that day as the Cardinals' manager. The team was in last place.

[illegible]

When Breadon faced Billy an hour later, he said, "This is it, Billy. You're manager of the Cardinals—if you want to be."

"Of course, I'll take it," Billy replied.

He was cool now, optimistic, self-controlled. He flew to Columbus, told Mabel the good news, then hurried to St. Louis.

Unobserved, he sat in the old familiar stands at Sportsman's Park the next afternoon. The demoralized, leaderless Cards dropped a 12 to 2 decision to the wobbly Boston Braves. In the line-up were such stars as Joe Medwick, Curt Davis, Johnny Mize and Terry Moore. They played as individuals, not as a unit, but Billy's heart was high with hope.

He gathered his new team about him after the game. The dressing room was crowded. Sports writers waited outside to hear how the manager who came back was acting.

Quietly he was saying: "This is a new deal. I'm here to instill a fighting spirit in you. I'm going to straighten out the pitching staff first. In a few days, we'll have a different club."

That night, the team entrained for the East. They won their first game for Billy in Philadelphia, 5 to 2, behind Bob Bowman; then went ahead to take five straight. By the end of the season, the Cards had fought their way to third place. Their record under Southworth, 69 won, 40 lost, was better than any other in the league during the period of his management.

"Third place. That was a great finish," neighbors said when he arrived in Columbus that fall.

Young Bill approached his father; his face was uncommonly solemn.

"I'd like to be a pilot—of a big bomber," he asserted. He towered, six feet one inch of manhood, above his father.

America was still a neutral nation, Billy reminded his son. It might never become involved in the war. And young Bill had been voted the most valuable player in the Canadian-American League in '39. Why abandon a diamond career for service in the sky?

"I just feel I belong there," the younger man replied.

By the time Billy returned home again, the youth had signed a contract with

Uncle Sam—the first player in organized baseball to enlist. The date, December 14, 1940, was almost a year before Pearl Harbor.

The winter passed and old Bill went into training. He picked even-tempered, red-headed Terry Moore as captain—"Because, Terry, you're older than most of the others. They'll respect your judgment."

When Terry suggested that an 11:30 curfew was acceptable to the players, Billy overruled their decision. He advanced the hour of bedtime to midnight.

"Now on the question of drinking," he said, "take a glass of beer or wine, if you choose. But if you show by word or act that you've had too much, you'll get a warning for the first offense, a penalty for the second—and there won't be a third time."

The '41 season began. Cadet Billy Southworth was rising through the Air Corps ranks. Injuries afflicted his father's buoyant team. Yet the Cards clung close to the veteran Dodgers and finished a hot second in a memorable race.

The crash of bombs on Pearl Harbor sent young Bill into wartime training. He was learning to pilot a Flying Fortress, battleship of the skies. Urgently his father turned to the task of creating a pennant winner before war should descend upon the nation's baseball fields.

Talented youngsters were rising from the Cardinal ranks: Howie Pollet, a kid named Beazley, another called Musial.

The 1942 season was three weeks old when Carl Hubbell held the Cardinal kids to six hits in the first game of a double-header, the Giants winning 7 to 1. Between games, Billy read the riot act.

"I'm yelling murder at you now," he told his charges. "You're living in a fool's paradise. Yes, you're good. Yes, you'll win the flag. But not by losing games. Hubbell hasn't held a Card team to six hits in years. Let's see what you can do in the second game."

The Giants hopped on Johnny Beazley for four runs in the first inning of the nightcap. Billy paced up and down the dugout.

"Are you going to take it lying down?" he demanded. His face was red. He was angry.

The boys went to work on Cliff Melton; they came from behind to win that one, 8 to 6. A steady rise to second place began.

Bad Guys to Tangle With

The Dodgers were rough, tough, ready to give and take. They cursed, fought and asked no quarter. Their lead was long. Durocher's pitchers were driving batters away from the plate with murderous bean balls. One of Whit Wyatt's fast pitches nicked Walker Cooper on the arm.

"I'll get that guy," Mort Cooper threatened as he rubbed his brother's arm.

"Take it easy," Billy advised. "Let them, not us, get mad!"

Into Sportsman's Park the Dodgers rode in late August, arrogantly boasting a 7½-game lead. They had just swept a four-game series with the Giants. They couldn't lose, they thought. Billy told doubting newsmen that his team would capture the flag because "we're playing each game as it comes up, and each inning as we find it." These words were published widely; the Cardinals read them and were buoyed into a faith in their inevitable victory.

What happened afterward is baseball history. Down went the Dodgers, three games out of four. Southworth's "sons" lost only five games during the remaining five weeks of the season.

And so the wide-eyed kids rushed into a World Series against the Yankees. As all the world knows, Red Ruffing spun a hitless seven innings in the opener.

When the Cards' eighth began, Billy plaintively asked, "You guys aren't going to let me down, are you?"

He sighed with relief as Terry Moore drove a single on the grass. It was New York 7-St. Louis 0, as Stan Musial went to bat in the last half of the ninth. Before the Yankees could retire the surging Cardinals, Billy Southworth's boys had made six hits, four runs, and the tying counter was on first base.

Billy sat with his team in the dressing room at one o'clock the next afternoon, calmly conducting a discussion of the day's problems.

"We're one game in arrears," he said. "We can't afford to lose."

Afterward, the kids poured into the tunnel which leads to the bench. They strolled about the field, gazed into the stands, chatted, laughed, cracked wise.

The Cardinal swifties ran up a three-run lead while Johnny Beazley mowed the Yankees down with his scythelike fast ball. Then, in the eighth, two singles and a Keller home run—the score was tied. Was it 1941 all over again? Would the resourceful Yanks lick their challengers four straight?

A Rooter in the Skies

A hush settled over the stands. Ernie Bonham, American League ace, retired Jimmy Brown. Terry Moore flied out. It was so quiet that Billy Southworth could hear the hum of motors overhead. He gazed up. It was—yes, it was a Flying Fortress! Young Billy Southworth, the kid himself, was visiting Sportsman's Park with a bombload of good luck for his old man!

Slaughter slammed a liner to deep right, slid dizzily into second, hurtled on to third as Phil Rizzuto juggled the throw. Musial slapped a single through the box. Slaughter scored. The Cards led, 4 to 3.

Stolidly the Yankees prepared to rally. Johnny Beazley nervelessly faced them. Bill Dickey, cool with his long years as a champion, singled to right. In went fleet Tuck Stainback to run for him.

The huge plane suddenly swooped lower. Billy's gaze flashed up. "He brought us luck on the first day of the season," he softly told the Cardinal coach, Cuban Mike Gonzales, who sat beside him. "He was a lieutenant then. He's a captain now."

Beazley stood on the mound. He shifted his eyes from Walker Cooper's mitt and glanced toward the sky.

"That Johnny, he sure cool!" Gonzales laughed.

A pitch. Buddy Hassett swung. Over the field, the Flying Fortress hovered like a protecting angel. The ball, a living thing, leaped into right field. Stainback raced, head down, past second. Slaughter grabbed the ball near the wall and, with the precision of an 88-millimeter shell, shot it into third base. Stainback was out by feet. The rally was nipped. The Flying Fortress bolted away with the speed of light.

The Cards rampaged on to four miraculous victories and the championship. Pop Southworth had won.

Today, as he paces up and down the coaching box, directing Cardinal traffic on the baselines, Billy glances up at empty skies. Young Bill is now overseas, participating in the great mass raids on Germany.

Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore, Johnny Beazley—they've donned their country's uniform. Other Cardinals wait to be called up. They will bring to their comrades-in-arms the speed, savvy and never-say-die spirit of a man who came the long way back.

Of course, you know that he has just won the pennant again. He kicked the Dodgers out of first place last June, and kept the Cards on top ever since. That's insurance that he'll be back again next year. Baseball needs the Comeback Kid. And, by all means, vice versa.

THE END

Point-thrifty TREET is ALL solid meat

ARMOUR'S
MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE
MEAT
Recipe

Treet Potato Puffs

Easy to make . . . serves 5 delicious to taste!

What a feast! Fluffy mashed potatoes sandwiched between tender slices of Treet. So simple to fix . . . so easy on points, you'll want to try it tonight. Here's all you need!

1 can Armour's Treet	2 tbsps. chopped onion
2½ cups seasoned mashed potatoes	1 tbsp. chopped parsley or green pepper

Cut the Treet into 10 slices and lay half of them in a flat baking dish. Heap each of these slices with ½ cup whipped potatoes which have been mixed with onion and parsley. Top with the rest of the Treet slices and bake for 20 minutes in a 350° oven. Garnish with your favorite vegetable. It's meat-a-plenty for 5 hungry people—just one of the many ways you can serve ready-to-eat Treet.

And nourishing, too! For Treet's a delicious blend of choice pork shoulder and tender ham—both high vitamin meats! Get it now, try this Treet Potato Puff dinner tonight!

If You Can't Get Treet, remember it's because so much of it goes to our fighting men. Your dealer will have it again in a few days . . . so keep on asking for Treet!

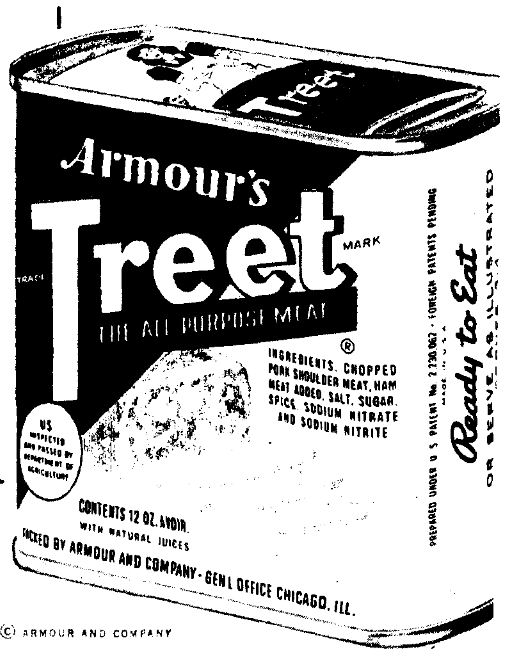
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Armour's
VITALOX

***Try* VITALOX—**

Armour's New Meat-Flavor Discovery!

Perks up stews, gravies, sauces, soups—without a ration stamp!


Treet
Armour's
Treet
TRADE MARK
THE ALL PURPOSE MEAT
INGREDIENTS. CHOPPED PORK SHOULDER MEAT, HAM MEAT ADDED. SALT, SUGAR, SPICE, SODIUM NITRATE AND SODIUM NITRITE
US INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
CONTENTS 12 OZ. AVOIR. WITH NATURAL JUICES
PACKED BY ARMOUR AND COMPANY · GEN'L OFFICE CHICAGO, ILL.
PREPARED UNDER U S PATENT No. 2,230,062 · FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING
Ready to Eat
OR SERVE AS ILLUSTRATED

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for:
Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Rely on Reliance

Storm Proof Cuff
No Gap
No Opening
Protects Your Arm

Flannel Shirts De Luxe

Laugh at cold weather. Wear a heavy-duty De Luxe Big Yank Flannel Shirt—the real thing for all cold weather wear. The *only* shirt that gives you the patented storm proof cuffs closed at the wrist, and elbow action sleeves. Two handy flap pockets. Made of all-wool Buffalo plaid. Tailored by Reliance, with ample body roominess for extra comfort and warmth. Get De Luxe Big Yank Flannels at good dealers everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Offices:
200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

Reliance BIG YANK

Young Salts, Ahoy!

Continued from page 14

Know it as you would your own home. If you had to get out of bed at night and find your way to the front door without lights, you could do it because you know your home that well. Do the same with your ship.

"Next, do not sleep on hatches; make it a standing rule to keep off them. If the planks in a hatch cover are loose, you may take a nasty fall into the hold. If the ship is torpedoed while you are on a hatch, you may be blown sky-high, since hatch covers are usually the first part of the hull to be blasted out in an explosion.

"Third, watch your behavior on the ship. Remember that everything you do reflects on you as an individual and on the Cadet Corps as a unit. I want everyone aboard that ship to speak well of you, and when you get ready to return to the academy, let them be able to say that you are a mighty fine young fellow—the type of man that will make a good officer. That will be all, gentlemen. Good luck to you! Carry on!"

Captain Stedman rose, shook hands with each of the cadet-midshipmen and ushered them out. He stood for a moment looking silently out over the water and turned to his desk as another six boys marched in. These were lads returning to the academy after six months' training in merchant vessels. Two diagonal thin stripes showed on their shoulder boards. They wore the anchor insignia of the deck department.

Most of them had looked at death and blood and disaster—and grim-lipped heroism. Some had helped fight smoking guns aboard Liberty Ships and C-3s. All had been tempered and hardened in the rough school of the sea. They stood straight and brown and sinewy, and the muscles rippled under the khaki.

The captain looked at them with a touch of pride; they were veterans of the sea.

"Patrick O'Brien?" he said. "They call you Paddy, I suppose?"

"Pat, sir."

"Welcome back to the academy. Have a good time during your six months at sea? Learn something?"

"Yes, sir. . . . Learned how to live eleven days on a raft, for one thing."

"How was that?"

"Well, sir, our ship was torpedoed and a few of us got onto this raft and drifted around in the South Atlantic a while. Coast patrol plane picked us up eventually. We got pretty thirsty. I lost twenty pounds, sir."

"Got it back, though, I see, O'Brien. Find life at sea a bit different from Iola, Kansas?"

The Makings of an Officer

"Yes, sir—but I still like it. I want to learn more here at the academy and go on and become an officer." He glanced at the skipper's sleeve. "Maybe some day a four-striper like you, sir."

"That's the spirit, O'Brien."

It took about four years of schooling to turn out a deck or engine-room officer for the peacetime Merchant Marine, but the wartime necessity for a maximum number of officers in a minimum of time has resulted in compressing this course to eighteen months. This includes at least six months' sea duty, during which the youngsters manage to pack in more experience than they'd get in six years of humdrum liner or freighter work in normal times.

When the war came and ships started sliding down the ways in swift succession, there came a call for navigators and engineers to operate them. The Maritime Commission, under Admiral Land, started to train lads by the thousands, establishing basic schools at Kings Point, at San Mateo, California, and at Pass Christian, Mississippi. Today there are 7,500 cadet-midshipmen in the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, as against the peacetime complement of 2,500.

At Kings Point Academy, the wartime capacity is 2,700, about 1,500 more than will be carried on the rolls after the war. The academy has produced about 1,000 officers, and the plans call for graduation of about 4,000 a year, as long as the war lasts. After the war, about 600 will be graduated each year.

Before the inception of the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps in 1938, some three years before we entered the war, little attempt was made nationally to train youngsters for sea service. Four states—New York, Pennsylvania, California and Massachusetts—operated training schools. But the youngster from Dakota or Colorado who wanted to go to sea usually had to beat his way to the coast and take his chances in obtaining a job in the forecastle—coming aboard through the hawsepipe, they used to call it.

The state schools received modest help from the Navy, and state legislatures contributed varying amounts. Most of them were staffed by retired Navy and Merchant Marine officers, but their output of officer material was low. The cadets had to pay fees for learning, and youngsters who hadn't the money were denied the opportunity. Not long ago, a high percentage of the afterguard in American ships was foreign-born.

Today, any healthy, intelligent American boy has a good chance of getting into the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps. From the basic training schools, the cadet-midshipmen go to "the Annapolis of the Merchant Marine," which covers more than fifty acres on Great Neck Bay, with the twelve-acre estate of Walter P. Chrysler as the nucleus.

Outside the gates, you're on an elm-lined Long Island lane, appropriately named Steamboat Road. Pass the entrance and you "come aboard." Floors become decks; walls, bulkheads. In the main hall of the old Chrysler mansion, which is the Administration Building known as Wiley Hall, everyone salutes the "quarter-deck." The officer of the day, a cadet-midshipman, in full dress whites, complete with sword, salutes those who enter the hall. Up on the lower bridge—which used to be the second floor—a trim secretary says, "Captain Stedman will see you at fifteen hundred"—which has supplanted the time-honored six bells in the middle watch as a translation of three P. M. But the shiny brass ship's clock in Captain Stedman's day room still pings the hours and halves defiantly. Try to make a ship's clock ring fifteen hundred.

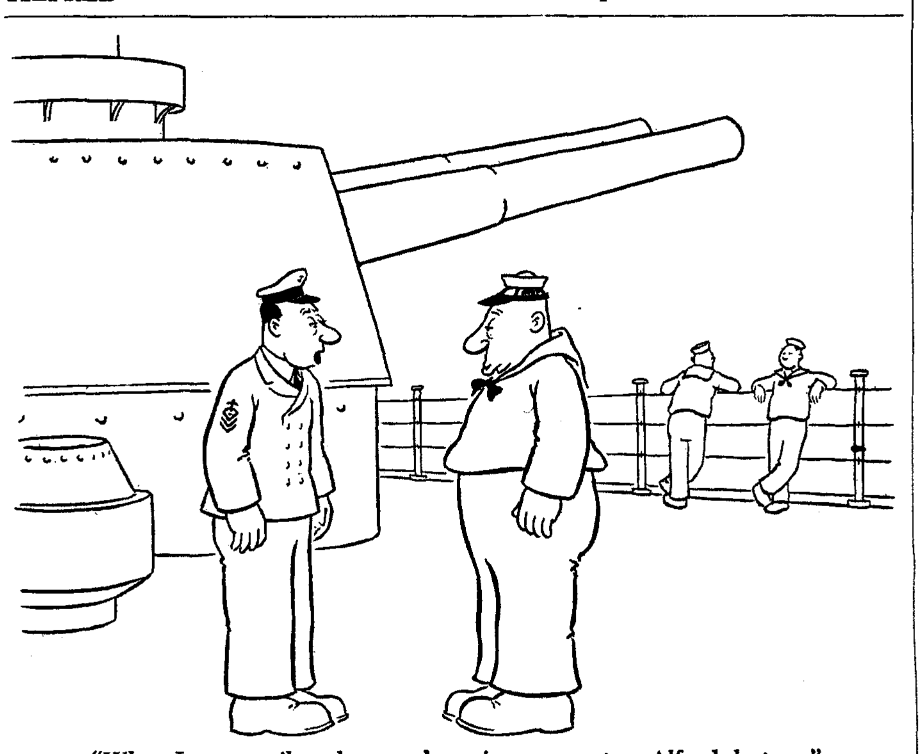
Motto: Deeds, Not Words

Through the windows of Captain Stedman's room, out beyond the green lawns and the cool blue-green rectangle of the swimming pool—one of two where the cadet-midshipmen are taught emergency drills—the four training ships lie anchored. They are the steam auxiliary bark Emery Rice, formerly the gunboat Ranger, the motor ship William Webb, and the two-masted schooners Felix Riesenberg and Robert Forbes. Crews of young huskies bend their bare backs to the oars of heavy ship's boats. On both sides of Wiley Hall, stripped-to-the-waist crews manhandle five-inch naval guns of the type now used on merchant ships; the guns are set incongruously at the end of a formal garden and on the lawn. There isn't much talk, because the motto of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps is *Acta, Non Verba.*

The elaborate piers at the edge of Long Island Sound are specially fitted to train the cadet-midshipmen in small-boat handling and to berth the academy's four training vessels. Farther up the shore, overlooking a shady glen, is the officers' club of the academy and, beyond it, the wide green expanse of the parade ground and athletic field.

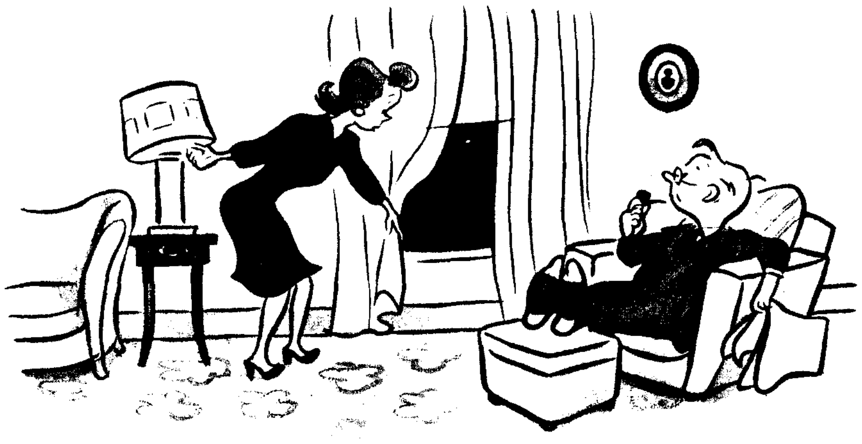
On all sides are new sandstone buildings, including dormitories, classrooms, and a huge drill hall, gymnasium and mess hall. Beyond these buildings and just above Wiley Hall is one of the tallest flagpoles in the United States—a slender

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**

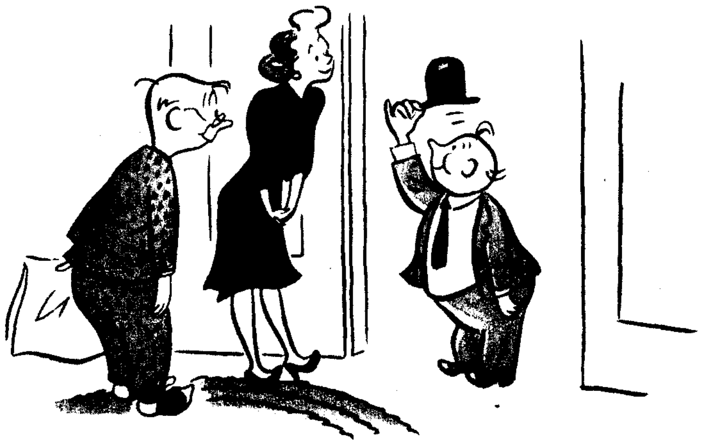


"When I was a sailor, the sun shone in my eyes too, Alfred, but . . ."

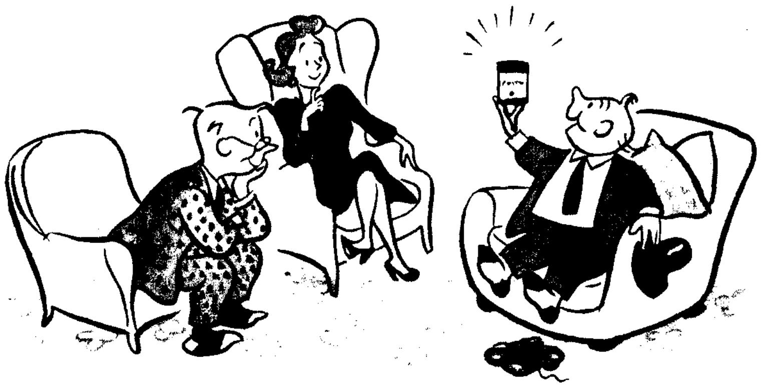
COLLIER'S



1. The other evening . . .
somebody rang our front door bell . . . and I
didn't want to put on my shoes so I said,
"Put out the lights, Quick!"
which my wife did . . . meanwhile, peering
through the curtains from a vantage point,
she said . . . "It isn't the air-raid warden or
the Stanley Jones, or anybody we know,
and it doesn't look like somebody who wants us
to put money into something . . ."
"Up with the lights," said I, "and let the man in,"
which she did.



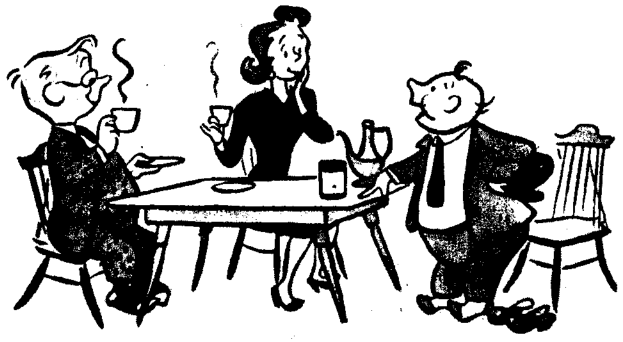
2. And the man said, "Good Evening Friend,"
and for a nasty moment I was afraid
he'd ask us if we had been listening to our radio
or what shaving cream I liked or whom I'd vote for in 1944.
But he was all right . . . He did
nothing of the sort.



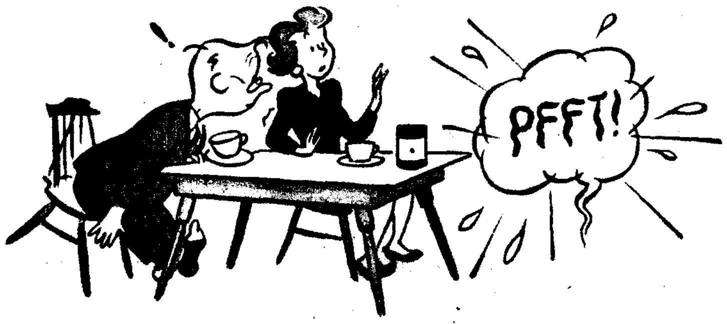
3. He just sat down, friendly like and
told us about Postum . . . how good it was.
He was a good talker and he had our mouths
fairly watering . . . to taste
that rich, full-bodied flavor . . . that
heart-warming goodness . . . it sounded
good . . . it certainly did.

4. And my wife said, "Thank you so much.
I always had an idea that Postum was something that
was supposed to taste like tea or coffee or
something . . ."

And the man . . .
crinkled up his face and smiled
very patiently . . . and said, "People say that
until they find that Postum
is a swell drink in its own right.
Would you like me to make you a cup?"
And by that time we felt like he was
one of the family . . . he even took off his shoes
and wiggled his toes . . . with the best of us . . .
so we said . . . "Wonderful!"



5. So he made us some Postum . . . using our hot water
and his Postum . . . from a package which
he carried in his pocket . . . and it was
wonderful . . . wonderful.



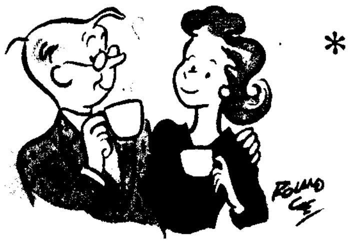
6. Then he stood up and said, "Good Night All."
And there was a little puff of smoke
and he disappeared.

"My Heavens!" said my wife
and I just blinked my eyes.

He was gone just like that . . . with nothing
but the package of Postum on the table
to show or prove . . . he'd even been there.

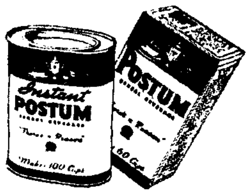
And my wife said, "Maybe it would be better
if you and I didn't mention this to anybody.
We know it happened . . . but we couldn't prove it
and besides . . . the children have to
grow up around here . . ."

"That's right," I said, "we won't say a word
about anything except . . . what a perfectly swell drink
Postum is . . ."



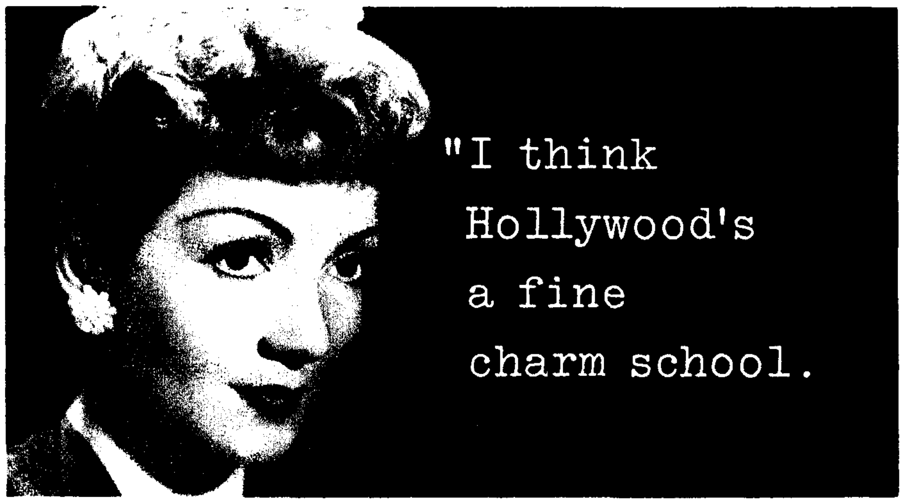
* *Tune in The Aldrich Family, Thursday Nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.*

Postum ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

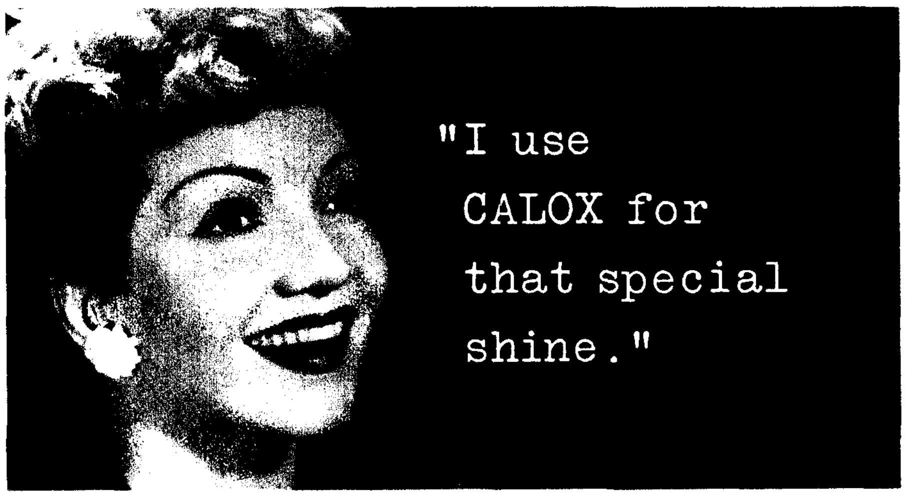


CLAUDETTE COLBERT speaking:

Co-star of the Paramount picture, "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"


"I think Hollywood's a fine charm school.

"Smiles get the attention they deserve!


"I use CALOX for that special shine."

CALOX
TOOTH POWDER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

"and McKESSON makes it" OTHER FAMOUS McKESSON PRODUCTS: BEXEL VITAMIN B CAPSULES, ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM, YODORA DEODORANT, SORETONE

shaft of white stretching 175 feet above its hilltop base.

Buildings and roads have been named for famous Americans who have contributed to the history and tradition of the United States Merchant Marine. There's one for Donald McKay, builder of the clippers; and another for Amasa Delano, master mariner and kinsman of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Then there's O'Hara Hall, the great drill hall and auditorium, which was named for Cadet-Midshipman Edwin Joseph O'Hara, a California lad who less than a year ago manned a gun on a Liberty Ship after its crew had been shot down. With almost his last shot, he holed a Jap raider at the water line. Then he, too, went down.

Thus the Kings Point Academy, like West Point and Annapolis, has its heroes and its traditions. Of the cadet-midshipmen who have gone to sea from the school since Pearl Harbor, more than a hundred have died for their country. Some were killed fighting their guns to the last; some have died gripping the wheel as the ship plunged to her death; and still others have slipped, dying, from life rafts as bullets thudded into their helpless bodies.

On the landscaped grounds of the academy there is an old fountain, and as they leave for their first training voyage, the cadet-midshipmen toss coins into its still waters for luck. As the nickels and pennies flutter to the bottom, the young midshipmen make a wish. Some wish for a safe voyage, others for week-end liberty and better grades. From time to time the coins are collected from the bottom of the fountain and added to a fund for a war memorial in honor of the midshipmen who have lost their lives.

Sailors are superstitious. Many a young landlubber who a few weeks ago didn't know enough to call tackle and davits "taykle" and "dayvits," now walks with a nautical swing and feels better after he's flipped his coin into the fountain. It's part of the tradition, and tradition is good for keeping the hand steady and the upper lip firm some black night at sea when danger strikes suddenly.

The Last Full Measure

In the big mess hall, where 2,400 cadet-midshipmen eat together, is a great plaque under a spotlight. On it is carved: "The last full measure . . ." Underneath are the names of the cadet-midshipmen and graduates who went to sea and never returned.

The boys live in comfortable quarters, four to a room in wartime, and two to a room in normal periods. They are trained in sections of twenty-five, so that the school forms a great production line, with the raw material coming in at one end and the finished product spilling out of the other.

For recreation, there are a Ship's Service Store, with things at cost, two swimming pools, a big athletic field, and a recreation hall filled with seagoing furniture torn out of the Washington, the America and other luxury liners when they were converted into transports.

State quotas for candidates are maintained, and the academy has youngsters from every state, Hawaii, the Canal Zone and Puerto Rico. Any boy can get in, if he is a citizen, has the necessary educational background of mathematics and science, and passes the stiff Naval Reserve physical examination for midshipmen. He should apply to the Supervisor, United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, War Shipping Administration, at Washington, which accepts lads ranging in age from seventeen and a half to twenty-three.

After appointment, the boy starts drawing $65 a month, plus board and room, the same as at West Point and Annapolis. Textbooks and an outfit of uniforms are issued gratis by the War Shipping Administration, but the boy should have $50 for personal expenses, and transportation home in case he is washed out. There's a continual screening-out process, and not all who start finish.

During the first three months of the course, the boys are introduced to the basic problems that will fit them for life aboard ship. Naval Science, consisting of gunnery drills, tactics and naval regulations, is stressed. Theoretical work in navigation, seamanship, cargo handling, ship construction, electricity and engineering must be covered. Practical work in small-boat handling, marlinespike seamanship, signaling and safety seamanship is emphasized.

Early in their training, the boys elect whether they want to go with the deck or the engine department, and from then on their training is highly specialized. The deck boys learn navigation, signaling, cargo handling, gunnery and shipping economies. The engineers work on boilers, reciprocating, turbine and Diesel engines, and are also taught gunnery and small-boat work. Then they go to sea, usually two to a ship—one deck and one engineer—although some of the big ships carry up to five. Aboard ship, they continue with their studies, applying theory to practical work.

After their half-year afloat, the cadet-midshipmen, hardened, trained and confident, come back to Kings Point for nine more months of advanced courses. Upon graduation, they are first-class officer material—those who haven't been weeded out along the way.

Opportunity for the Future

When he finishes his ocean-going education and his academy courses, each boy is eligible to take examinations for licenses as third officer or third assistant engineer, and is appointed an ensign in the Naval Reserve. Each six months after that he may take tests for the next step up the ladder—second officer, first officer, master, or up to chief engineer.

If we decide to keep a big merchant fleet operating after the war—and the chances are we will—there'll be a constant stream of competent officers flowing out of Kings Point to man the ships from bridge and engine room to ship-operating offices ashore. They will keep the Stars and Stripes flying over the seven seas.

Superintendent of the Kings Point Academy is Captain J. H. Tomb, U.S.N. (retired). He has been supervising the training of young Americans as Merchant Marine officers since 1925, when he resigned from the Navy to head the New York State Nautical School. He was "loaned" to the National Academy last year. Captain Tomb graduated from Annapolis in 1899. He was awarded the Navy's Distinguished Service Medal for his work in helping to clear the North Sea of mines after the first World War.

In the experienced hands of men such as Captain Edward Macauley, U.S.N. (retired), Deputy Administrator, War Shipping Administration; Telfair Knight, Assistant Deputy Administrator for training, War Shipping Administration; and Captain R. R. McNulty, U.S.N.R., Supervisor of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, our nation can place with trust and confidence the training of our future officers in the Merchant Marine. In addition, the academy staff includes such well-known Merchant Marine officers as Commander Patrick Brennan, U.S.N.R., Commander H. A. Andrews, U.S.N.R., and Commander J. K. Galleher, U.S.M.S. All other officers at the academy are also well-known Merchant Marine officers now on active duty with the Navy or Maritime Service.

THE END

No use, men, you'll never understand

To you it's just a lot of waves and curls (and mighty pretty, too). But to Betty, now . . .

To Betty it's all that a brand-new permanent can mean to a woman. Something to fortify the spirit . . . to do the soul good.

One of those little things, in short, that count so big in times like these . . . a shine on your shoes . . . flowers for your wife on your wedding anniversary . . . a cheery "hello" from your next door neighbor.

Little things that lift the courage . . . warm the heart . . . boost morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this.

Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A refreshing glass of beer or ale — a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

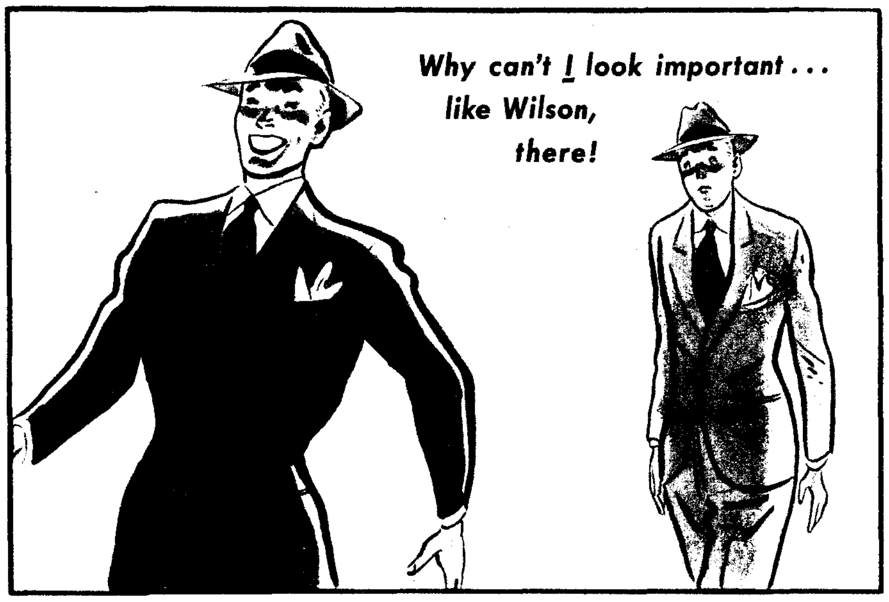
BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

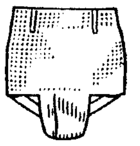
Ah-h-h!... that wonderful BRIGGS!
WATCH YOUR STEP
BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE
VICTORY PACKAGE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

Train yourself to getting envious stares when you start smoking Briggs tobacco. Because its delectable fragrance is almost as delightful as its taste—and oh, brother, that's *luscious!* Full-bodied and tender, the mellow richness of Briggs will make you get up earlier so's you can enjoy it longer each day. Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—and it's ripe for your pipe and your pleasure. Try a package *today.*

The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY


Why can't I look important... like Wilson, there!



Maybe you *could*... if you'd wear a Bracer. It's the comfortable Bauer & Black elastic knit undergarment that has a happy faculty of making men look trim and successful. It's because Bracer helps you stand tall and straight . . . reminds you to pull your tummy in and your shoulders back . . . makes you feel fit and vigorous . . . and when a man feels *that* way he can't help looking a *little* debonair. In fact, it's the successful men everywhere who say they like Bracer's knack for helping them keep looking and feeling well-groomed.

The elastic yarns needed to make Bracers are doing vital war tasks now . . . but *some* department stores, men's shops, drugstores, and surgical supply dealers still have Bracers. Look around today . . . and be sure it's a BAUER & BLACK BRACER you're getting. Its special comfort features make it great for all-day wear.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

THE Bracer SUPPORTER BELT

FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS
BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago
Bracers • Pal Supporters • O.P.C. Suspensories
Tensor Bandages • Anklets and Kneecaps

The Luftwaffe's Last Stand

Continued from page 17

only a fraction of the combined Anglo-American production. In 1941, out of every 1,000 planes produced monthly by Germany, bomber production ran about 400, fighters 450, and miscellaneous aircraft 150. At a quick glance, important trends in German aircraft construction since that date are shown by the following percentage table:

	Spring 1942	Fall 1942	Spring 1943
Bombers	43	43	38
Fighters	44	47	55
Miscellaneous	13	10	7
	100	100	100

In addition to combat ships, the Nazis produced approximately 500 transport and training craft for a total monthly output of 2,000 ships. The most significant figures in the above table are those which show a jump of 11 per cent in fighter output, indicating the Luftwaffe's sudden stress on defense. Germany built approximately 4,500 more fighters in 1943 than in 1941.

A Falling-Off in Quality

Germany's principal concern seems to be in providing replacements. This is understandable in view of the rate at which our pilots are shooting down enemy ships. For one six-week period just before the invasion of Sicily, our boys knocked the Luftwaffe out of the air at the rate of 125 a week, including planes known destroyed, probably destroyed, and known damaged. Multiply 125 by 4 and you have 500, or one fourth of Germany's entire production each month. This doesn't mean, however, that Germany is losing planes at that rate every week or on every front. It does prove one point: Germany is hard-pressed for replacements in men and machines. It now seems clear that while the Luftwaffe has as many, or very nearly as many pilots as it ever had, the quality has deteriorated. The German air force is still good, but it isn't as good as it was.

The abundance of men available for air service was proved when it was learned that considerable numbers of Luftwaffe ground men were incorporated with German air-force parachute units into what are known as "German Air Force Field Divisions," employed as crack infantry. On the other hand, the obvious curtailment of air operations in specific theaters—like Sicily—indicated to our commanders that the Nazis voluntarily avoided combat on a large scale because of their fear of depleting too rapidly what reserves of machines they might have. Germany's inability to keep its large air force at maximum fighting strength will eventually be Goering's undoing.

To insure equitable distribution of aircraft among operational units, the Germans employ a rigid system of control of supply and allocation, which is possible only when the air force is an independent branch.

The German air force is under the command of Goering, who is responsible only to Hitler. Within the Luftwaffe, operations are controlled by Fliegerkorps, the strength and composition of which varies according to the requirements of the front where one or more of them might operate.

A Fliegerkorps is usually composed of about 350 planes, but it might for instance be as high as 1,000 or as low as 100. Germany operates at present about 10 Fliegerkorps, half of which are on the Russian front with the rest distributed on the Western and Mediterranean fronts.

Goering, through the German Air Ministry, strictly controls the production and allocation of aircraft. New machines are allotted directly to the squadrons by the Air Ministry, and smaller numbers of each category produced go into the Luftflotte (Air Fleet) reserve. The Luftflotte, on the basis of available aircraft, then determines the extent, the intensity and the kind of air war it can wage on any given front within the limits of its ability to replace fallen aircraft. Using this fact as a guide, it has been possible for our air strategists to assess German airpower accurately.

The problems the Luftwaffe faces are as numerous as they are complex. It must provide fighter cover over an enormous area—from the north of Norway to the south of France, and from the English Channel to central Germany. Within those limits is Germany's Western front.

The Luftwaffe must also provide bombers and long-range reconnaissance planes for the protection of Axis coastal shipping and to look out for Allied convoys. It continues to bomb England. This is essential for German morale. The Luftwaffe can't afford to withdraw any planes from this theater for operations elsewhere. Here several Fliegerkorps are pinned down.

On its Eastern front, Germany's planes must defend an area reaching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. This spread doesn't mean that Germany is weak in the air on this front, but it does mean that the Luftwaffe must conserve its strength carefully in order to be able to apply pressure at the principal battle points whenever necessary.

On the Mediterranean front, the Luftwaffe is being rapidly pushed back. Allied bombers are now able to reach the innards of German and German-controlled factories in Germany itself, as well as in Austria and Rumania, Hungary and Poland. The bombing weather in the Mediterranean region is as invariably good as it is bad in the north. The Luftwaffe is in for a bad winter.

Nazi Failure in Air Concepts

More meaningful even than the Germans' production figures, and their difficulties arising out of the immense physical dimensions of the fronts they must defend, are certain strategic and tactical weaknesses they have demonstrated in recent months and weeks. Some errors they committed in the employment of airpower were forced upon them. Others indicate a lack of true understanding of the use of air weapons. The German air force had the democratic world bug-eyed with fear in 1939. It's a bigger air force than it was, as I've said, but it's the same Luftwaffe, whereas the Allies have not only improved their weapons but have developed new concepts of aerial warfare.

When on Palm Sunday, the Nazis sent their fleet of Junkers transports across the Tunisian Strait, their planes weren't defended by fighters. This could not have been overconfidence, for certainly the Germans knew the Allies had thousands of aircraft in the Mediterranean theater. Our commanders attribute this gross enemy blunder to bad headwork, to unadulterated stupidity. The enemy had sufficient fighters to afford at least some protection to the Junkers, but he failed to employ them. Those transports, Germany's best, were worth defending.

Germany can't afford to lose any planes, and what hopes Germany has of transporting soldiers quickly from one front to another to launch an attack or defend a threatened area rest with the Junkers transports which poured parachutists into Holland, France, Norway, Belgium, Greece and Crete. The Germans still have enough of this type to cause concern to us. They have enough Junkers transport planes to attack England or the Middle East with large airborne divisions.

The indiscriminate character of German air bombing, however, has been the clearest indication to our air chiefs that the Germans don't understand the use of heavy aerial artillery. Our commanders employ medium and heavy bombers as ground generals would use correspondingly medium and big guns to destroy specific targets of known fixed positions.

Each raid, each bomb, launched by our commanders has a definite purpose in the conduct of a campaign. German bombing, on the other hand, seems not to have definite objectives. It is employed largely as a weapon of terror and harassment, much as the artillery barrage was used by both sides in the war of fixed positions of twenty-five years ago. The Germans took their artillery tactics into the air. The Allies have refined aerial bombardment to a new military art.

German Tactics Outmoded

When the Germans were obliged, in the Mediterranean fighting, to divert fighter planes from the defense of Messina to provide air cover for a coastwise convoy carrying vital reinforcements, such division was forced upon the enemy by Allied tactics. But when the Germans dumped bombs on Allied North African bases without hitting such vital targets as concentrations of shipping, dock installations and munitions dumps, that was just lack of Nazi comprehension of the employment of bombers.

German skill in fighter-plane operation has fallen off considerably, although it is still of a high order. The Nazi fighter pilot shows less inclination for close combat, breaks away unexpectedly and high-tails it for home or the protection of his companions in the air. He didn't fight that way a year ago. Lately, there have also been indications of a slight but significant deterioration in his morale. Prisoners aren't quite as cocky as they once were.

Taking all known factors into consideration, and assessing the value of inferences which can be drawn from the recent behavior of the Luftwaffe in the Mediterranean area, one conclusion is possible: If the German air force is forced to fight on the same intensive scale for the next six months as it has since last spring, it will suffer a decline from which it cannot recover.

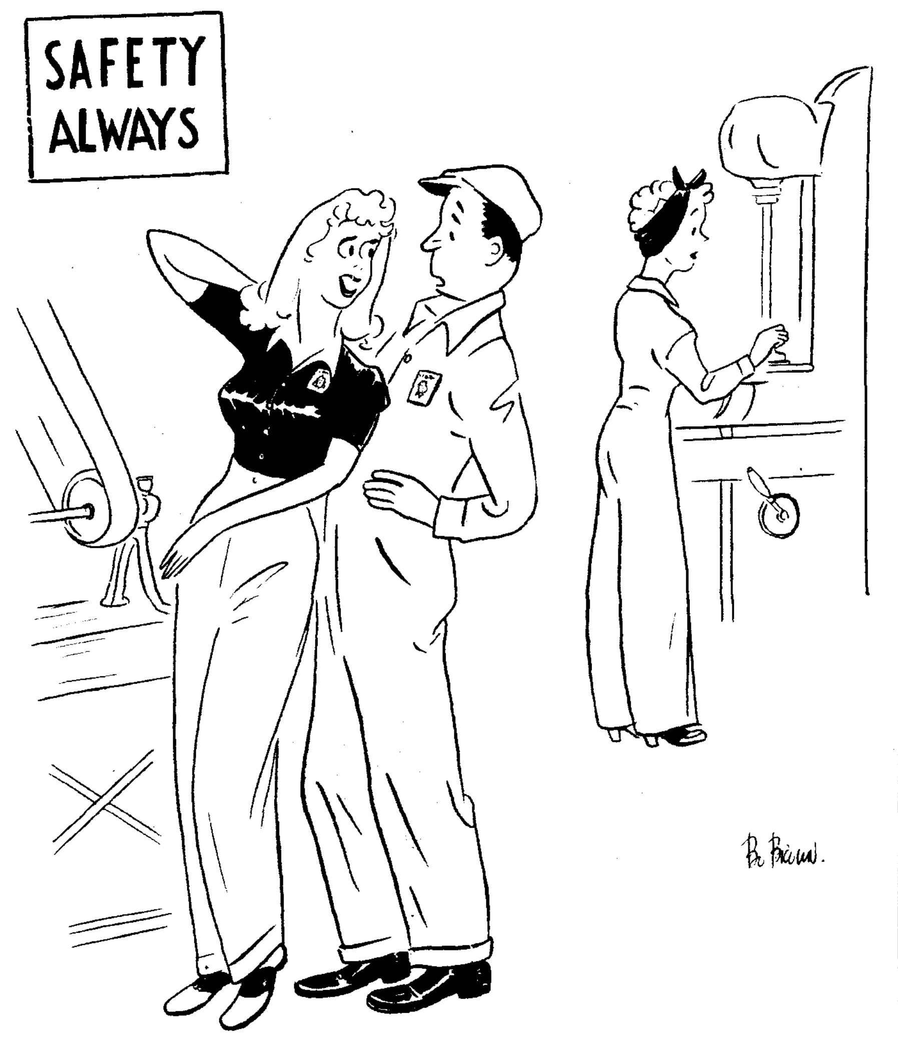
It is foreseeable that Germany will withdraw in Italy to the Po Valley, or cut its losses by slinking off Italy altogether and retiring within Festung Europa proper. There, the Germans can sit behind the fortifications of the Western front, defended by the Alps in the center. There they can pull in troops, planes and equipment quickly from one sector to serve in another.

That's the immediate pattern of war, not as it glistens in the crystal ball, but as geography will shape it. Germany hopes to sit behind her fortress walls and say to the Allies, "Okay. Come and get me! But do you think it's worth your while?"

The Allies can (and probably will) upset Germany's calculations with a crushing blow. It is your reporter's considered opinion that before the snow flies, Germany's Festung Europa will be heavily assaulted in what will constitute not merely an air front, but a third land front of great proportions. This opinion is based partly on knowledge, partly on confidence in the strategic and tactical superiority of our military brains, and partly on the fact that the German superman has proved himself a colossal amateur in the employment of air weapons, the very ones with which he had hoped to conquer the world.

Germany's power on land is still enormous, but it is futile without airpower, and that, strong as it is, will be insufficient to cope with Allied numerical superiority.

THE END



"Do you really think my hair is dangerous? Most men say it's my eyes!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN, U.S.C.G.R.

PROTECT the life of your car

Have the hydraulic brake system checked regularly by your neighborhood garage or service station

You'll conserve the period of usefulness of your present car by making sure that the brake fluid in the master cylinder is maintained at the proper level.

Genuine
LOCKHEED
HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID
21
MADE IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Wagner Electric Corporation
ST LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

When your car needs additional brake fluid--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify

Wagner

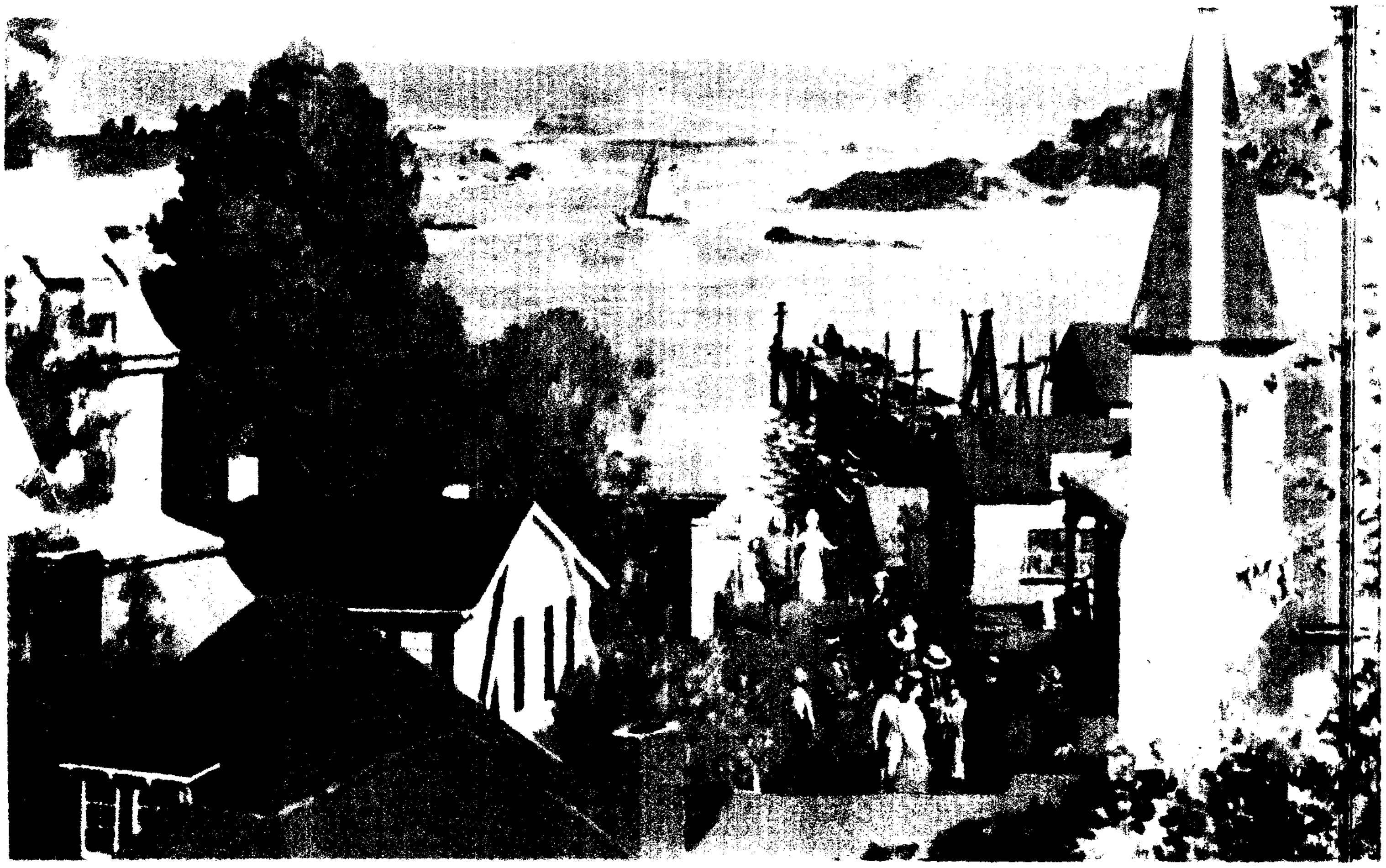
LOCKHEED No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

No. 21 is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

No. 21 is universally known for its high quality. For safety's sake, why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you.

H43-10

Wagner Electric Corporation
ESTABLISHED 1891
6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis 14, Mo., U. S. A.
(In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto)
AUTOMOTIVE AND ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS



"I saw the boat come in and I knew Al had come back. I knew," said Mary Drennan, "there's only one man could come past the ledges like that, and the tide low

There's Only One Man

By Leslie Gordon Barnard

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

WHEN Dirk found him, Joe Sills was in a water-front tavern at the port, boasting about the girl he was going to marry next day. There was something Joe ought to see, Dirk said, and their sea boots went clattering over the cobbles to where the ship was docked. Her plates were rusted and barnacle-coated; she was pock-marked with bullet holes and her upper works were gone.

"There he is now." Dirk pointed.

It was Al Harkness, right enough, the tragedies of the sea written in his face. Joe Sills stood there, cursing the luck that sent home at this eleventh hour a man long given up for dead; now, of all times, when Mary Drennan had yielded to his persuasions—perhaps because nothing much mattered to her since she'd been told Al was gone.

Joe Sills took out a roll of bills with which he had come to celebrate and to purchase things for his wedding, and he peeled off some of the bills and gave them to Dirk.

"There's as much again for you," he said, "if you keep him away from the cove until it's over tomorrow." And he went down and signaled the lad on his fishing craft to take him aboard in the dinghy. He set the auxiliary engine sputtering and steered for the wedge of sea beyond the roomy harbor. . . .

From the dockside, Al Harkness watched. "That's Joe Sills' boat," he told himself, "and I've just missed her." He stood there, feeling sick about it, because all of his heart went with her down the coast toward the creaming waters at the mouth of the cove. The mail boat ran only once a week, but he began to hunt for masts or men familiar to him. And at last, as Dirk had anticipated, he ran upon Eddie Scholes.

"Hullo, Eddie," Al said.

Eddie looked at him, sizing him up. "I heard you were back," he said. "Sure, I'll take you when I go." So they went aboard, and Eddie called, "Hi, Dirk, here's Al. Dirk's goin' home with me, too," he told Al.

They went up to the tavern and drank up some of the money Joe had given Dirk, but finally Eddie got anxious and said they'd better go. He didn't like the look in Al's eyes, he didn't like ghosts, he didn't want to make a guy like that sore. So by and by, Dirk yielded and they went aboard and got up anchor.

Al helped, a fever of eagerness in his eyes. His hands were willing, but they were salt-bitten and bone-thin. The wedge of sea widened while they still ran under auxiliary power; outside, there was a bit of a kickup with the wind freshening. Al helped with the sails, but Eddie kept looking at Al's hands, until the boat held the course, and Al went and lay aft watching the clouds and the sea. Presently he slept. . . .

"You can shut off the engine now," Dirk said, "and ease her a bit. Joe wouldn't like we should get there too early tomorrow."

"I don't like it," Eddie said.

"It's a favor to Joe, ain't it?"

The boat wallowed in the trough, by and by, her mast scraping the stars, which seemed bright and near. The wind had dropped.

WHEN Al Harkness awoke, there were no stars. The sun was up over a calm sea. The sails were listless. He asked: "How long have I slept?"

Dirk grinned. "Round the clock, and some more."

"We've hardly moved." The shore line was a blue thread, but Al knew every inch of it. "What's wrong with the engine?"

"She's gone dead on us," Dirk said. He looked at Eddie, hiding a grin.

Eddie didn't grin. Eddie said, "Me and Dirk'll have another go at her."

Al came to see. He pushed Dirk aside, and his thin, scarred hands turned her over. She coughed and took hold. She ran like a sewing machine. Al looked at the two men, rubbed his hands on a grease rag and went above. His head appeared again.

"Wind coming," he shouted, "and plenty of it."

Eddie Scholes shrugged.

He and Dirk went up, and Al was at the helm. Nobody could handle a boat the way Al could. His eyes were happier now, and Eddie felt better, but Dirk brooded. He should have tried to keep Al Harkness at the port; but there are some things contrary to nature. Joe's margin of time was narrowing. Eddie figured they'd be off the cove by mid-afternoon if the wind held. That was bad. Or was it? Dirk consulted the tide chart, and what he saw made him grin confidently, but he kept that to himself. He no longer quite trusted Eddie Scholes.

Midafternoon, when they rounded the last point, sudden squalls of rain gave place to sunlight; the familiar cove lay like a jewel set in green plush —a brilliant blue gem, except where the surf creamed over the sentinel ledges.

Eddie said, "There it is, Al!"

Al couldn't speak, not even to apologize for the tears that ran down his cheeks. But at the sound of an anchor running out, he swung around questioningly.

"Tide's low," Eddie said; he wasn't to blame for the tides.

"What of it?" Al demanded.

"You know the tides here, Al. You haven't forgotten that? No man's ever gone in past the ledges at low tide."

"I have," Al said.

Dirk looked up sharply. "You're lying!" he said.

"Get up anchor," Al ordered. "I'm taking her in. I've done it before and with Mary on board. Do you think I'd risk *her?*"

"Stop the fool!" Dirk shouted, but Eddie said, "Let him be. This is my boat, Dirk, not yours."

Al pushed Dirk aside. He took the helm. He gave orders. But Eddie sickened as the craft moved in, and the teeth of the ledges showed through a froth of white foam. Ahead, a shark's head of black rock lifted and leered; the boat lurched, and spray came aboard. She lurched again, ran clear, heeled against a green tumult, lurched once more and slid into the safe, deep water of the cove.

"Look," Dirk said, "they don't do it better in the movin' pictures!"

Eddie Scholes got his glasses. He focused them on the small white church perched near the hilltop. "It's Joe's weddin' all right," he breathed. "And—they're just comin' out. I wish I'd never—"

Al came forward, eagerly. He wanted to get ashore, he said.

Dirk busied himself with the dinghy, but Eddie stood by Al. He put a hand on Al's shoulder.

"Al—" he said.

Al turned and looked at him, and the light went from his face. "It's—about Mary?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Al. I'm damn' sorry. She's married," Eddie said. "Mary figured you was dead, and she's married to Joe Sills."

Al's breath came hard. "You boys go on ashore," he said. "I don't know as I want to go ashore yet a while."

Eddie and Dirk clambered into the dinghy. Pulling away, Dirk said, "That was sure clever of you, Eddie. Joe wouldn't want he should come ashore too soon. Let 'em get away first."

Eddie looked at him. "Hell!" he said.

"I feel that way, too." Dirk nodded. "But it was a favor to Joe."

EDDIE'S eyes half closed. Quite a crowd, he saw, had gathered on the jetty, streaming down from seeing the wedding at the white church on the hill. Joe Sills was there—and Mary . . . Mary all in white like a cloud, her hair bright with sunlight.

Before the dinghy bumped against the green piles, Mary called. Her voice was shaky but brave: "You've brought Al home. Where is he? Why didn't he come ashore?"

A woman shrilled, "I'd be through with her, Joe, if I was you. Runnin' from the very door of the church, no less, because a boat come in."

Eddie looked up. "I'll take you to him, Mary," he said. "Help her in, Dirk, and that'll be all we need of you." And he stared at Joe Sills' angry face and wondered.

He pushed off and rowed out across the bright waters to where gulls flashed above a man who had come home from far places and great dangers. He glanced at the girl like a white, shining cloud in the stern of the dinghy.

She stood up suddenly and waved, and there was Al looking down at her with his heart in his eyes, waving back to her with his bone-thin, salt-bitten hands.

Then Mary Drennan spoke like a woman not yet sure if a dream might end. "Only for seeing your boat come in, Eddie," she said, "I'd have gone through with it and been married to Joe. But I saw your boat come in and I knew Al had come back. I knew," said Mary Drennan, her voice unsteady now, "there's only one man could come past the ledges like that, and the tide low."

How the Army cares for your boy

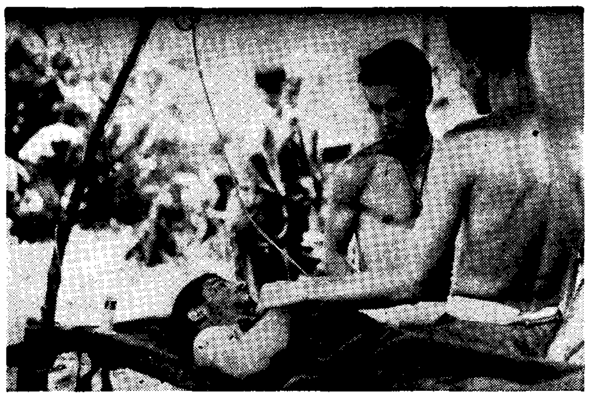
IF HE IS WOUNDED

● *If he is wounded* . . . these are the words that run through your mind as you read the headlines . . . the thought that often steals out of the darkness as you lie awake wondering, hoping.

If he is wounded . . . Yes, you must face that possibility. But face it realistically. Face it with facts.

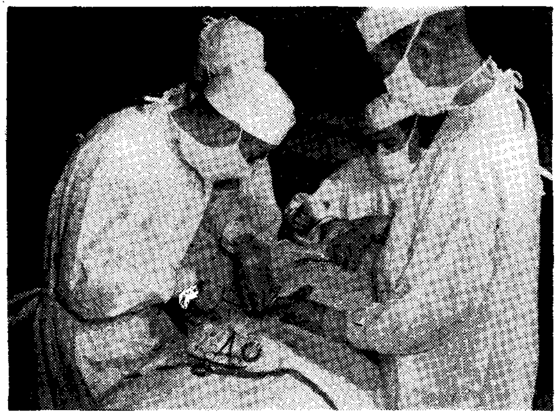
The U. S. Army Medical Department is the best trained, best equipped in the world. Within minutes, often seconds, after a fighter falls, courageous and expert Army medical soldiers are at his side, easing his pain, giving him intelligent emergency treatment.

Then, he is rushed back where skillful doctors and surgeons speed him on the road to recovery . . .



Faster help than he would get at home. Medical soldiers give blood plasma within 500 yards of the fighting front.

Air ambulances rush the wounded to well-equipped hospitals. 14,000 were flown to recovery in Africa.



Gangrene and tetanus have been virtually wiped out. The finest surgical care is given within combat zones.

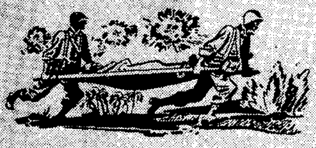
At Convalescent and General Hospitals, out of the fighting area, wounded men are rehabilitated. The record speaks for itself: 97% are saved.

A tribute to
the members of the
U. S. ARMY
MEDICAL DEPT.

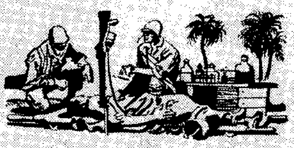
By the world's largest makers of surgical dressings

Johnson & Johnson

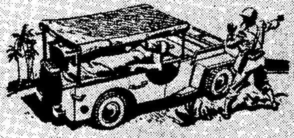
→ FROM FRONT LINE → TO RECOVERY → THE ARMY → SPEEDS ITS WOUNDED



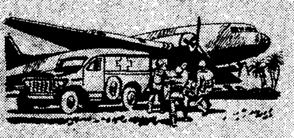
Heroic litter-bearers rush to Battalion Aid Stations



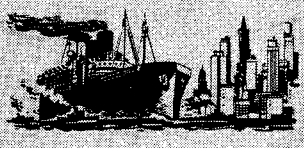
Sulfa drugs prevent infection. Plasma reduces shock



Jeeps hurry stretchers to Collecting Stations, Ambulances



Planes near Clearing Stations fly to Evacuation Hospitals



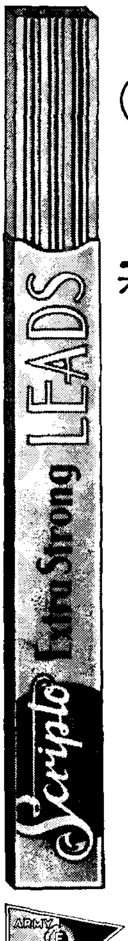
Ships and planes homeward bound to General Hospitals

A Few Drops At First Sniffle or Sneeze

Specialized Medication
Helps Prevent Many COLDS From Developing

The instant you put Vicks Va-tro-nol in your nose it goes to work—right where most colds start. It aids nature's defenses and helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time . . . WHAT'S MORE—when a head cold stuffs you up, Va-tro-nol relieves distress 3 ways—(1) shrinks swollen membranes, (2) relieves irritation, (3) helps clear clogged nasal passages. You'll like the results! Follow directions in folder. VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILDREN'S COLDS
To relieve miseries—rub VicksVapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! VICKS VapoRub

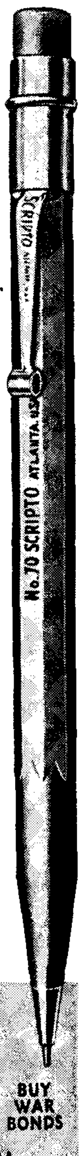


Scripto QUALITY LEADS

For All who Write or Figure

There is a Scripto lead for you whether you want it soft, medium or hard. Scripto 4-inch leads are made in 10 degrees of black (3 are illustrated below)—and in 17 popular colors. Full strength and the best for use in all mechanical pencils made to hold standard diameter (.046-inch) lead. For finer writing or figures, for several carbon copies, for heavy pressure—use hard lead.

Ask for genuine Scripto leads at stationery, drug, 5-10-25c stores, post exchanges and other places that carry popular priced writing materials. Identify them by the red circle on the pack.



2B (1) VERY SOFT
HB (2) MED. SOFT
H (3) HARD

Buy War Stamps
BUY WAR BONDS
SCRIPTO MFG. CO. ★ ATLANTA, GA.

Minutemen Against Infantile Paralysis

Continued from page 18

governing heart or lung action. Then polio chalked up another death.

This was an engagingly simple picture. But too often research men were unable to find virus in nasal washings of patients with the disease. And there were other flaws in the picture of polio as a disease of sneezes.

Then, in one of the epic research stories of modern times, groups of workers scattered all over the world began to piece together a new picture of the disease. Swedish and American scientists looked for polio virus in a new place: intestinal discharges of patients. Here they found the virus of this crippling sickness with the greatest readiness. They found it, in fact, in many people who were *not* sick with polio. This indicated that many children—and adults—have mild cases of the sickness which immunize them for life. Some physicians think that there are from 100 to 1,000 cases of mild polio for every reported case of severe sickness. This mild disease passes in a day or so, the victim suffering only from a slight case of sniffles. Still, sufferers from this mild polio can act as carriers.

Housefly a Possible Carrier

How does the disease spread from man to man, or child to child? There seems to be little doubt that a considerable number of cases are spread by sneezes. Dr. John R. Paul of the Yale Poliomyelitis Commission put his finger on another possible spreader: the fly. When polio broke out in a children's camp in Connecticut two years ago he set to work trapping flies that swarmed around open garbage pails. He noted another significant fact: Instead of going to the camp latrine, many children went back of a tennis practice board. This gave flies access to intestinal discharges. In any case, Dr. Paul had no difficulty in finding virus in houseflies—thereby indicting another possible carrier.

In the laboratory, mosquitoes have been similarly indicted. So the chances are that there are a number of means of transmission: by direct contact with sick people; by means of insects such as biting flies and mosquitoes; and by means of milk, water and contaminated food. There is a growing body of evidence that there is a lower animal host for the disease—where the virus is kept alive between outbreaks of the human disease. This carrier hasn't yet been found, but a mass of evidence points to birds as the polio host.

The bird is suspected for several reasons. One is that such a carrier could explain how the disease crops up in isolated areas with no contact whatsoever with the outside world. The bird is suspected for another reason. Polio antibodies have been found in the blood of birds. The presence of this protection indicates that, at one time, they must have had the disease.

Once virus enters the human body, it doesn't stick tightly to the olfactory nerve-brain-spinal cord pathway as research men once believed. It is found in many places, particularly the intestines. Once it is firmly established—after an incubation period of five to fourteen days—it causes staggering wreckage.

Before the Kenny technique came along, doctors would expect the following to happen to 1,000 stricken children: Five to 10 per cent would die. Forty per cent would make spontaneous recoveries, with no damage done. Another 25 per cent would make partial recoveries. They would have slightly twisted arms or legs which could be put back in good working order by surgeons. The final 25 per cent would be almost hopeless cripples for whom little or nothing could be done.

To combat this fearful sickness, physicians depended on splinting. Patients would be placed on a canvas frame, and involved arms or legs would be strapped to splints. Often the involved members, or sometimes the whole body, would be encased in plaster. For months, or even years, the patient would lie in a fixed position.

The reasoning behind the procedure was this: Physicians felt that muscles and nerves had the best chance for recovery under conditions of complete rest. Splinting was indicated because often a paralyzed muscle could not combat the pull of a well muscle. This meant that arms, legs and spines would be twisted hopelessly by pull of the well muscle.

This treatment was painful, prolonged. But, most important, it produced miserable results. One physician nailed this down when he surveyed end results in two groups of patients. One group had received the best care in city hospitals; the other group were country patients who had no medical care whatsoever. There were fewer hopeless cripples among the untreated patients!

The laboratory presented more evidence against splinting. Two groups of monkeys had nerves feeding leg muscles damaged artificially. One group got splints, the other was left free in cages. The unsplinted group made more rapid and complete recoveries than the other.

Still, splinting was the accepted means of treatment when Sister Kenny arrived in the United States in 1940—and proceeded to put on the one-woman revolution which was reported in Collier's last year. Her reasoning went something like this: A nerve feeding an individual muscle might be destroyed. But there were subsidiary nerve channels which were not destroyed. It was very much like a telephone line between two towns breaking in a storm. But communications are still possible by channels around the towns.

She guessed—correctly, it turned out—that muscles got nerve impulses. These impulses kept the muscle in a state of spasm—constant contraction. The thing to fight, therefore, was muscular spasm. This was the thing that pulled bodies out of shape. Her mode of treatment was almost constant application of hot blankets, dipped in boiling water every two hours. As soon as spasm was relieved, she delicately manipulated the arm or leg—lifting it gently, so muscles would not forget how to perform normal functions. But, under no circumstances, did she ever massage the muscle itself—a common misconception.

Cure Eighty Per Cent Effective

Results of this treatment were spectacular. Four out of every five Kenny patients made complete recoveries. Furthermore, pain disappeared in two to three days—instead of lingering for as many weeks. The need for opiates was virtually eliminated.

Perhaps the best indication of the overwhelming acceptance of Sister Kenny's methods is given by the National Foundation's experience with splints. It owns a warehouse full of them. In the past year there has been but one call for a set of this cruel apparatus! Today the calls are all the same: for Kenny technicians, for blankets.

What progress are research men making against this disease? One fact stands out: If an answer can be bought, this country is prepared to pay the price. Over $18,000,000 has been collected at Birthday Balls since they started in 1934, and a large part of this has gone into research.

Present work, being conducted by 72

Nothing can tempt the Widmers to alter the quality which, since 1888, has won a unique reputation for Widmer's Wines in America.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., Naples, N. Y.

VINTAGE
WIDMER'S
Sauterne
VINTAGE 1936
WIDMER'S
Neapolitan Brand
TOKAY

STOP Scratching It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

Clean out car radiators thoroughly before adding anti-freeze. Use

Sani-Flush *10c and 25c sizes Directions on can*

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT
HESSON GUARD
MILANO $1
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
WDC
STOP GOO

universities, falls into three major lines. The first covers epidemiology—method of spread. Great advances have been made here. Flies and mosquitoes have been marked as potential enemies. Virus has been discovered in sewage and in open privies. It has been found to survive in milk. Early this century the same type of facts was assembled about typhoid fever. We put them to work and have all but eradicated this sickness. It seems possible that in time we may accomplish the same results with polio. The second line of attack is the search for a vaccine which will prevent the disease, an inoculation comparable to the one children get for diphtheria. Several years ago two such vaccines were developed. One of them was utterly valueless; the second was clearly dangerous. This second vaccine was devised by a Philadelphia research man. He thought he could inject children with *weakened* virus. They would get a mild case of the disease, which would afford lifelong immunity. This reasoning had a tragic aftermath. Instead of getting protection, a number of children actually got the disease from the vaccine. Still, eventual hope for such a vaccine is by no means ruled out.

Hope for a Combative Drug

The third line of approach is the search for a drug which will have the same specific effect on polio that quinine has on malaria and that the sulfa drugs have on certain infections. A lot of provocative work has been accomplished here, and research men are very hopeful.

The surgeons, too, have made progress in rebuilding the wreckage left by polio. Ofttimes a patient will be left with no muscular control of knee or ankle joints. Such "flail" joints flop about, are unable to support weight. To correct this, surgeons remove joint membranes, and allow bones to grow together. True, the knee or ankle is stiff from this point onward. But they support weight, do away with the necessity for braces and crutches.

Surgeons have also learned how to transplant muscle and tendon sections from good muscles to bad ones; how to straighten spines twisted by polio; and how to shorten a good leg to make it equal the length of a leg shortened by polio.

Thus, on nearly all fronts, good progress has been made. Many of these advances are incorporated in advice to parents on what to do in the face of the present epidemic. Suppose polio does spread to your town. What should you do?

First, keep a sharp eye out for symptoms of the disease. A sniffle that could be safely disregarded in wintertime when there is no polio about may be the first sign. This isn't to say that every sniffle is a harbinger of polio. But if the sniffle is followed by stiff neck and back, or by tremor of hands, or by abdominal pain, a physician should be summoned immediately.

Fleeing a polio epidemic may be a dangerous procedure. This subjects a child to new contacts, new risks. Besides, the disease is nearly always more prevalent in the country than in the city. During the 1916 epidemic, the worst in history, tens of thousands of people fled New York, the focal center of the epidemic. There were innumerable stories of children being whisked out of the city, then coming down with the disease a week or so after reaching nonepidemic areas.

There is very little evidence of the value of closing schools. When this is done, children often court even greater danger by running free on the streets.

Certain rules should be strictly observed. Children should not be permitted to become overtired. Nor should they be allowed to get chilled in cold swimming pools. This advice is backed by sound scientific evidence.

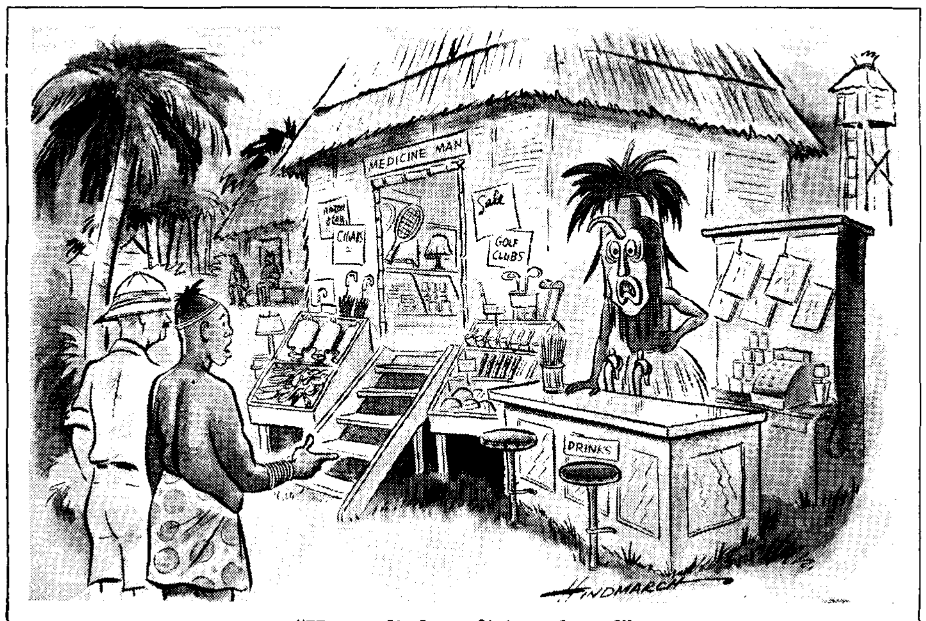
Another rule is to keep children away from crowds. They should be kept away from swimming pools or rivers or creeks that may be contaminated. Dr. Paul indicated the importance of this. He collected material from one trunk sewer in New York. This sewer tapped homes in which 600,000 people lived. In this area there were but four known cases of polio. Still, the sewage contained enough virus to give the disease to a monkey—and would have contained enough to give the sickness to a child, had such a grisly experiment been attempted.

Any slight fever, sniffles or headaches should get immediate medical attention. The child should be isolated from other children, and strictest sanitary measures should be observed. Intestines are breeding places for the virus.

No one yet knows how important flies and mosquitoes are as vectors of the disease. But it is best to play safe. Keep them down with swatters, flypaper and tight screens. Possibly your child needs a tonsil operation. If so, it should be postponed until the end of the present epidemic. There is a body of accumulated evidence that tonsil operations *predispose* children to the disease. One family, for example, had tonsils of five out of six children removed. Within three weeks, all five came down with the disease and two died. The sixth child, who went without the operation, wasn't touched.

This about sums up the positive measures parents should take in the face of a polio epidemic. If the disease does strike, pray that someone in your town has had the foresight to have a local physiotherapist trained in Kenny methods.

THE END



COLLIER'S "He studied medicine abroad" ALAN HINDMARCH

Of course you'll want the MATCHING SHIRT

—specially designed to be worn with REIS Scandals

The Reis shirt is specially shaped to follow "leg-line" of shorts.

Reis' exclusive "HI-WAIST" design insures proper fit and snug support.

Reis' patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch conforms to crotch contour.

• Here's the shirt men really go for! Neat, trim, cool as an ocean breeze, it's designed to be worn with Reis Scandals. Shaped to follow "leg-line" of shorts. Buy both Reis shirts and shorts for greater comfort! Only Reis Scandals gives you the patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch which conforms to crotch contour and gives *real support!* We are making every effort to keep our dealers supplied—and to meet the heavy demands of the Armed Forces.

★ Five styles—year 'round weights. ★

CHANGE TO REIS FOR GREATER COMFORT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR
SPORTSWEAR
PAJAMAS • HOSE

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

There's opportunity for YOU in the new world of PLASTICS

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Helping to Train Americans for Victory
BOX 4103-C, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.
SPECIAL TUITION RATES FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

Without cost or obligation, please send me booklet and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ PLASTICS
☐ Architectural Drafting
☐ Architecture
☐ Chemistry
☐ Civil Engineering
☐ Coal Mining
☐ Electrical Drafting
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Plumbing
☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Shop Practice
☐ Steam Electric
☐ Steam Engines
☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Textile Designing

BUSINESS COURSES

☐ Accounting
☐ Advertising
☐ Civil Service
☐ High School
☐ Managing Men at Work
☐ Salesmanship

Name..*Age*..........
Home Address..*Present Position*..................
City..............................*State*..................

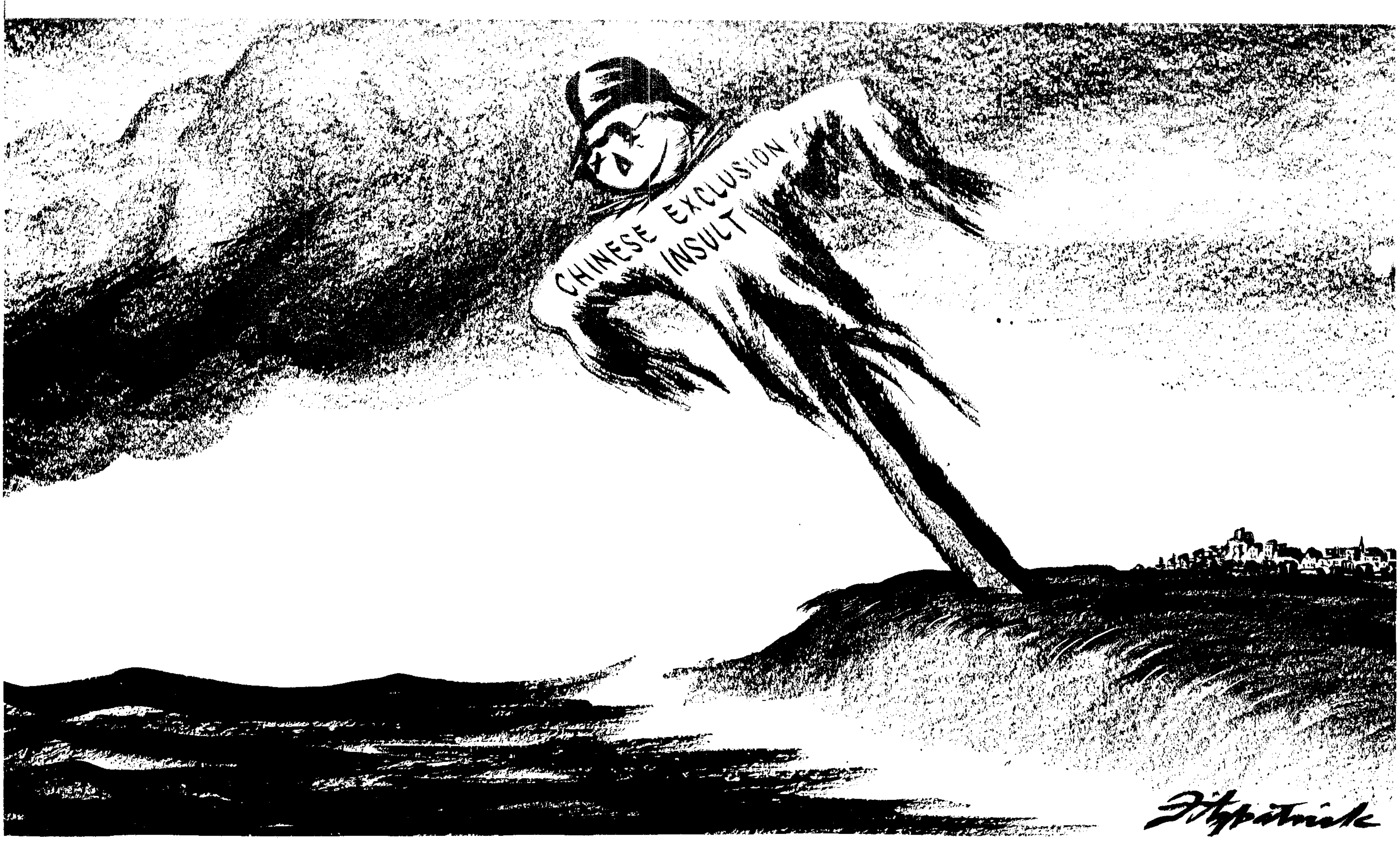
Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada. British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W.C. 2, England.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor



AMERICA, ASIA AND THE FUTURE

IN 1882, American railroad builders had for some years been importing Chinese coolies in unrestricted numbers to help forge the rail network which now, along with our roads, waterways and airlines, holds this nation together.

The Chinese could and would work harder for longer hours and for less money than American laborers could or would. American living standards in the West were already threatened, and in time a Chinese tide might have engulfed the country.

In 1882, therefore, Congress enacted the first Chinese Exclusion Act, forbidding Chinese labor to immigrate to the United States.

A similar Japanese threat blew up a little later. President Theodore Roosevelt negotiated the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan, for strict limits on this immigration without an actual law, in 1907. That lasted till 1924, in which year Congress, over the protests of President Coolidge and various Cabinet members, added a prohibition of Japanese immigration to the Chinese Exclusion Act. The only exceptions are doctors, ministers, teachers and students.

That, in brief, is the historical background of the current agitation for repeal of the act as regards the Chinese. The Chinese are now our allies in World War II—and extremely valuable allies.

Against the proposed Chinese Exclusion repealer are the same old facts and the same old (but now, as we shall see, shrunken) threat: That the Chinese workingman can outsweat and undereat the American; and that, therefore, unrestricted Chinese immigration to this country might some day eat away the entire structure of high living standards, high pay and short work weeks which American labor has struggled to build during the last fifty years.

We can see no use in minimizing these facts and this threat, or in ridiculing the numerous and influential people who still take them seriously. New facts, however, have come into the picture; and these new facts are flanked by some appetizing postwar possibilities.

One of these new facts, of course, is that the Chinese are our allies in this fierce war. Another is that their present-day leaders bitterly resent the Chinese Exclusion Act as an insult to China.

How bitter that resentment is may be gleaned from a glance through Dr. Lin Yutang's latest book, Between Tears and Laughter (John Day Co., New York, 1943, 216 pages, $2.50).

Through Asia, indeed, is spreading a revulsion against the once accepted idea of the military and commercial supremacy of West over East. Fewer and fewer Orientals have any respect for the proposition that a Britisher, American, Dutchman, Frenchman, German or Portuguese has a divine right to stake out a claim wherever he pleases in the Orient, and exploit the natives. The leaders of China appear to be fully as determined as the leaders of Japan to have no more of this after the present war.

Another fact in this connection is that repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act, as planned by the advocates of its repeal, would not abolish immigration bars as to the Chinese. It would merely put them on the same quota footing as British, French, etc., etc., now are. Mathematically, it would work out to admission of 105 Chinese immigrants a year—which can hardly be called an Oriental flood.

As to the appetizing postwar possibilities: they are connected with the fact that China has about 450,000,000 people, that it is very sketchily industrialized as yet, and that its leaders are determined that it shall become highly industrialized. It i estimated that China needs at least 60,000 mile of railroads as a transport foundation for an industrialized China. It has very few of those mile now. After an Allied victory in the war, China wil be wanting to build and equip those railroads, a an estimated cost of $50,000 a mile.

In the United States when Pearl Harbor whooshe down upon us, there was one car for every five inhabitants, so that it was often boasted that we coul all go for a ride at once. In China, there is one ca for every 5,000 persons. We have one telephone fo every nine persons; China has one for every 1,500

These are only the high lights of the opportunitie which postwar China should offer to business emissaries from countries which treated China with reasonable respect and good will during the war. I we can do anything now to line up a fair share o that business for Americans, the postwar benefits t us all should be—well, considerable, at the least and phenomenal if we get some good breaks.

That is the cold, commercial, materialistic aspec of the matter. There is another aspect. It is boun up with this new rise of self-respect and self-esteen all over the Orient. The Japanese are trying to capitalize on that development to gain their own aim o rulership over, first, the East and, later on, the world

We can ride with this tide. Thereby, we have a chance to benefit both West and East. Or we ca buck this tide—whereby we may set in motion force which will culminate in World War III.

An honest repealer of the Chinese Exclusio Act—meaning simply the placing of the Chinese o the same restricted quota basis as other races—look like one safe and inexpensive move toward ridin this new tide in world affairs.

"Welcome home, Bob..."

DRY Paul Jones ... a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

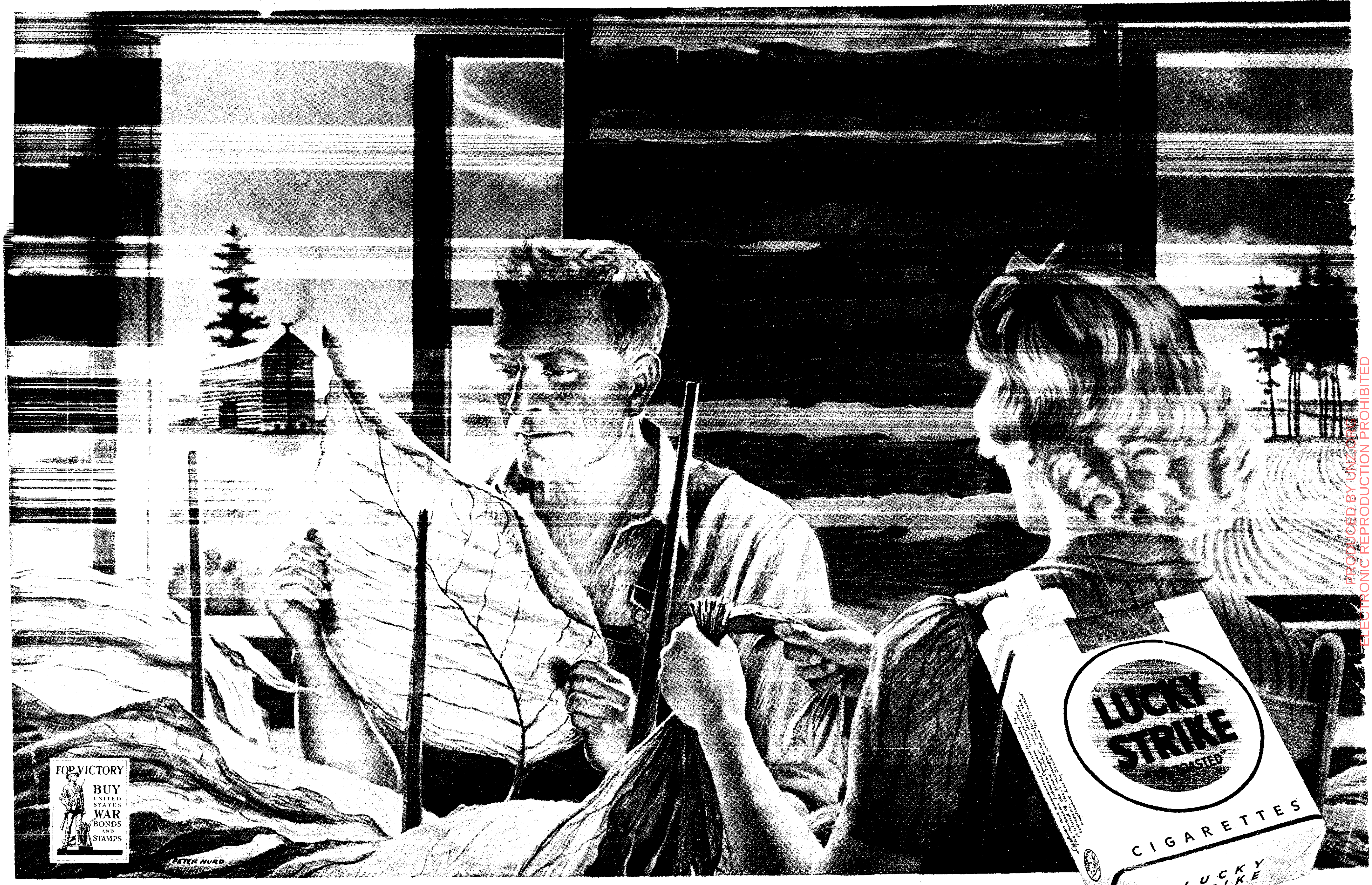
THE DRYNESS of Paul Jones Whiskey... like the *dryness* of champagne... permits you to enjoy the full flavor, the full richness and mellowness of this truly great American whiskey. See for yourself, next time you try this superlative *dry* Paul Jones.

• • •

If you can't always get Dry Paul Jones... please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply for the duration. Our distilleries are now 100% in the production of alcohol for rubber, explosives, and other war materials. (Our prices have not been increased, except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

[illegible] Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
PETER HURD
LUCKY STRIKE
TOASTED
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company